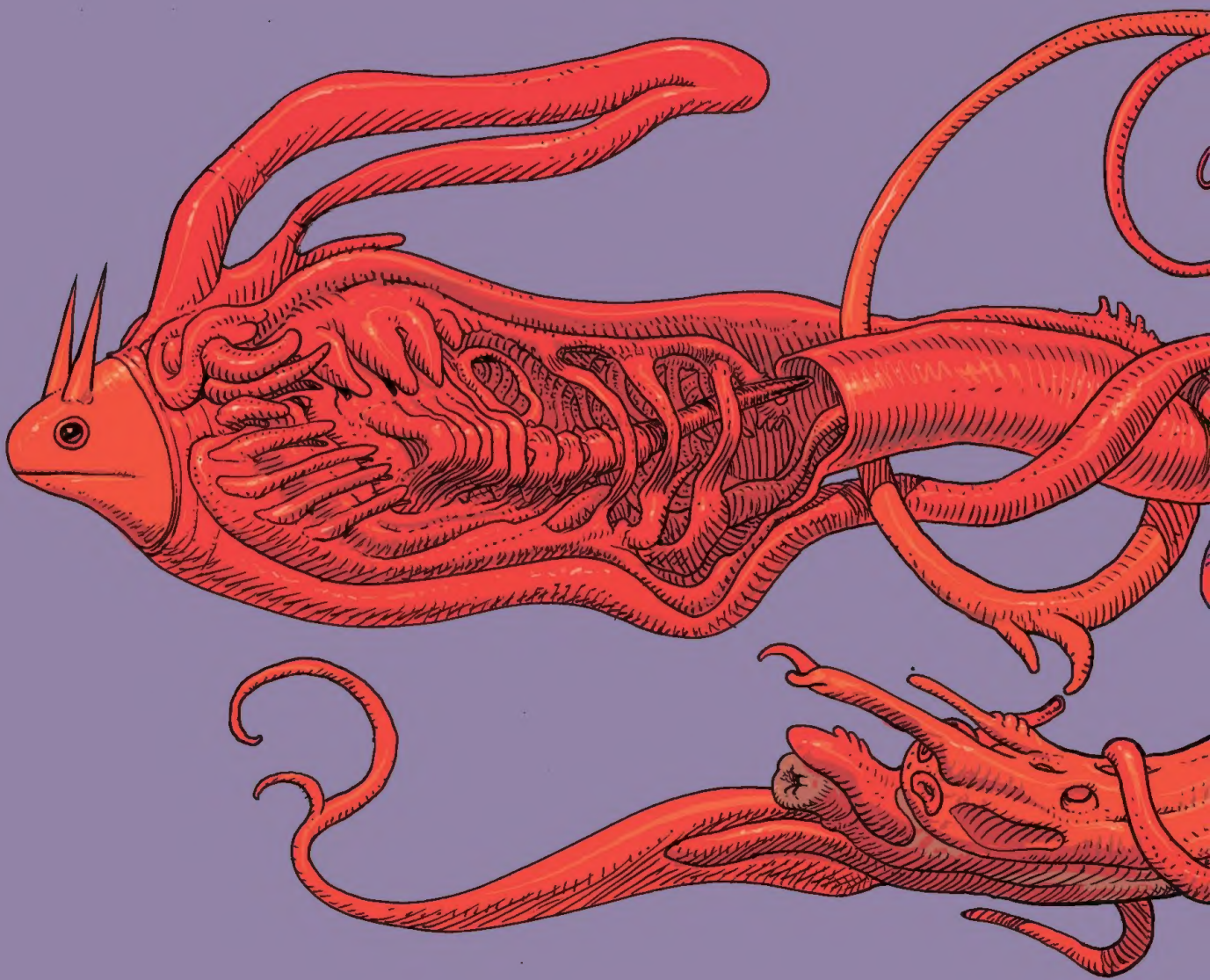
INSIDE MOEBIUS™

PART 3

MŒBIUS

B

MOEBIUS 06



INSIDE ☆ MŒBIUS

PART 3

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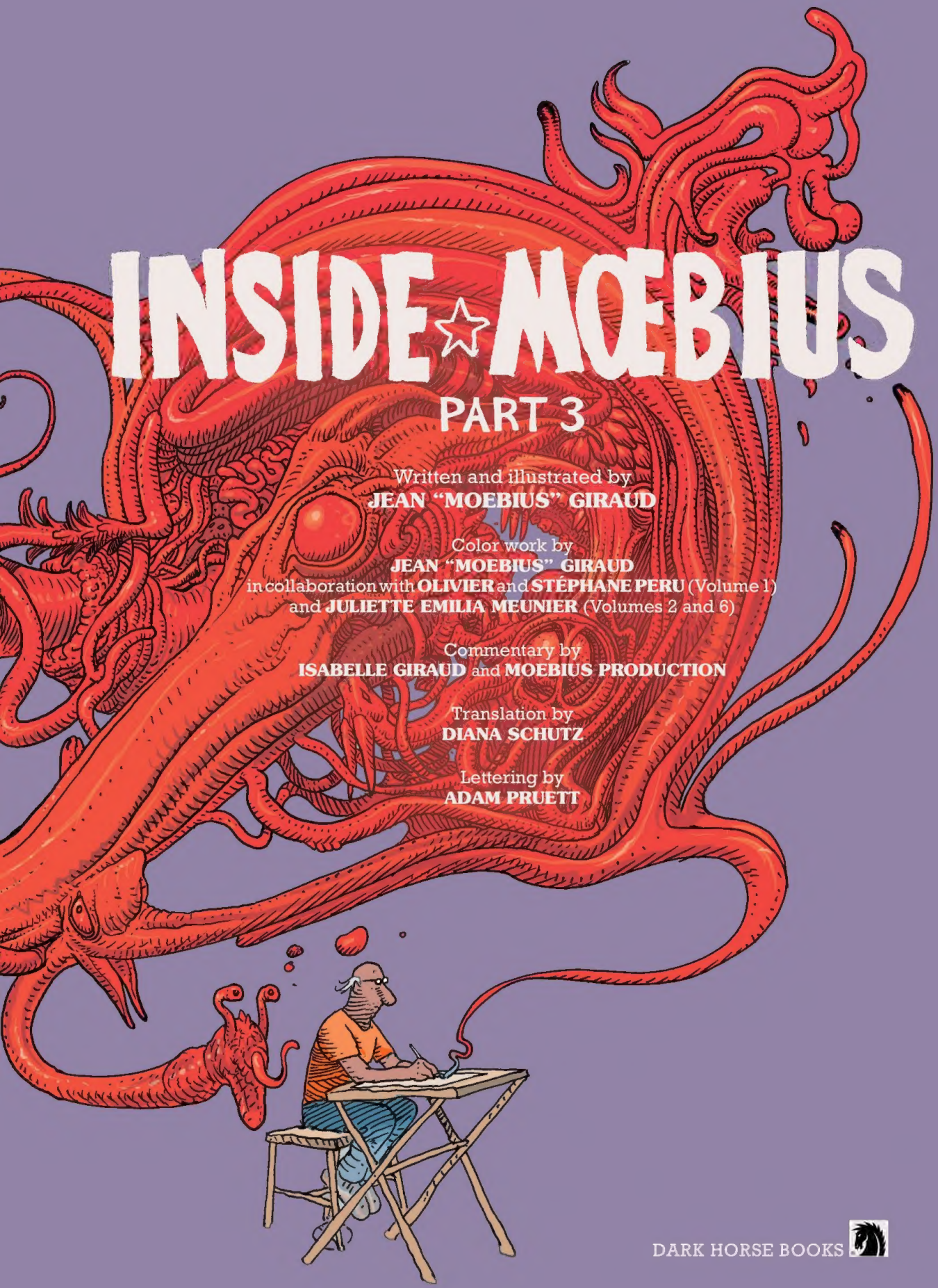

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Dark Horse's *Inside Moebius* editions are based on the final French-language collection of this work, *Tout Inside Moebius*, published by Moebius Production.

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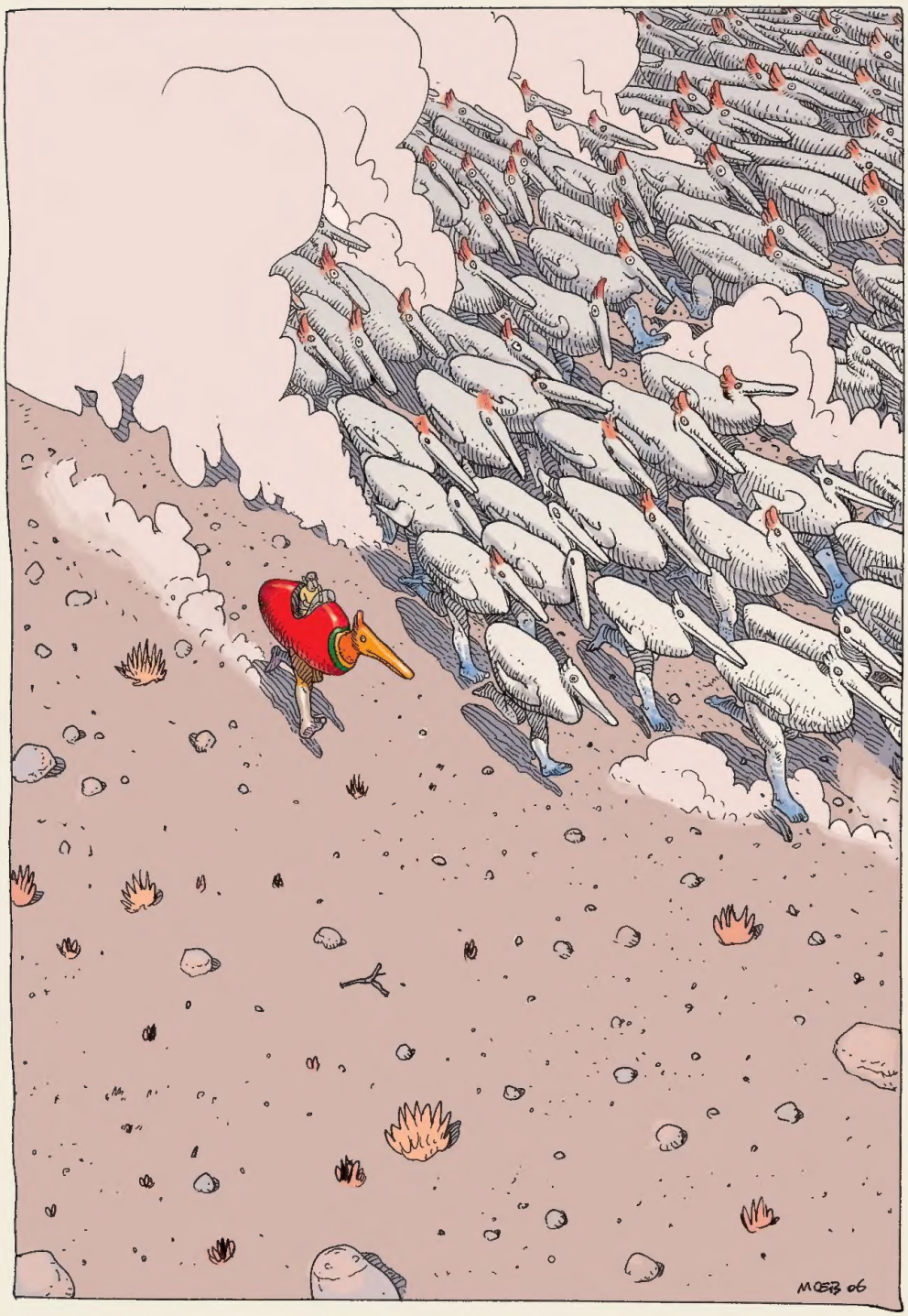
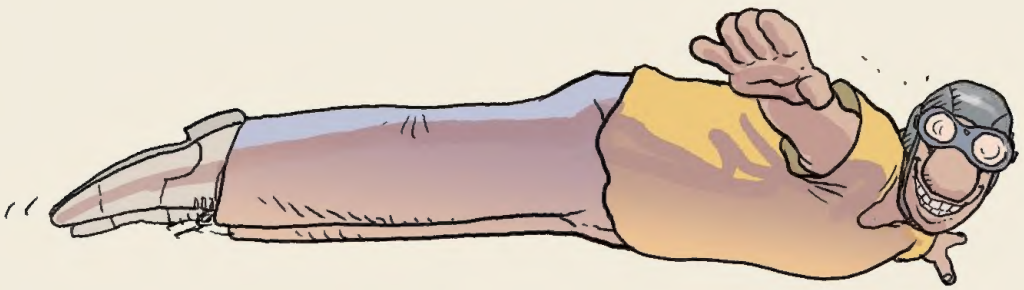

MOEB 06

FOREWORD

by Isabelle Giraud

From the Earth to the Sky, From the Sky to the Earth



The six volumes of *Inside Moebius* were born between the years 2000 and 2009, unexpectedly emerging from the universe designed for *40 jours dans le désert B* (*40 Days in Desert B*), a book published in 2000 by Stardom.

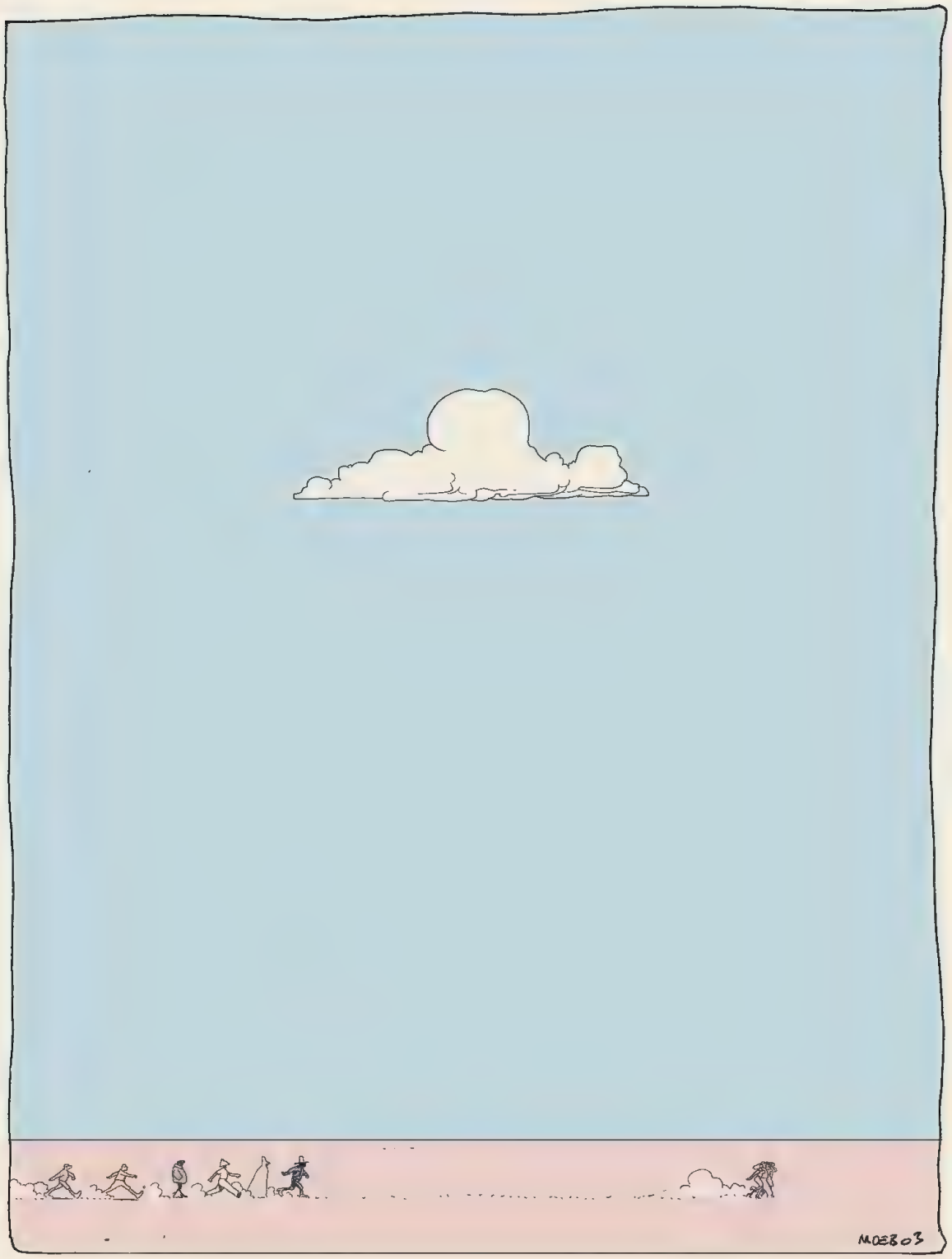
Through the magic of art, Moebius's resolve to stop smoking weed—and thus to "weed himself out"—provided the landscape for this Desert B, at the heart of which he established a setting for psychic expression.

In *Inside Moebius*, the vast empty space of the blank page is under the total control of the author, who alone has the power to pervade it and the daring, even, to introduce himself within. Down below, at the level of the page, life takes shape exclusively under his will. Up above, at the level of the reader, Moebius well knows he must trust in this angel on high whose perceptivity will be sorely tested.

Fellow readers! Moebius has put you in a choice position. Don't hesitate to read and re-read every single panel, to flip back a few pages, to peruse the previous volumes in order to better find and understand the keys to interpreting the story.

Don't be afraid of losing yourself in the Moebius labyrinth: it's the price you pay for the gentle thrill growing between you and the master of the realm, Jean Giraud himself! *He* certainly doesn't hesitate to go the extra mile in this work—the extra *ten* miles—just to please you. He's put all his heart into: unveiling his secrets for you; introducing you to his creative dramas and joys; and ushering you through the door of his "Big Bulletproof Airtight Ego-Bunker!"

2000P


MOEBIUS

Possible Vanishing Point

For its artist, *Inside Moebius* is "a discipline and a technique; it's the result of an entire study extending over years." Its primary graphic methodology is improvisation, of both line and story structure. A rigidity of form isn't necessary. The form emerges bit by bit, gaining its rhythm from the artist's own daily life. It's also a study of point of view and of the effects of perspective generally: "Simply displacing the object of perception is enough to immerse oneself in another state of consciousness." In the vast emptiness of Desert B, everything is possible. It's the ideal space for recording the never-ending to-and-fro between the exterior and interior of the self. For such a multifaceted artist, however, the question of self offers infinite answers. But never mind! It's sufficient to focus on the essential and to surround oneself with beloved characters such as Blueberry, Arzak, the Major, Malvina, Stel, and Atan.

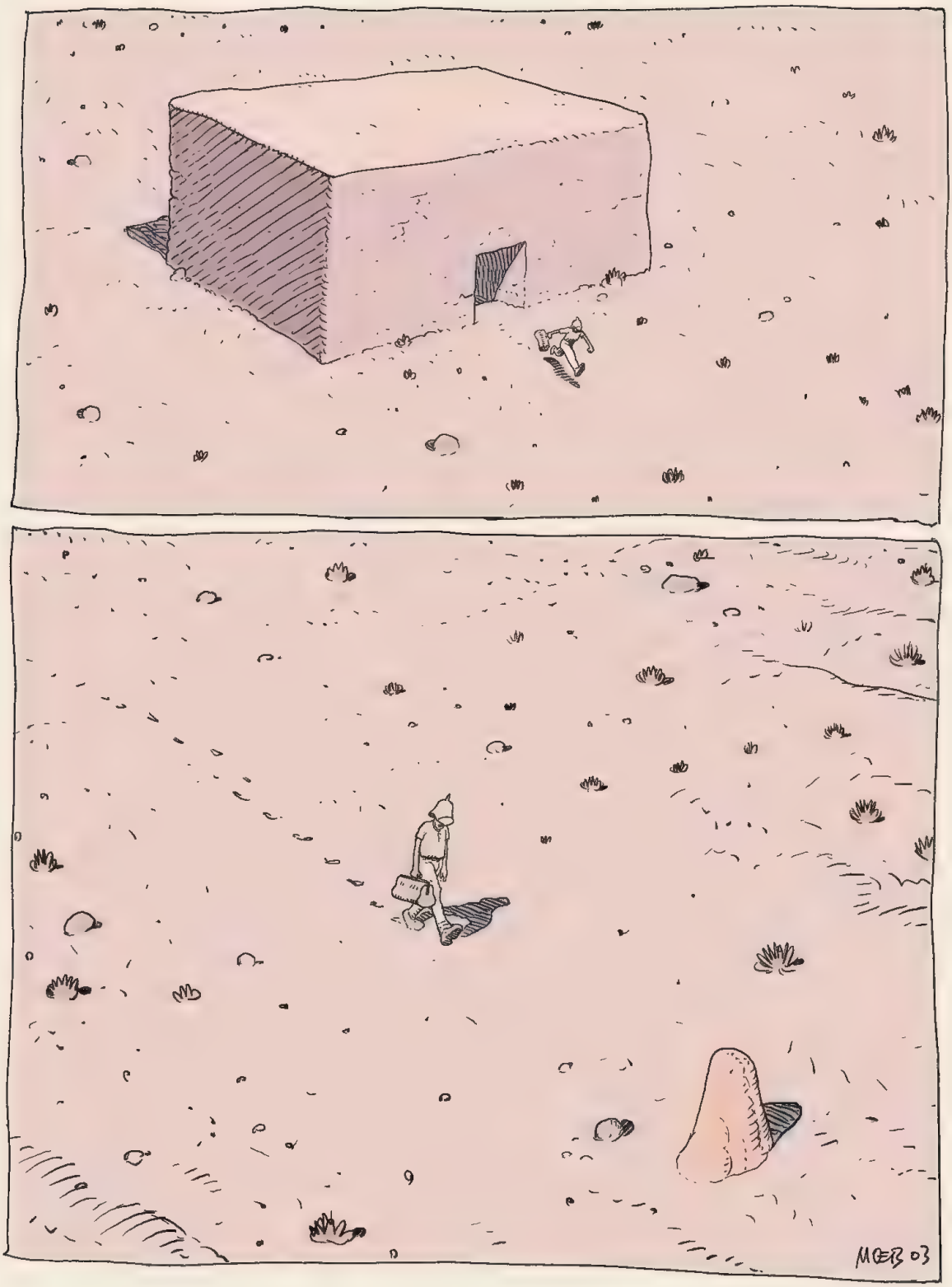
Originally created as a journal in which the author might accurately transcribe his overall impressions of his decision to stop smoking, *Inside Moebius* quickly became "His Autobiographical Œuvre." Jean chooses to use himself as a character—the leading actor—in this adventure. He presents himself as the subject of a story in which he summons his acclaimed creations to the heart of Desert B. As a result, two parallel forces underlie the action, as the author/creator finds himself caught up not only in his "living" reality, but also with his paper creations (and, above all, with Jean Giraud himself).

ACTUALLY, MY NAME IS "UNCONSCIOUS."
I am everywhere and nowhere!
"JEAN-MICHEL" IS JUST MY FIRST NAME!
SO, MY FULL NAME IS "JEAN-MICHEL UNCONSCIOUS."

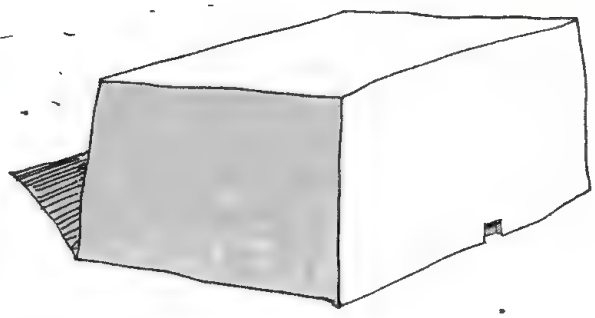
Getting High

In Desert B, it's very easy for the author to rid himself of spatiotemporal constraints: he can simply fly off, move through designated doors, or fall asleep and wake up in the thick of a dream to begin to find meaning in what's going on. When reality becomes too difficult to bear, it "drops into art," the transcription drawing a path to elucidation. In the second volume of *Inside Moebius Part 1*, Osama bin Laden becomes a character on the page, and he reproaches the Major—himself the quintessential product of Western society—for claiming to represent *all* of humanity and for attempting to impact history by way of this myth—to which the Major responds that the collapse of the Twin Towers will fade from collective memory and the fate of the planet will transcend Earth's destiny. The Major's knowledge of an upcoming cosmocivilization helps to put things in perspective for us: fragile humans still bound to earthly events.

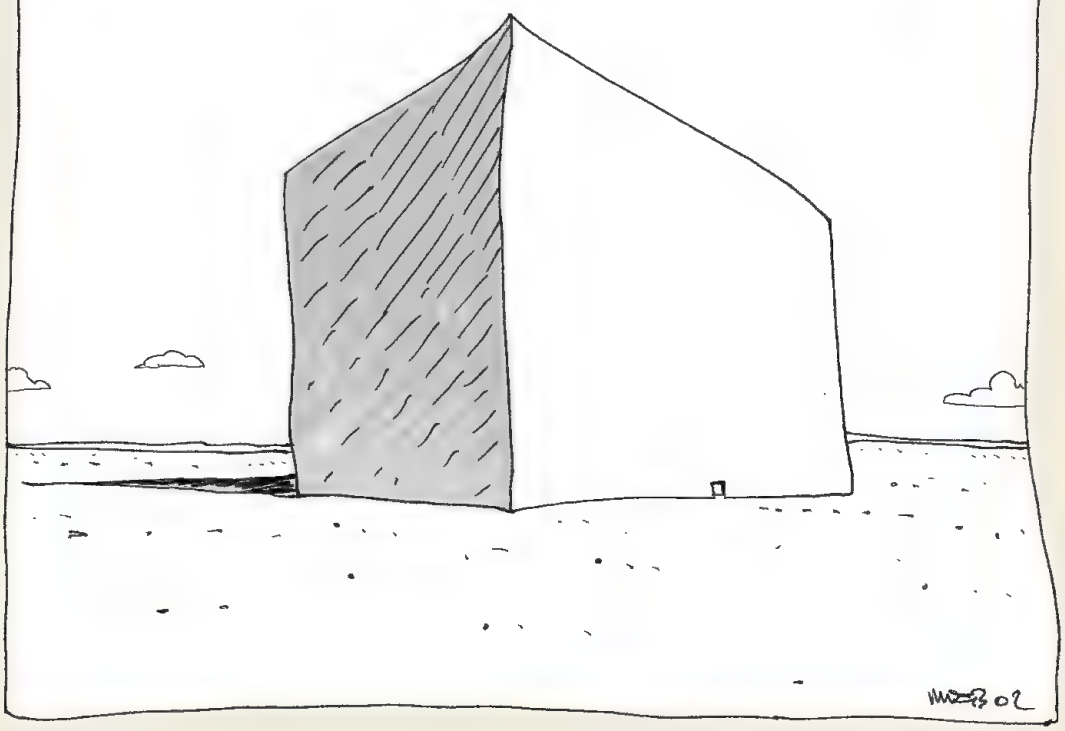
Almost every one of the six volumes of *Inside Moebius* either begins or ends with flight. For the author, flying symbolizes the ever-present desire to escape by way of drawing and its deliberations; to throw off gravity's shackles; to rise; to sail over the cares of earthly life. Flying allows him to access other perceptions of reality, to get high indeed, and to search for an answer in dreams. But as with Icarus, sometimes the unexpected precipitates his fall. His dream of flying runs up against physical constraints, and reality supersedes. In this case, in addition to the events of 9/11, Jean also suffered a major physical trauma in 2001, giving him a glimpse of his own mortality. And so, beneath its humorous surface, the second volume of *Inside Moebius* also reveals a dramatic dimension. At the story's end, while the author would prefer to keep flying, Malvina catches up with him and begs him to return home to his bunker.


MOER 03

A STRANGE BUILDING STANDS AT THE CENTER OF DESERT "B."



IT IS THE EGO-BUNKER OF THE ARTIST MOEB, THE NOTORIOUS LEADER OF THE PACK.



Ego-Bunker

"It all started back in that icy room of my grandparents . . ."

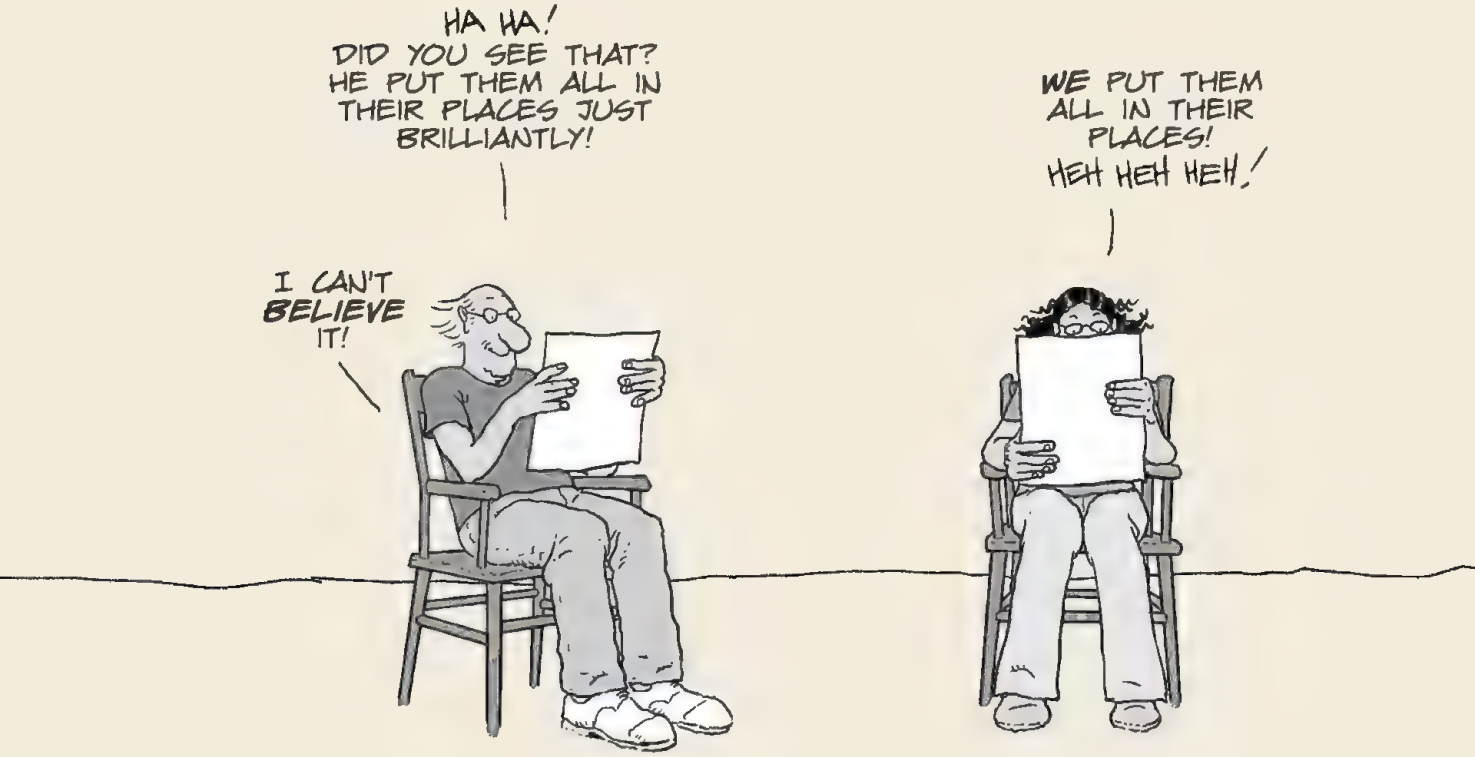
The Desert B bunker, that monolithic monument appearing in each of the six volumes of *Inside Moebius*, constitutes the absolute refuge: everything is decided here, in this shelter to which Moebius withdraws to make contact with another dimension. His characters also gain entry at times, either at his invitation or because they're desperate for a script. Vexed at being abandoned during the author's retreats, his characters vainly attempt pursuit to prevent him from thinking only of himself. And so they decide to track down and invade the bunker.

This sacred place, subject to all manner of transmutation, allows Moebius to change footing, to wander its infinite corridors, to go through designated doorways, to find a way out. Its interior sometimes resembles a labyrinth, other times a series of nested drawers, corridors, and doors granting passage from one dimension to another, albeit at the risk of losing oneself. The Ego-Bunker may well correspond to the ancient *tumuli*, domelike mounds constructed by Celtic tribes and flanked by a small door allowing human access to a second dimension—from our world to that of the Spirits, those beings who took on the appearance of the "Little People."

We can no doubt see a race of demigods in the figures of Arzak, Blueberry, the Major, Stel, and Atan, thanks to whom the author attains a certain spirituality of his own.

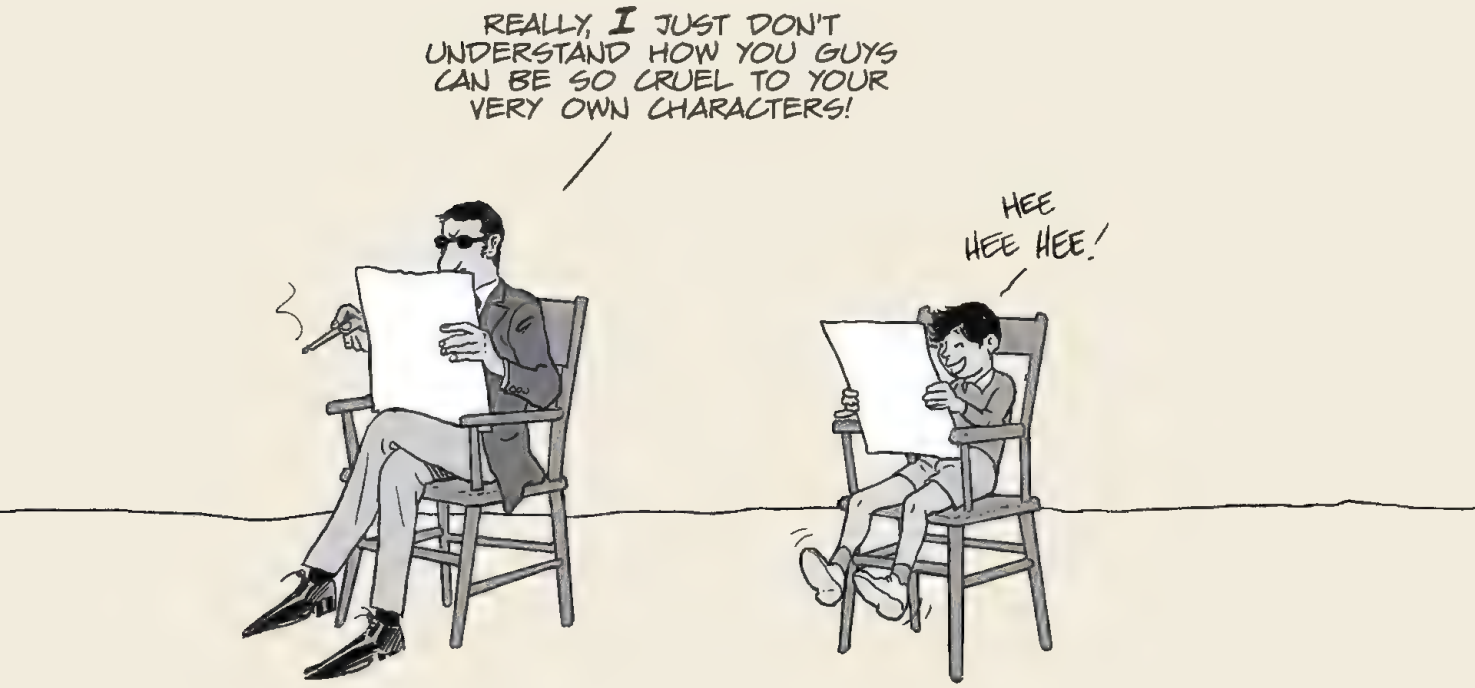
Surviving Oneself

The spatial dimension of *Inside Moebius* is augmented by the temporal. The urgent appeals of his fictional characters provide a soundtrack to the artist's life. Their number, their demands, and their jealousy of each other lead the author to abandon them, conferring instead with his own doubles—especially his 1970s counterpart—who have materialized out of the past. Finding himself face to face with an infinity of selves, the author is prevented from taking his own path . . . to the point of becoming a stranger among all these selves: the "successive" selves, "perpendicular" selves, "folded, multiplied, or divided" selves, the "parallel" selves, the "diagonal" selves . . .


HA HA! DID YOU SEE THAT? HE PUT THEM ALL IN THEIR PLACES JUST BRILLIANTLY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WE PUT THEM ALL IN THEIR PLACES! HEH HEH HEH!

What A Blast!

Moebius takes on existential questions about God, death, illness, and love—including self-love—and tries to find answers in dreaming. He insists, here, on the need to make time for oneself, to let oneself be absorbed—devoured even—by the unconscious in order to truly find oneself. Dreams and the unconscious are themes that recur throughout the author's entire body of work. His ultimate reference text remains *The Art of Dreaming* by Carlos Castaneda. For Moebius, there is no turning back from the effectiveness of his spiritual mentor's method of freeing oneself from all obsessions: and that is, simply, to sleep beside oneself . . .



A LITTLE TALK WITH ISABELLE IN 2007 . . .

This scene takes place in a small restaurant in the southern suburb of Armjourth.

Jean: Isabelle!

Isabelle: Yes, my love?

Jean: I'm asking myself all sorts of questions about the new collection of *Inside Moebius* . . .

Isabelle: Questions? What kind of questions?

Jean: This kind, for example: What sort of reception will the book have?

The young woman smiles imperceptibly.

Isabelle: You know perfectly well that no one can answer that question.

With the tip of her knife, she plays with a small, delicately textured bone of stramod that she's pushed to the side of her plate.

Isabelle: Nonetheless, I think this third one has every single quality your public expects.

Jean: My public?

The man facing her hangs his head sadly, an empty pout drawn at his lips. Behind the slender frame of his glasses, his gaze seems lost in the distance . . . Indeed . . . That was precisely the question . . .

Isabelle: Heyyy! Why the disillusion in your voice? I guarantee it's true . . . This is exactly the kind of book that will appeal to real Moebius fans.

Jean: I . . . I just don't know. I wrote and drew this story without any thought for the reader, you know. I just followed the whimsical labyrinth of my own inspiration, as free as the wind, without any plan or constraint—completely irresponsible.

Isabelle: But isn't that exactly what you did with the first two volumes?

Jean: *Uh*, in fact, yes. But—

Isabelle: Listen! It's your very *lack* of a plan—this visible deconstruction of the narrative—that gives the series so much charm!

Jean: But then, the impact of this deconstruction, that's never happened to me before! Isabelle, I appreciate your efforts to cheer me up, but—

Isabelle: Wait! I think this third book will even interest new types of readers, so long as their minds are open to humor and literary divagation.

Jean: In terms of divagation, it's true that I—

Isabelle: On the other hand, I notice that you've been especially careful with your drawing this time. It's still very simple, but you reach a level of quality in places that's comparable to *The [Airtight] Garage*!

Jean: . . . ?

Isabelle: So? Other questions?

Jean: Isabelle!

Isabelle: Yes!

Jean: Let's wrap up the questions, settle our bill, and take a romantic stroll along the Star Canal . . . It's nice out, and life is beautiful!

The couple leaves the restaurant, walking away down the seawall, hand in hand.

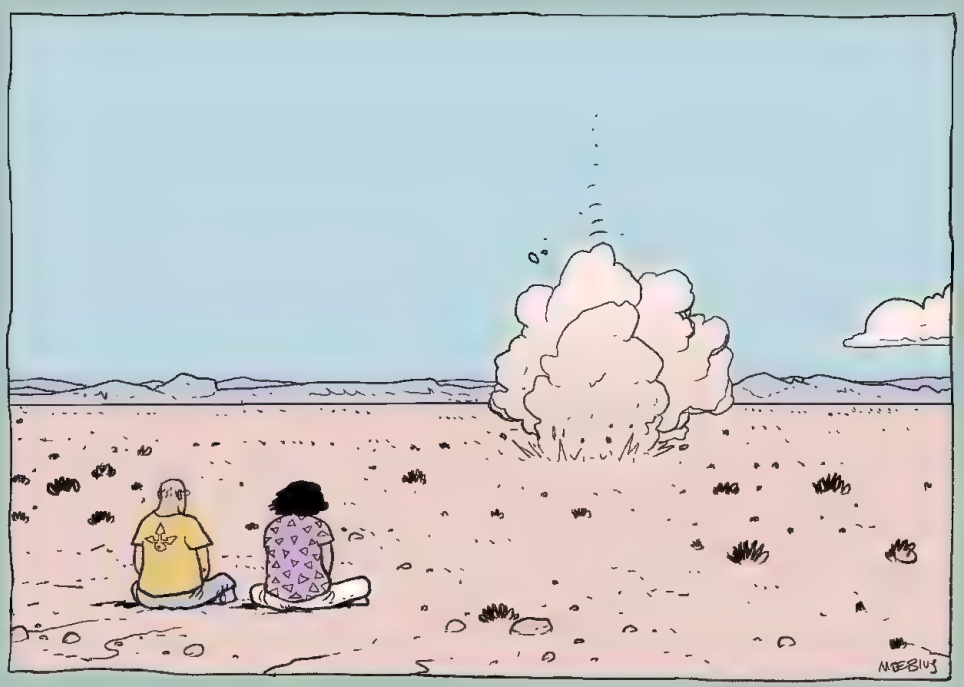
EL COYOTE
MOES 06

INSIDE (V)

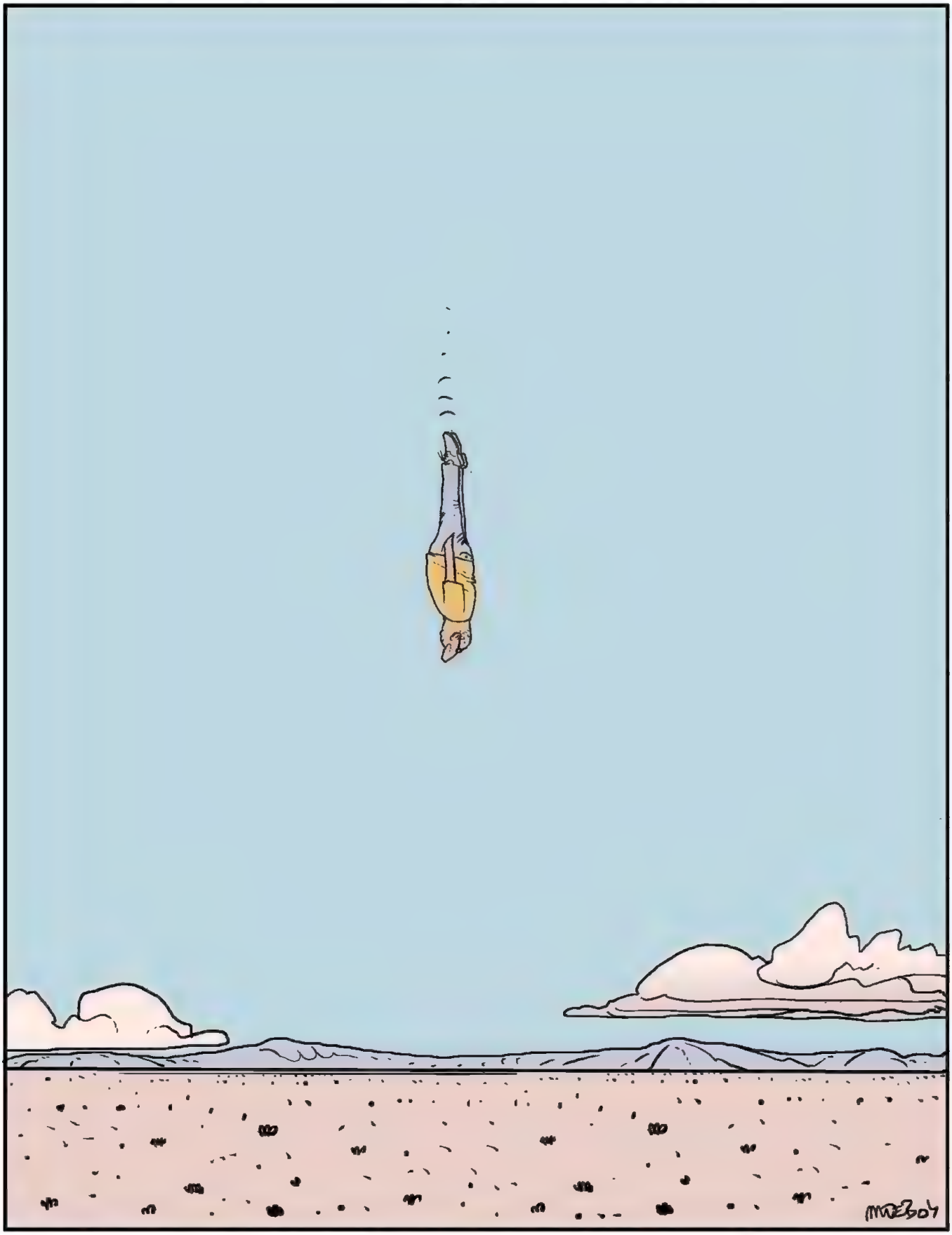
MOEBIUS
2004

INSIDE MŒBIUS

VOLUME 5



I absolutely must wake up
at the very heart of this dream!
Just like it says in the book!



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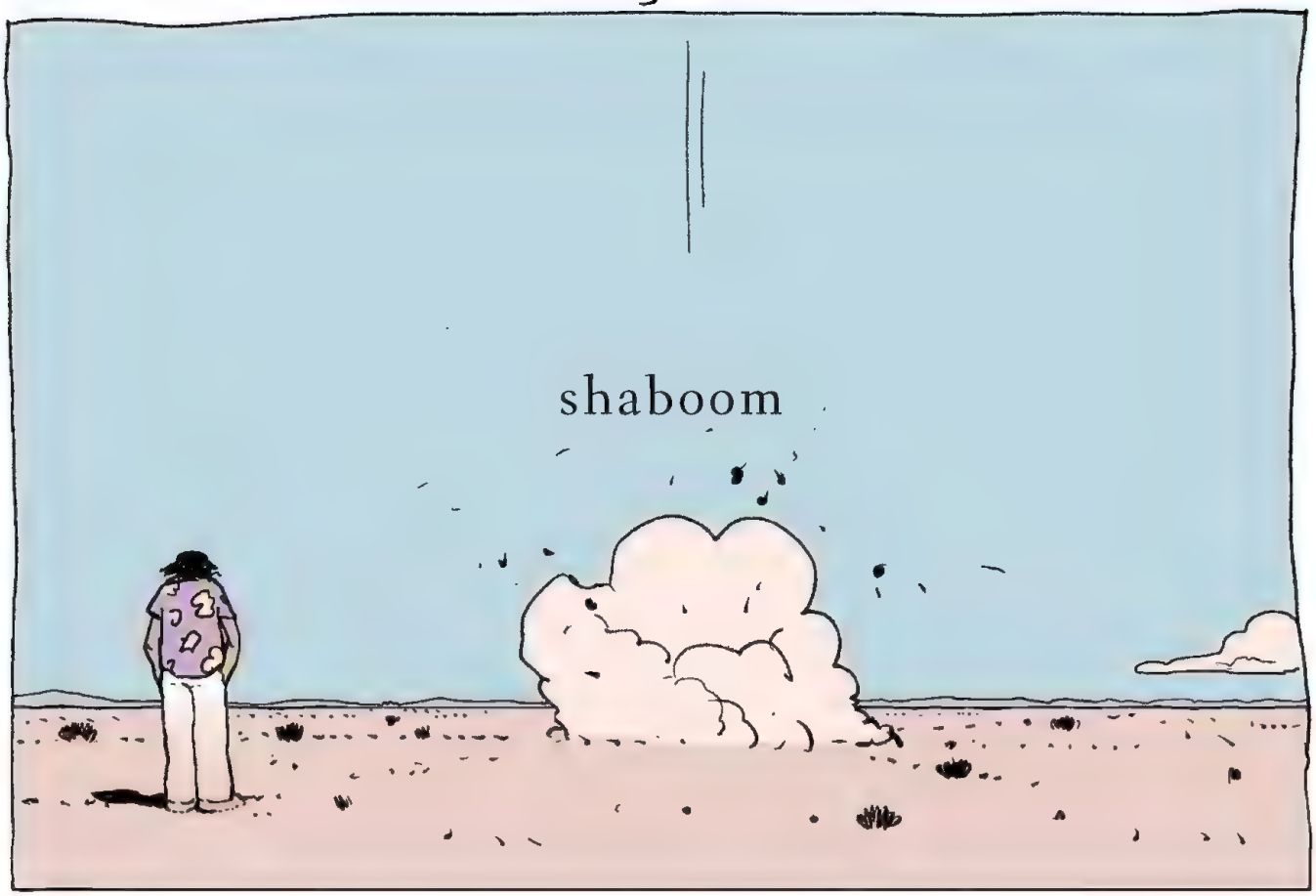

shaboom

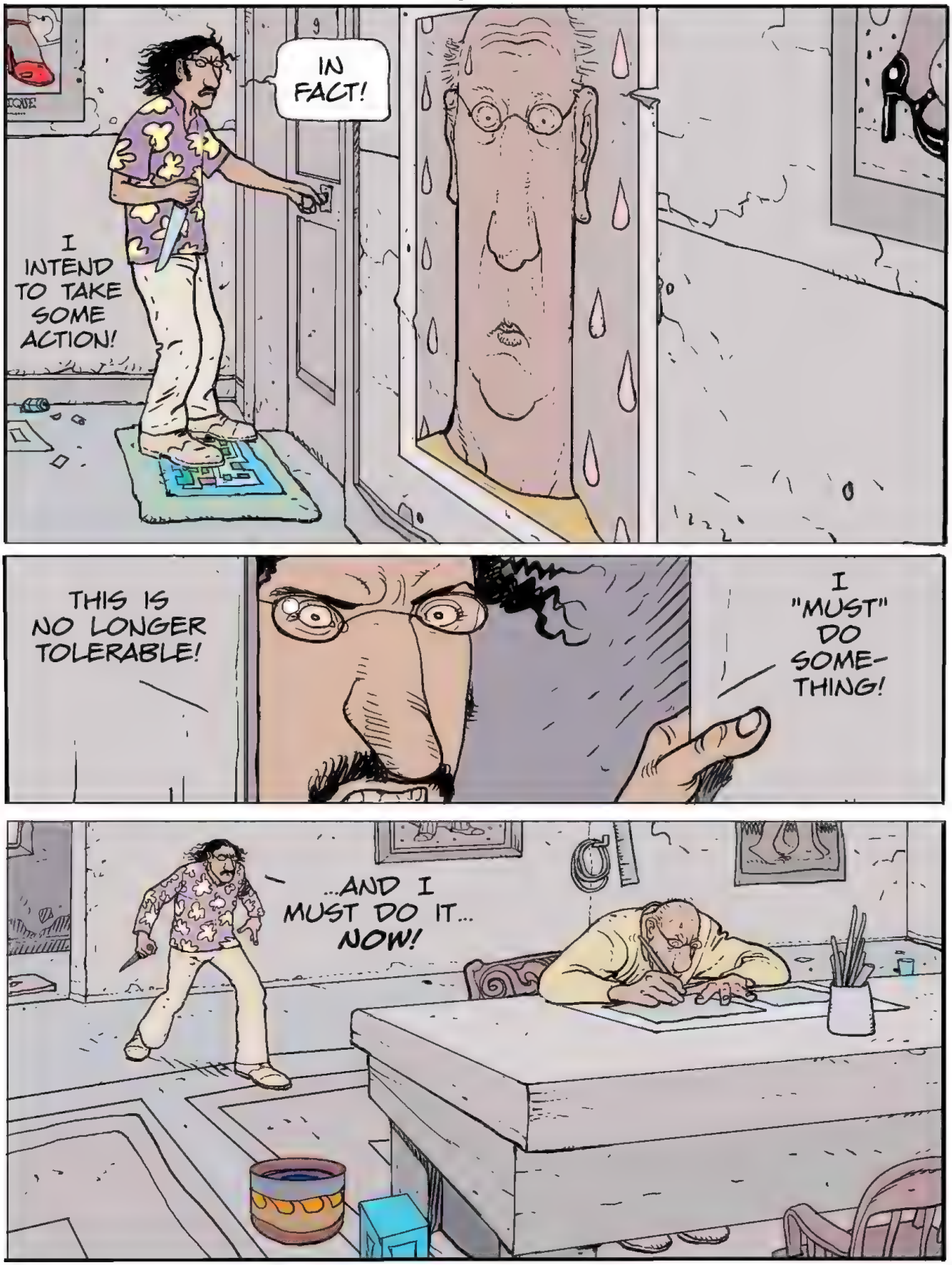
MOBS 04

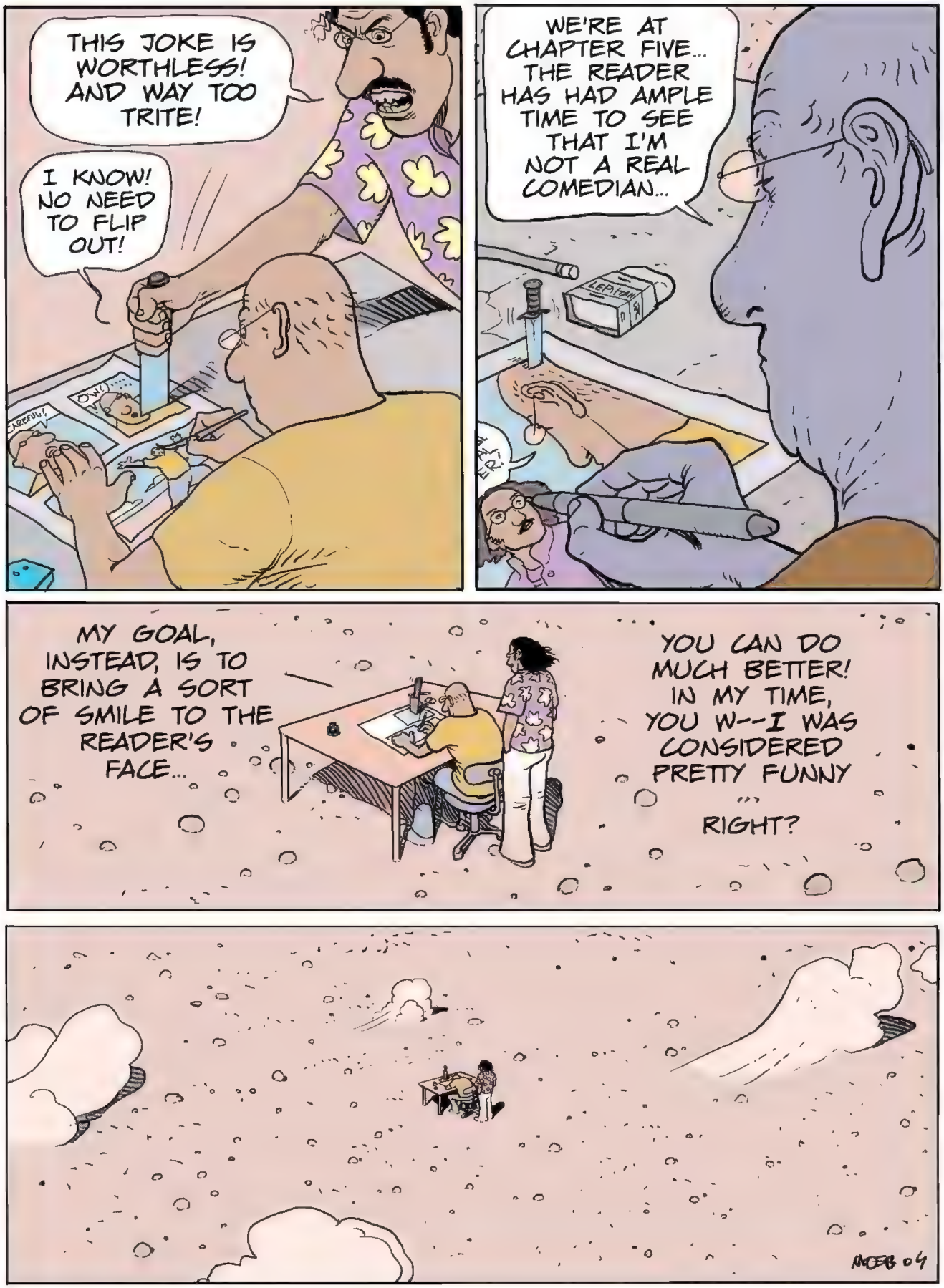
. . . I intend to take some action!

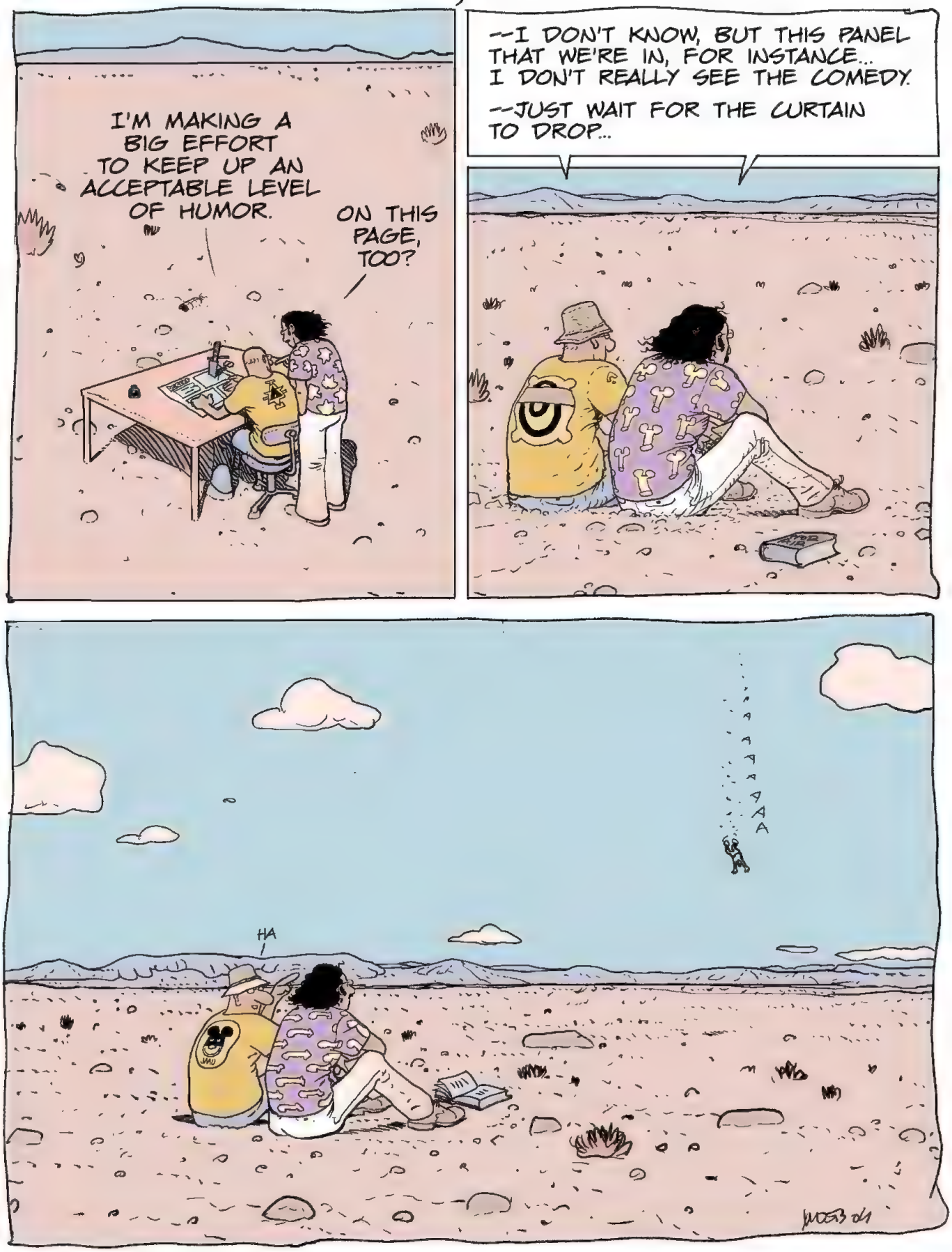
THE PATHETIC ADVENTURES OF MOEBS IN DESERT "B"

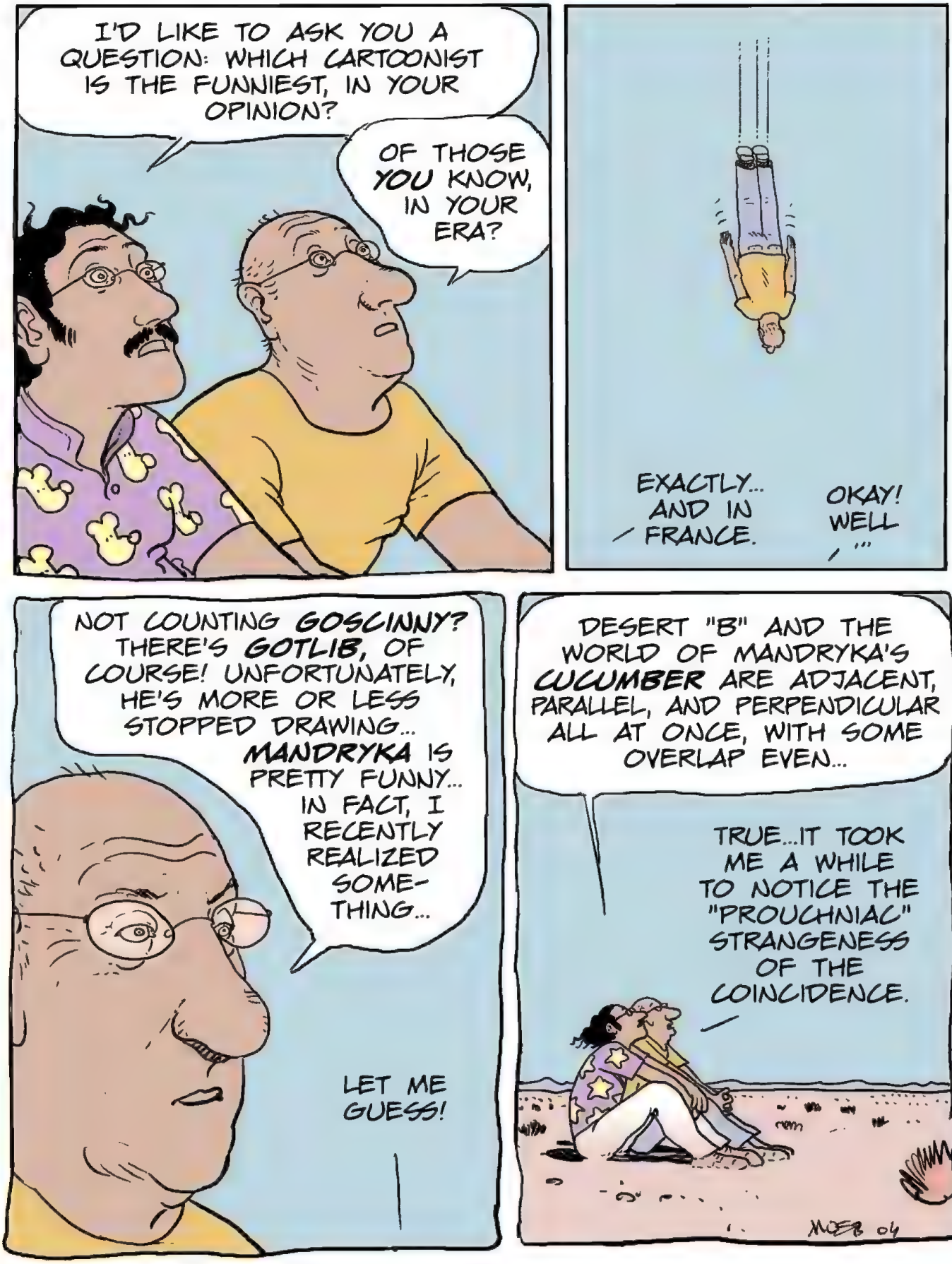
BY : MOEBIUS
(INSIDE HIMSELF)

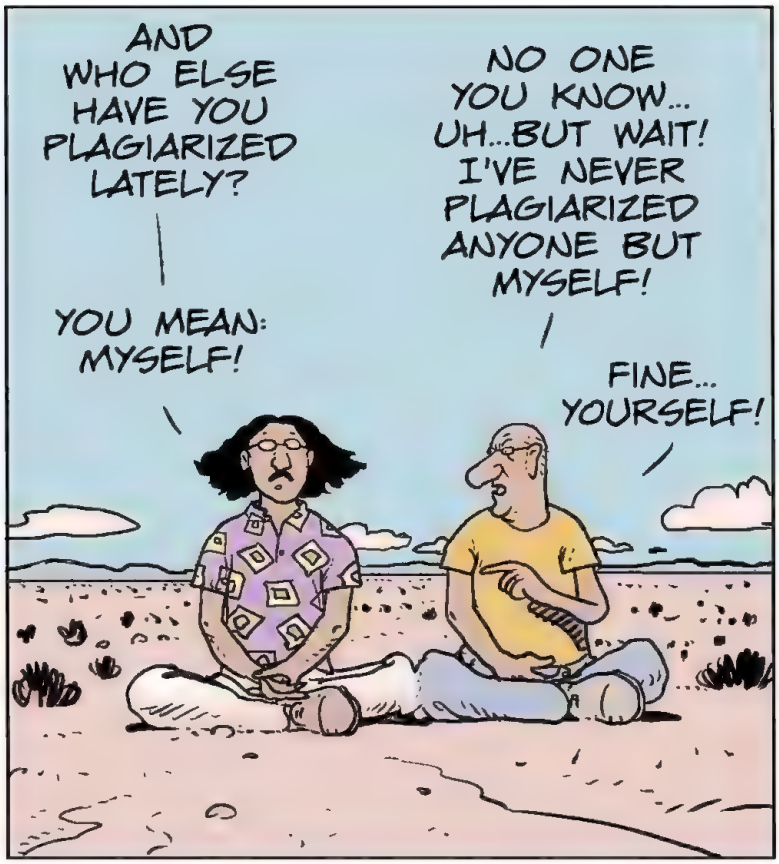
A FURTIVE SHADOW SLIDES...
SHHH
SSSSS
SSSSS
...SILENTLY DOWN THE EMPTY HALL...
SILENTLY !
SSSSS
SSSSS
...OF THE SECRET...
...BUNKER...
...HIDDEN AT THE CENTER...
SSSSS
SSSSS
...OF DESERT "B"!
JUST A SEC! I'LL PUT ON MY SNEAKERS...
LATER.
...I WILL DO IT.!

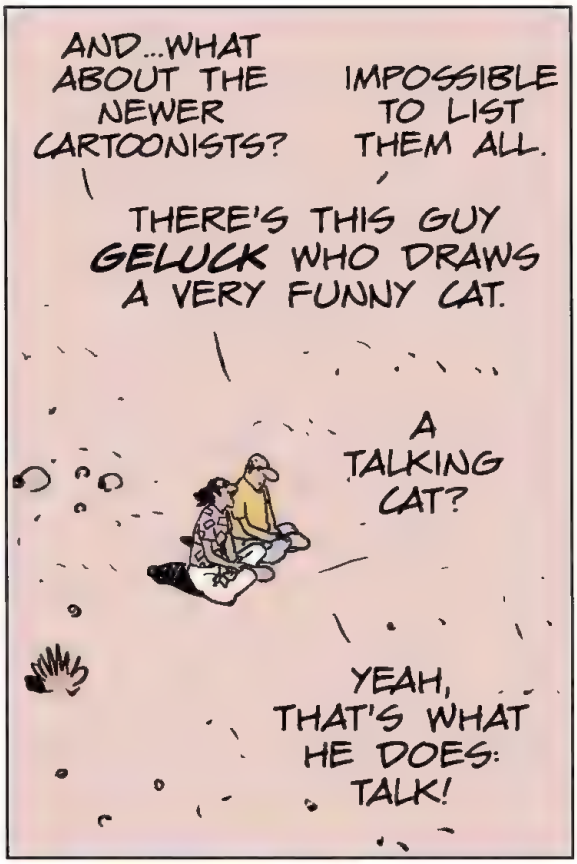

I INTEND TO TAKE SOME ACTION!
IN FACT!
THIS IS NO LONGER TOLERABLE!
I "MUST" DO SOME-THING!
...AND I MUST DO IT... NOW!

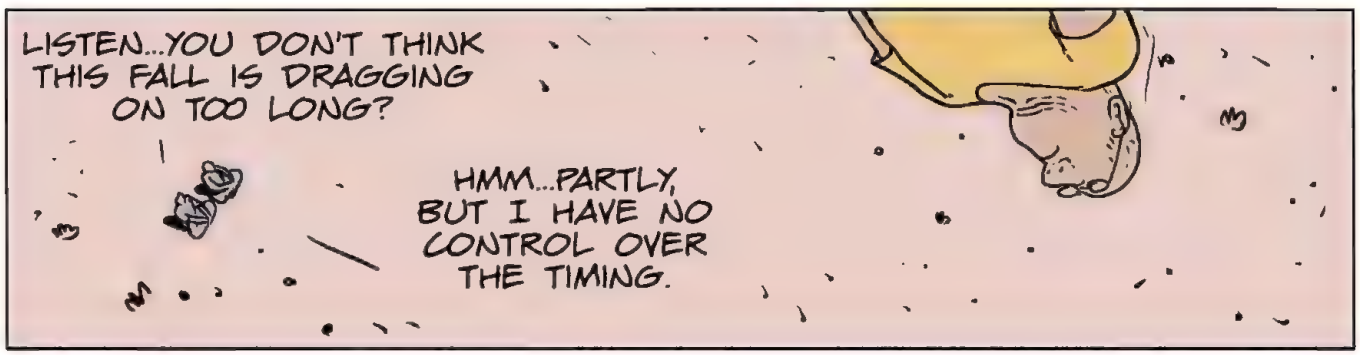

THIS JOKE IS WORTHLESS! AND WAY TOO TRITE!
I KNOW! NO NEED TO FLIP OUT!
WE'RE AT CHAPTER FIVE... THE READER HAS HAD AMPLE TIME TO SEE THAT I'M NOT A REAL COMEDIAN...
MY GOAL, INSTEAD, IS TO BRING A SORT OF SMILE TO THE READER'S FACE...
YOU CAN DO MUCH BETTER! IN MY TIME, YOU W--I WAS CONSIDERED PRETTY FUNNY ... RIGHT?
MOEB 04

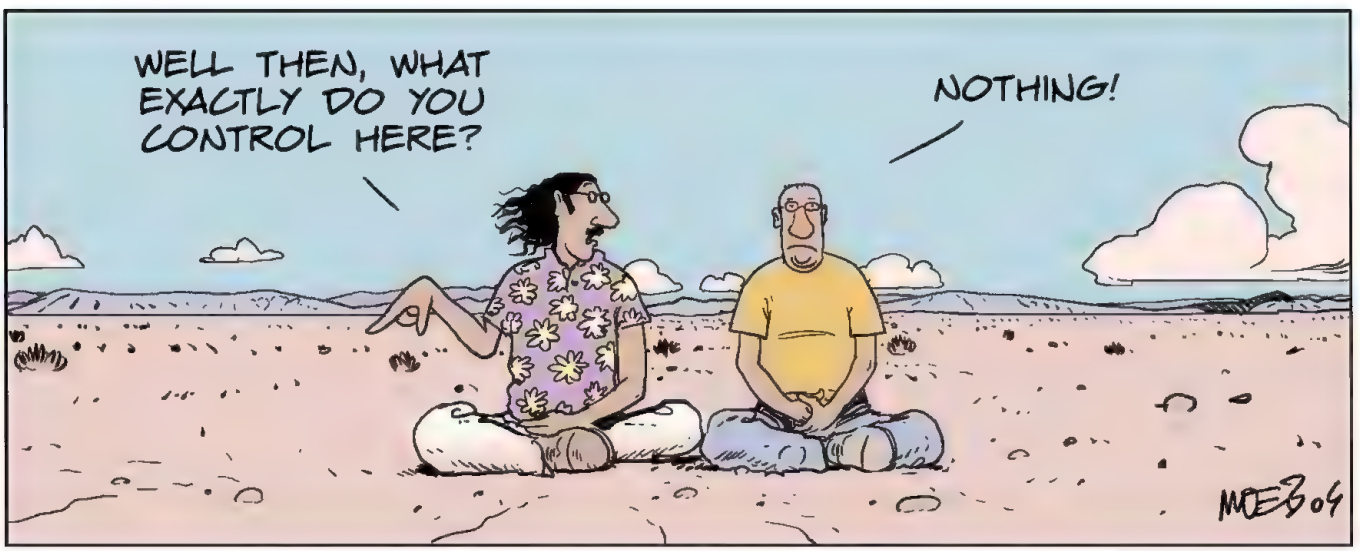

I'M MAKING A BIG EFFORT TO KEEP UP AN ACCEPTABLE LEVEL OF HUMOR.
ON THIS PAGE, TOO?
--I DON'T KNOW, BUT THIS PANEL THAT WE'RE IN, FOR INSTANCE... I DON'T REALLY SEE THE COMEDY.
--JUST WAIT FOR THE CURTAIN TO DROP...
AAAAAAAAA
HA
JMU

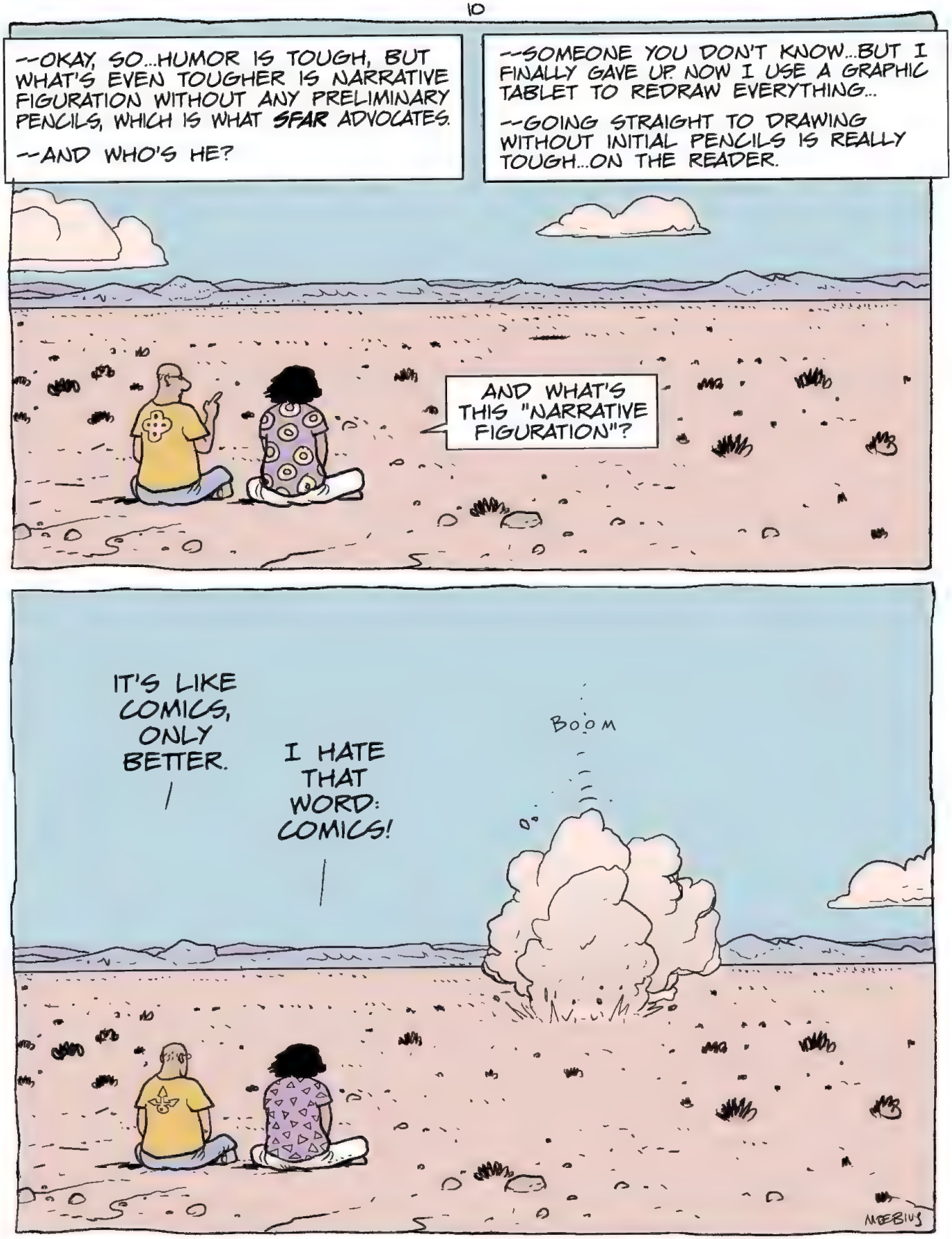

I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION: WHICH CARTOONIST IS THE FUNNIEST, IN YOUR OPINION?
OF THOSE YOU KNOW, IN YOUR ERA?
EXACTLY... AND IN FRANCE.
OKAY! WELL, ...
NOT COUNTING GOSCINNY? THERE'S GOTLIB, OF COURSE! UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S MORE OR LESS STOPPED DRAWING... MANDRYKA IS PRETTY FUNNY... IN FACT, I RECENTLY REALIZED SOME-THING...
LET ME GUESS!
DESERT "B" AND THE WORLD OF MANDRYKA'S CUCUMBER ARE ADJACENT, PARALLEL, AND PERPENDICULAR ALL AT ONCE, WITH SOME OVERLAP EVEN...
TRUE...IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO NOTICE THE "PROUCHNIAC" STRANGENESS OF THE COINCIDENCE.
MOEB 04


AND WHO ELSE HAVE YOU PLAGIARIZED LATELY?
YOU MEAN: MYSELF!
NO ONE YOU KNOW... UH...BUT WAIT! I'VE NEVER PLAGIARIZED ANYONE BUT MYSELF!
FINE... YOURSELF!


AND...WHAT ABOUT THE NEWER CARTOONISTS?
IMPOSSIBLE TO LIST THEM ALL.
THERE'S THIS GUY GELUCK WHO DRAWS A VERY FUNNY CAT.
A TALKING CAT?
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT HE DOES: TALK!

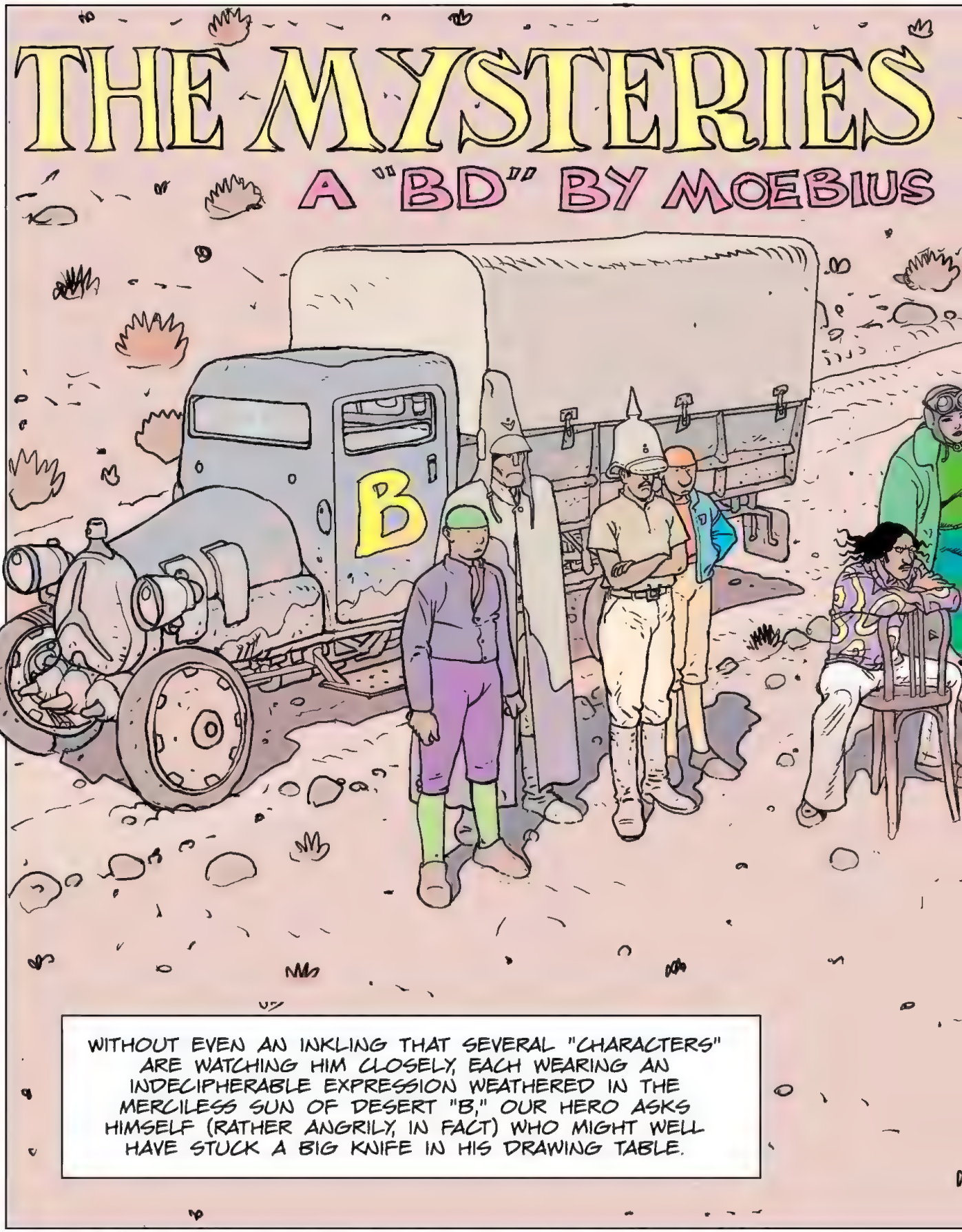

LISTEN...YOU DON'T THINK THIS FALL IS DRAGGING ON TOO LONG?
HMM...PARTLY, BUT I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE TIMING.


WELL THEN, WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU CONTROL HERE?
NOTHING!
MOES 04

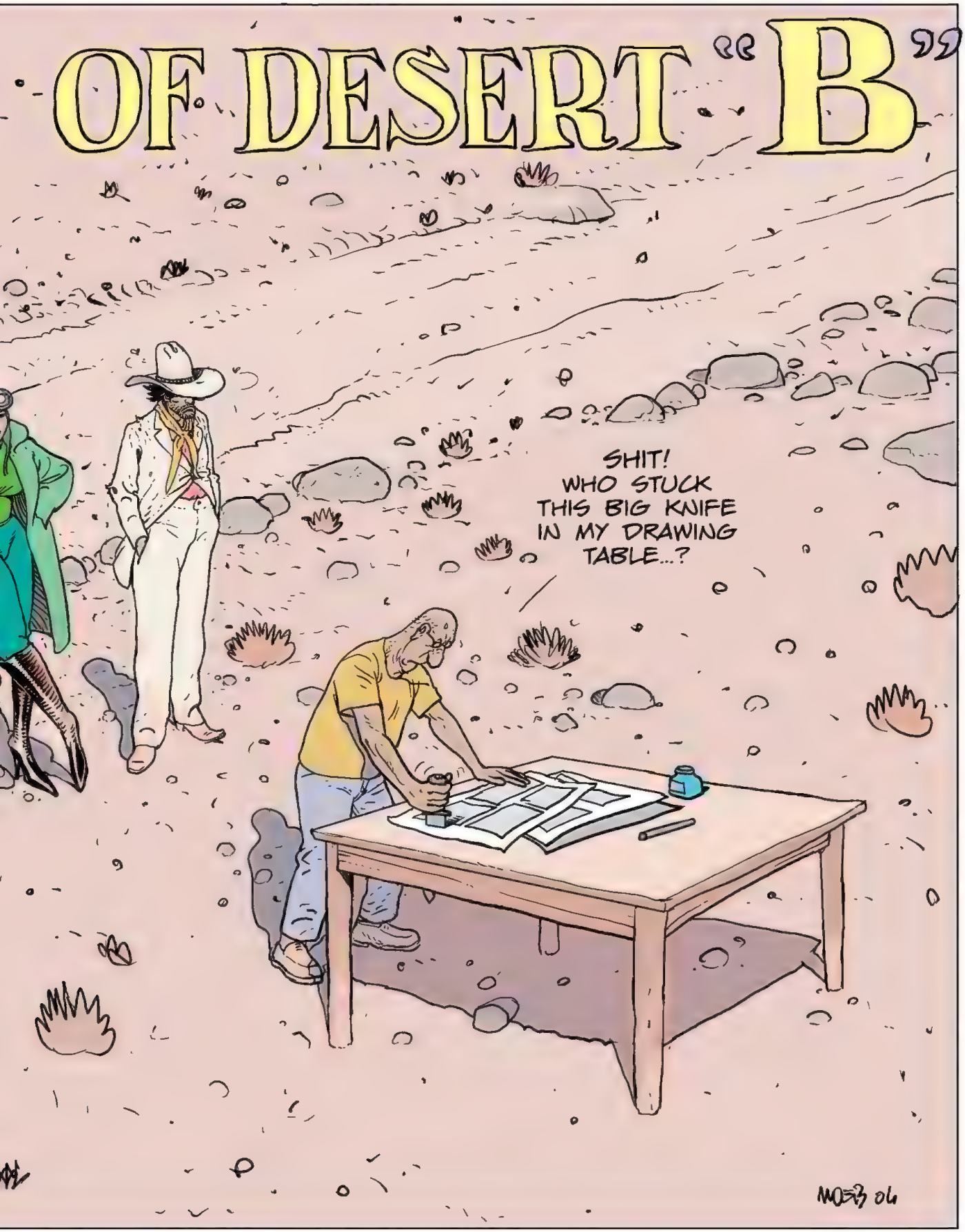

--OKAY, SO...HUMOR IS TOUGH, BUT WHAT'S EVEN TOUGHER IS NARRATIVE FIGURATION WITHOUT ANY PRELIMINARY PENCILS, WHICH IS WHAT SFAR ADVOCATES.
--AND WHO'S HE?
--SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW...BUT I FINALLY GAVE UP. NOW I USE A GRAPHIC TABLET TO REDRAW EVERYTHING...
--GOING STRAIGHT TO DRAWING WITHOUT INITIAL PENCILS IS REALLY TOUGH...ON THE READER.
AND WHAT'S THIS "NARRATIVE FIGURATION"?
IT'S LIKE COMICS, ONLY BETTER.
I HATE THAT WORD: COMICS!
BOOM
MOEBIUS

WATCH THIS! I'LL GET MYSELF PAID FOR A DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD!
THERE! NOW, IF I WERE TO ADD A STRANGE TRUCK...
...À LA MOEBIUS...
YEAH!
THE SECRETS OF NARRATIVE FIGURATION...* ... FIRST LESSON.
STRANGE...TRUCK...
GOOD GRIEF. WHAT DO THESE FIGURES NARRATE?
?
MŒBIUS

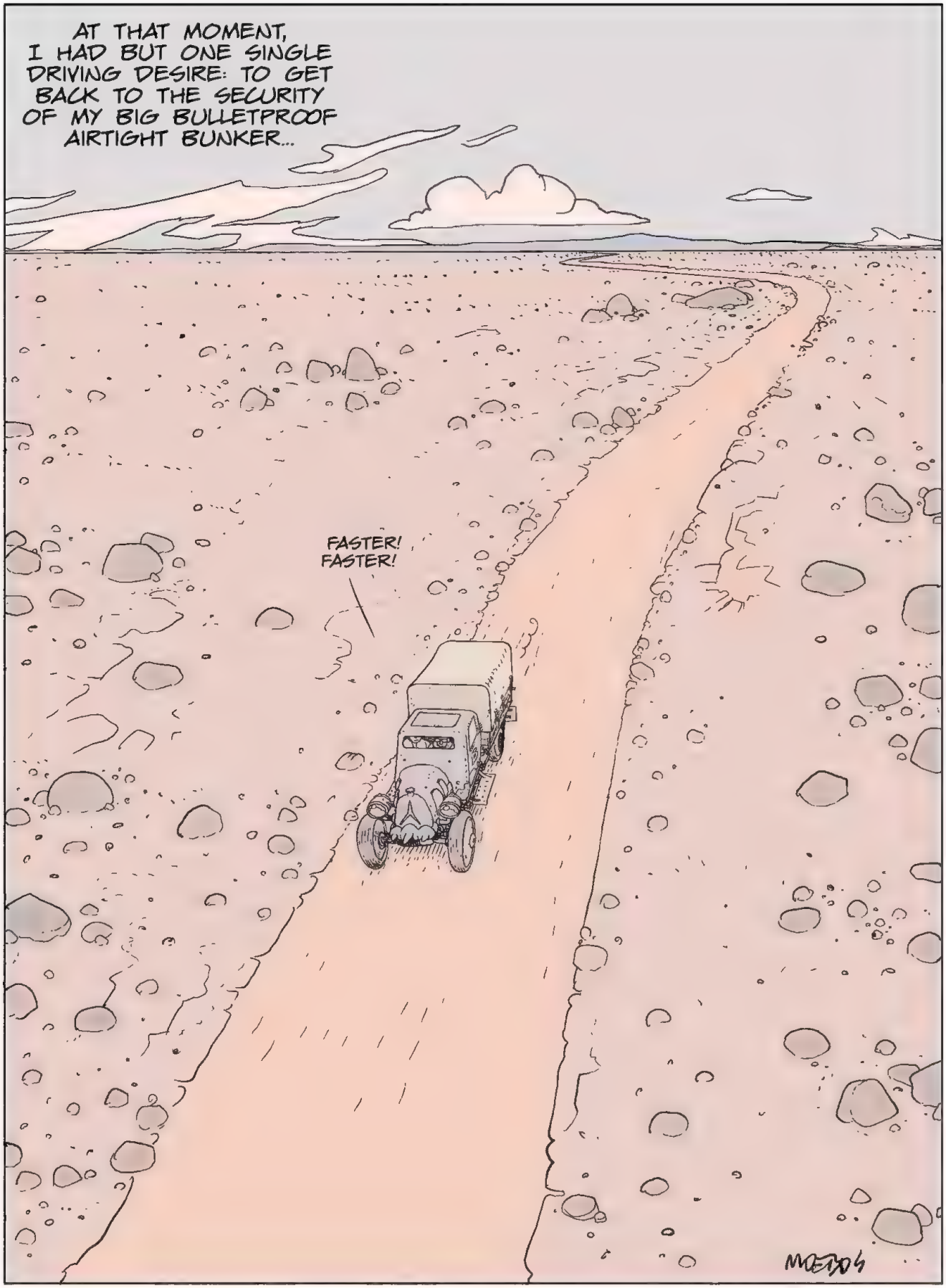
*NO RELATION TO ANY CONTEMPORARY ART MOVEMENT.

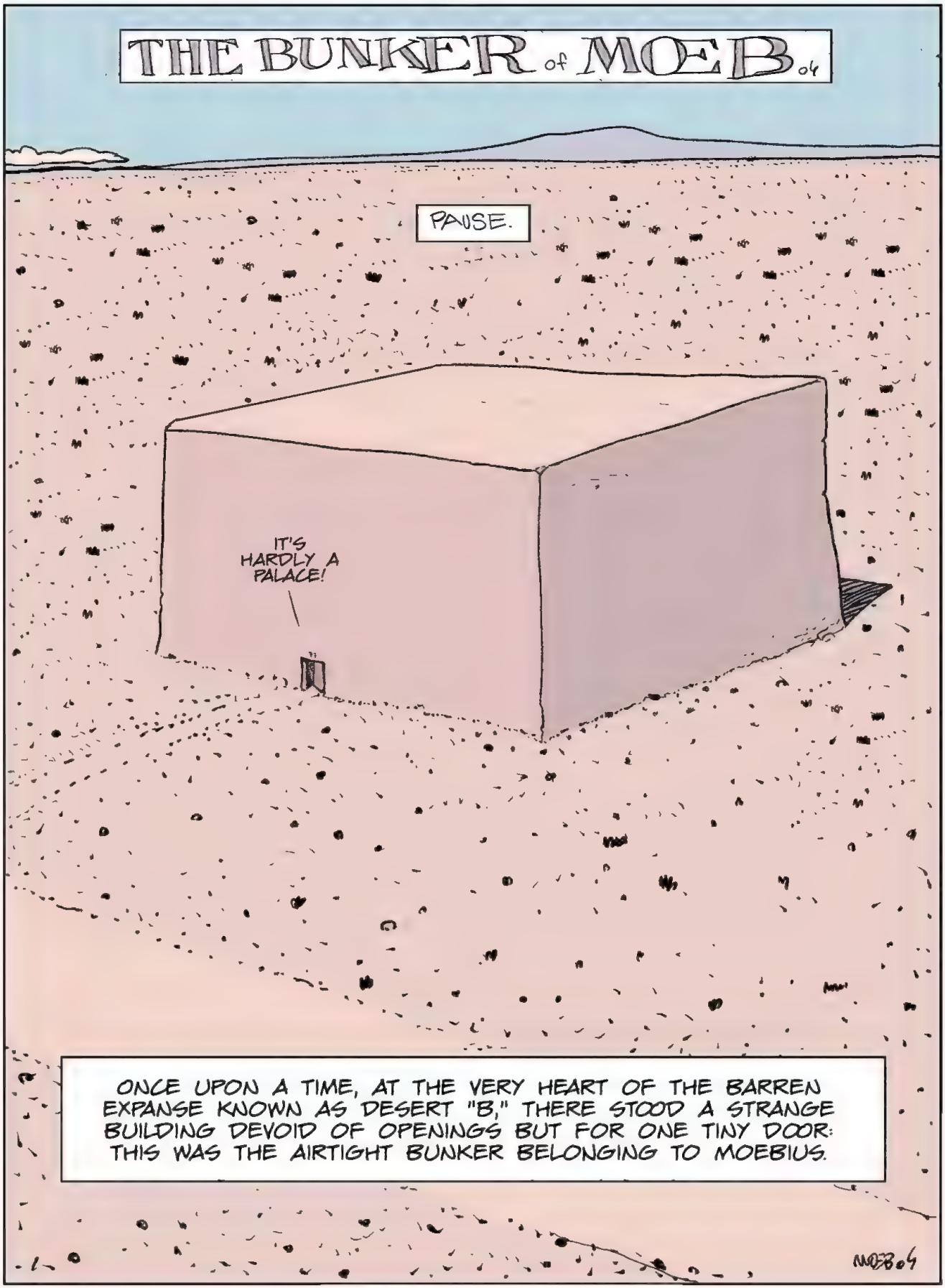

THE MYSTERIES
A "BD" BY MOEBIUS
B
WITHOUT EVEN AN INKLING THAT SEVERAL "CHARACTERS" ARE WATCHING HIM CLOSELY, EACH WEARING AN INDECIPHERABLE EXPRESSION WEATHERED IN THE MERCILESS SUN OF DESERT "B," OUR HERO ASKS HIMSELF (RATHER ANGRILY, IN FACT) WHO MIGHT WELL HAVE STUCK A BIG KNIFE IN HIS DRAWING TABLE.

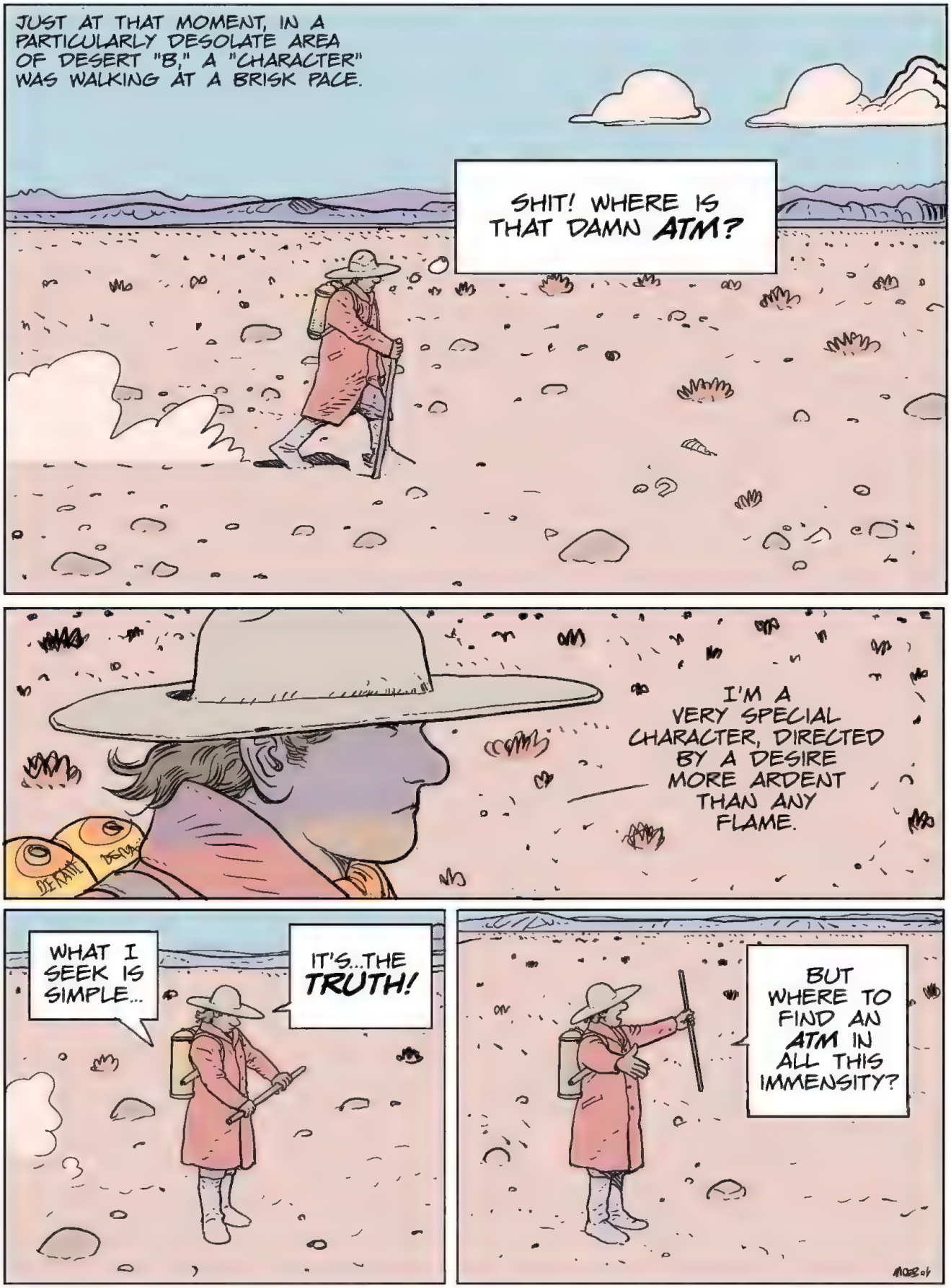
Note: The designation "BD" is short for *bande dessinée*, or *drawn strip*, the French term for *comics*.

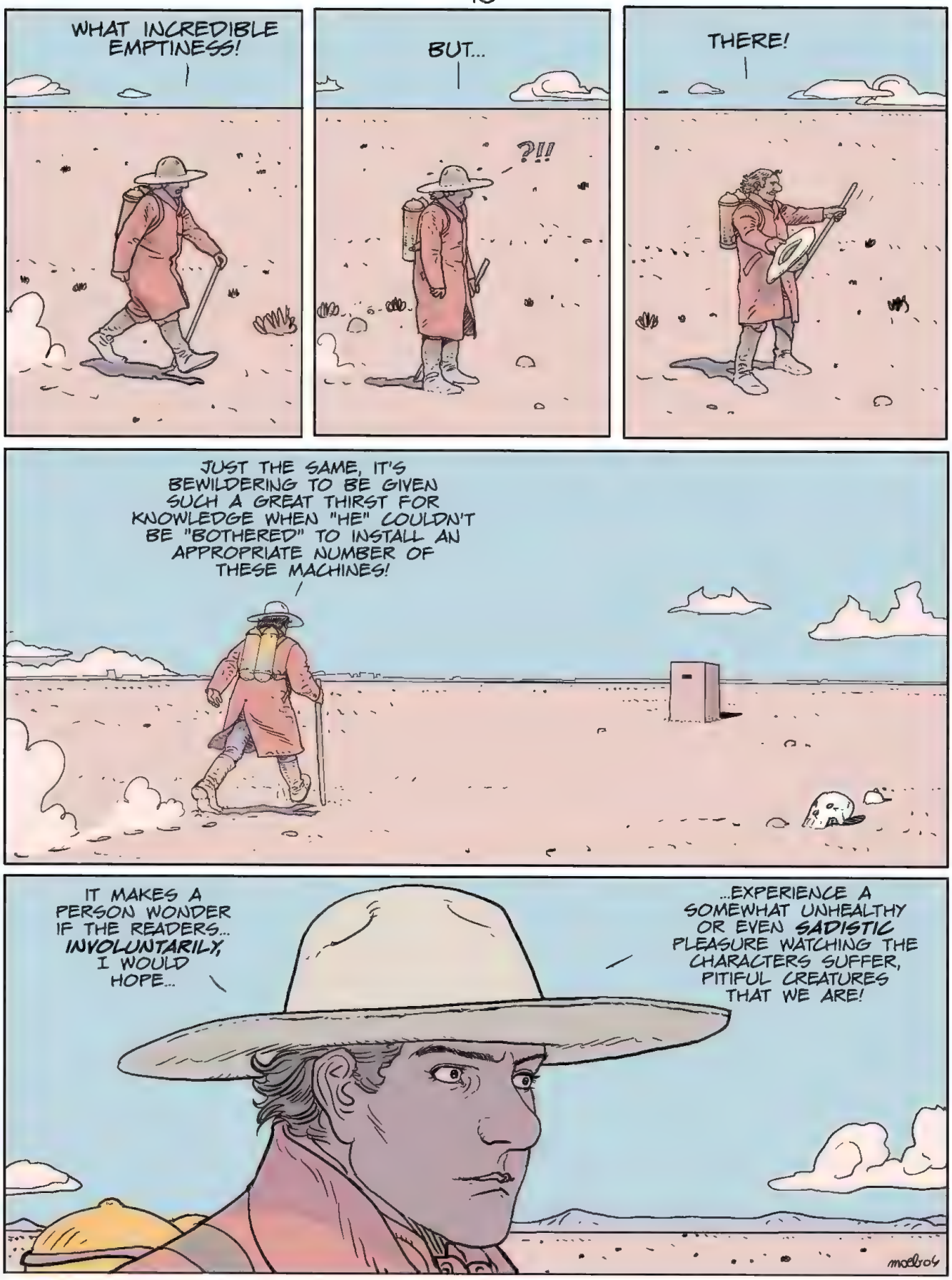

OF DESERT "B"
SHIT! WHO STUCK THIS BIG KNIFE IN MY DRAWING TABLE...?
MOEBIUS 06

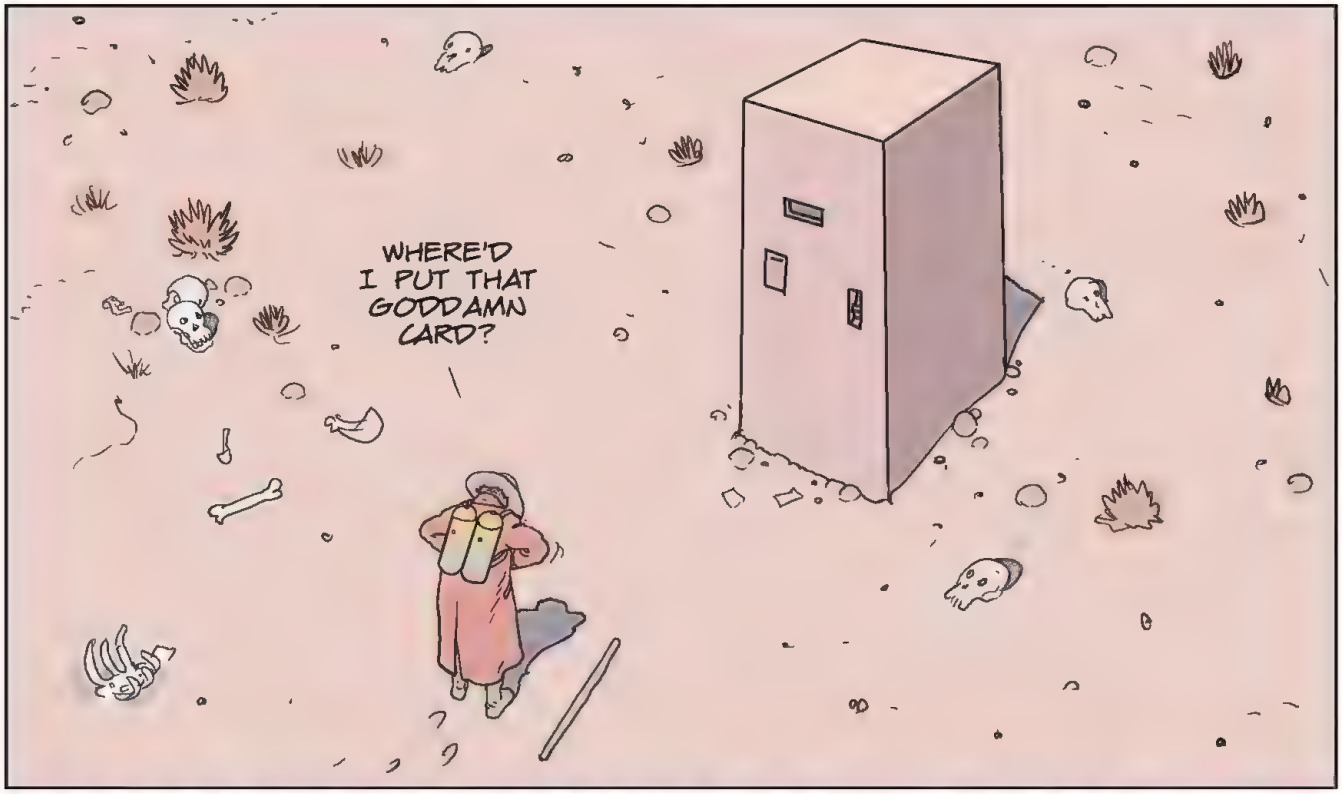
YOU'RE RIGHT. THE FIGURES WORK, BUT THERE'S NO NARRATIVE... I HAVE THE FEELING WE'RE GONNA FIND OURSELVES IN ANOTHER COMIC WITHOUT A SCRIPT!
NOBODY CARES ABOUT THE SCRIPT... WHAT COUNTS IS HUMOR! EVERY PAGE HAS TO BE FUNNY--THAT'S MY GOLDEN RULE.
...MY GOLDEN RULE...
MOEBIUS


AT THAT MOMENT, I HAD BUT ONE SINGLE DRIVING DESIRE: TO GET BACK TO THE SECURITY OF MY BIG BULLETPROOF AIRTIGHT BUNKER...
FASTER! FASTER!
MOEBIUS

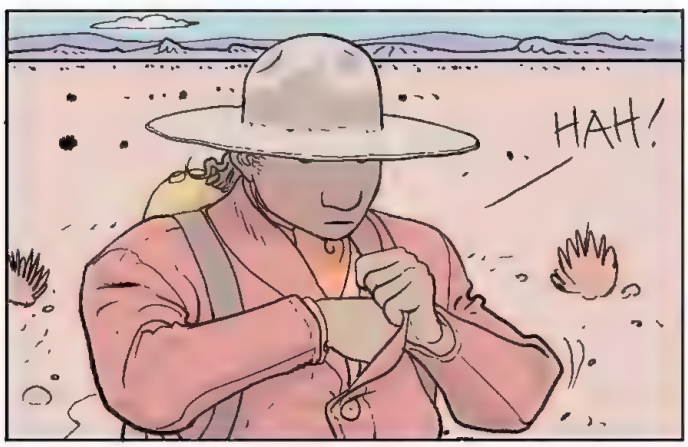

THE BUNKER of MOEB 04
PAUSE.
IT'S HARDLY A PALACE!
ONCE UPON A TIME, AT THE VERY HEART OF THE BARREN EXPANSE KNOWN AS DESERT "B," THERE STOOD A STRANGE BUILDING DEVOID OF OPENINGS BUT FOR ONE TINY DOOR: THIS WAS THE AIRTIGHT BUNKER BELONGING TO MOEBIUS.
MOEB04

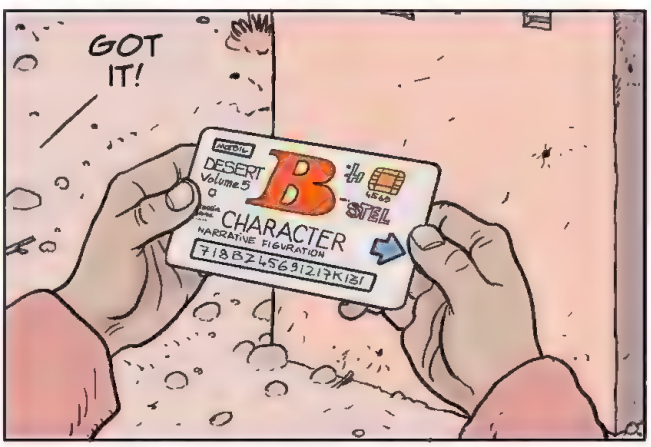

JUST AT THAT MOMENT, IN A PARTICULARLY DESOLATE AREA OF DESERT "B," A "CHARACTER" WAS WALKING AT A BRISK PACE.
SHIT! WHERE IS THAT DAMN ATM?
I'M A VERY SPECIAL CHARACTER, DIRECTED BY A DESIRE MORE ARDENT THAN ANY FLAME.
WHAT I SEEK IS SIMPLE...
IT'S...THE TRUTH!
BUT WHERE TO FIND AN ATM IN ALL THIS IMMENSITY?

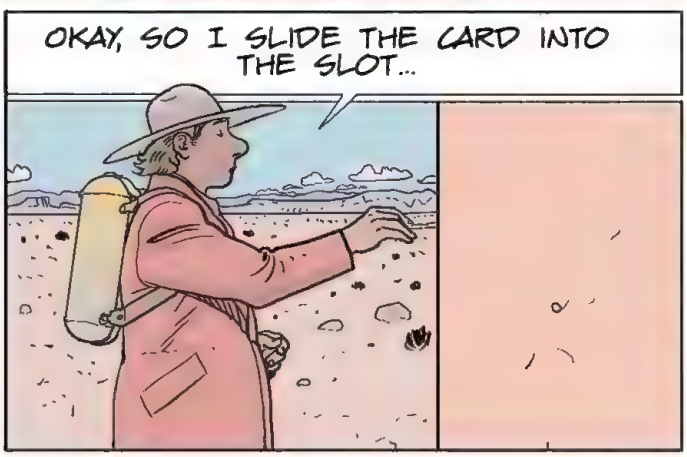

WHAT INCREDIBLE EMPTINESS!
BUT...
?!!
THERE!
JUST THE SAME, IT'S BEWILDERING TO BE GIVEN SUCH A GREAT THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE WHEN "HE" COULDN'T BE "BOTHERED" TO INSTALL AN APPROPRIATE NUMBER OF THESE MACHINES!
IT MAKES A PERSON WONDER IF THE READERS... INVOLUNTARILY, I WOULD HOPE...
...EXPERIENCE A SOMEWHAT UNHEALTHY OR EVEN SADISTIC PLEASURE WATCHING THE CHARACTERS SUFFER, PITIFUL CREATURES THAT WE ARE!
moebius

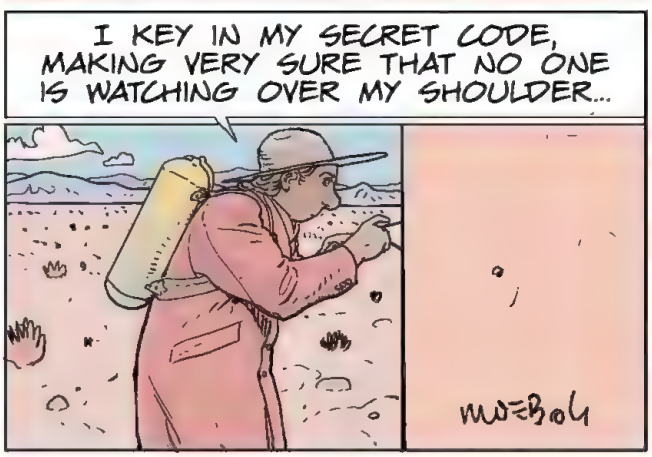


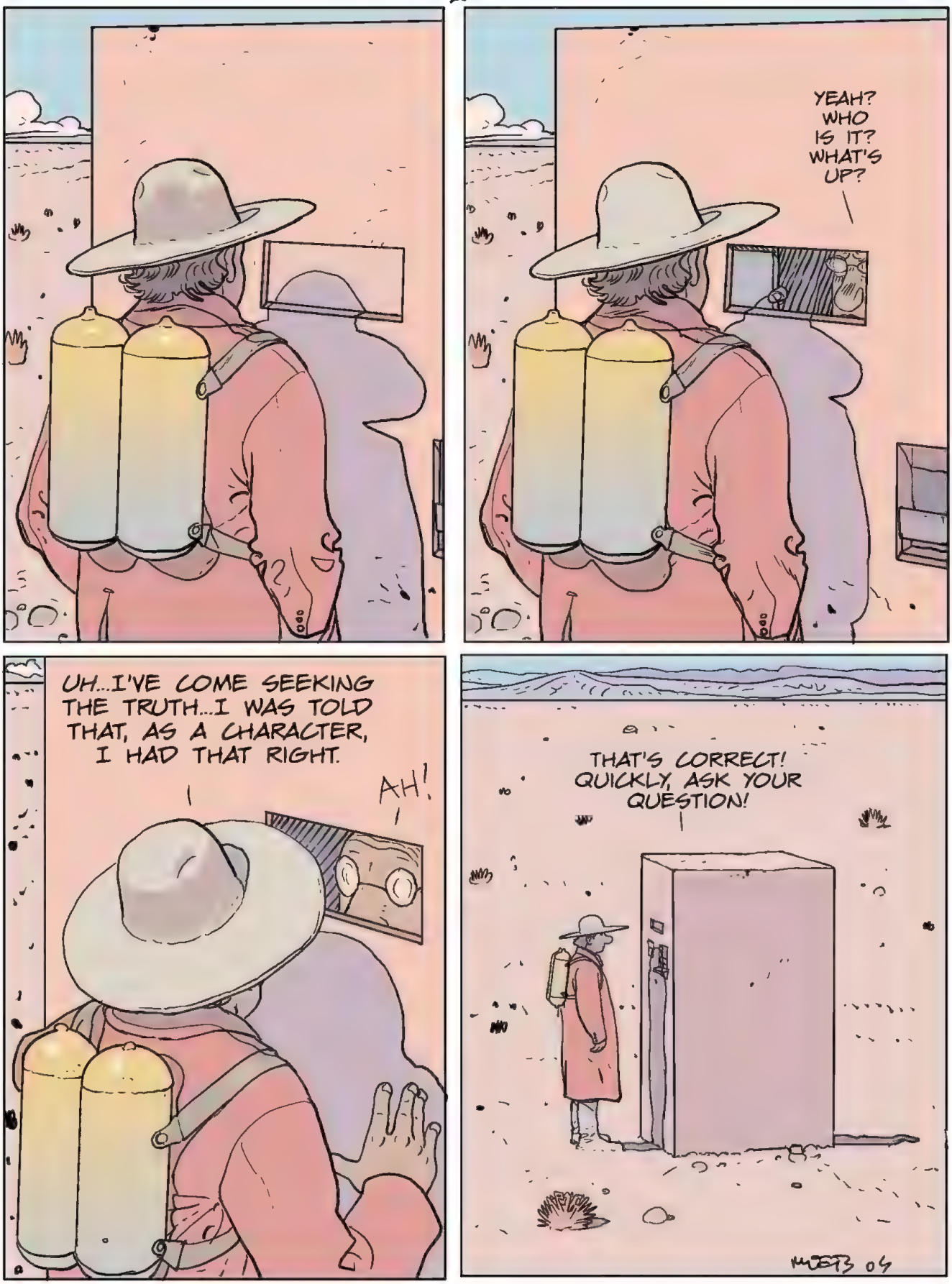
ALARMING REVELATIONS AT THE HEART OF "B"

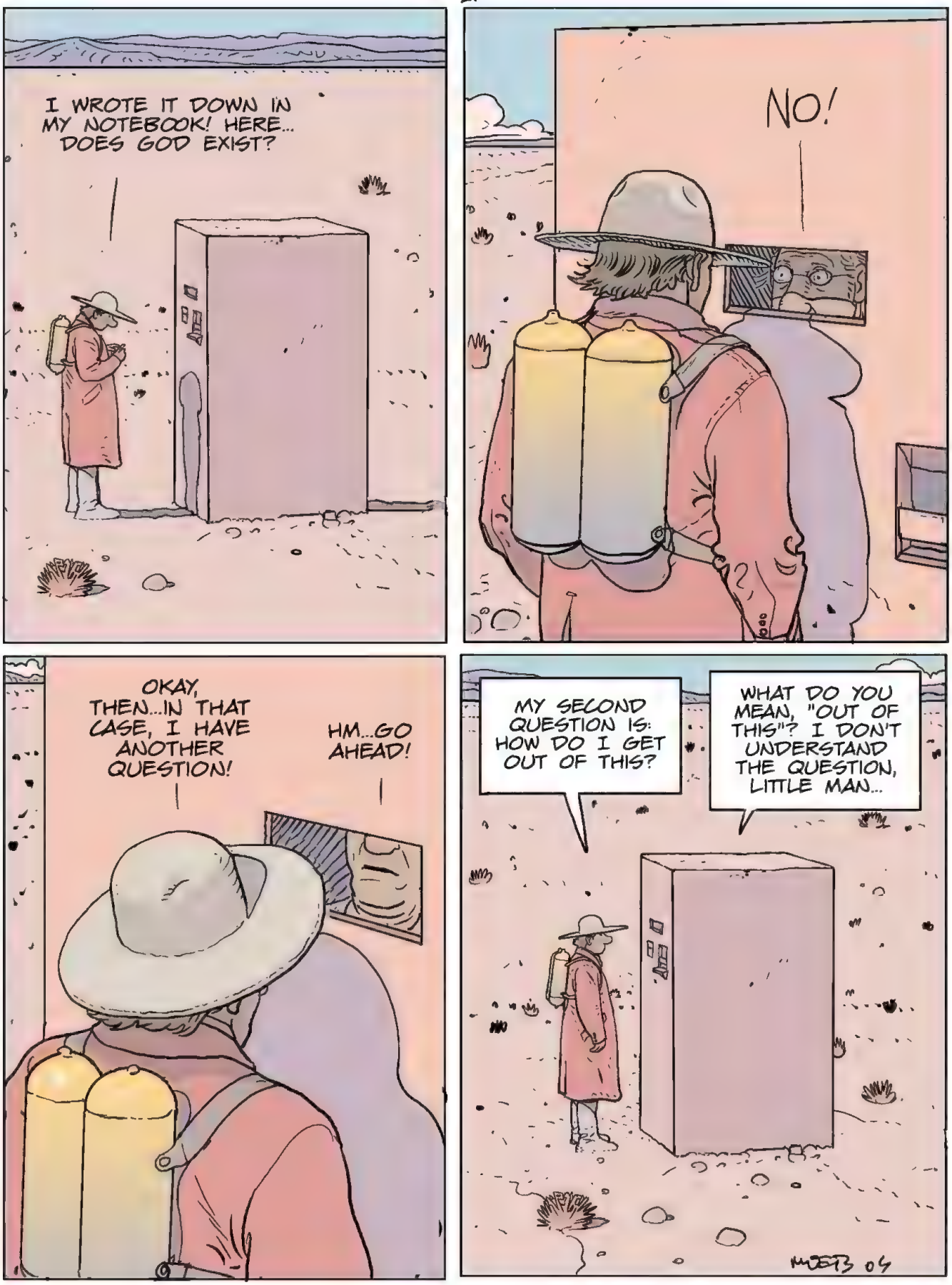


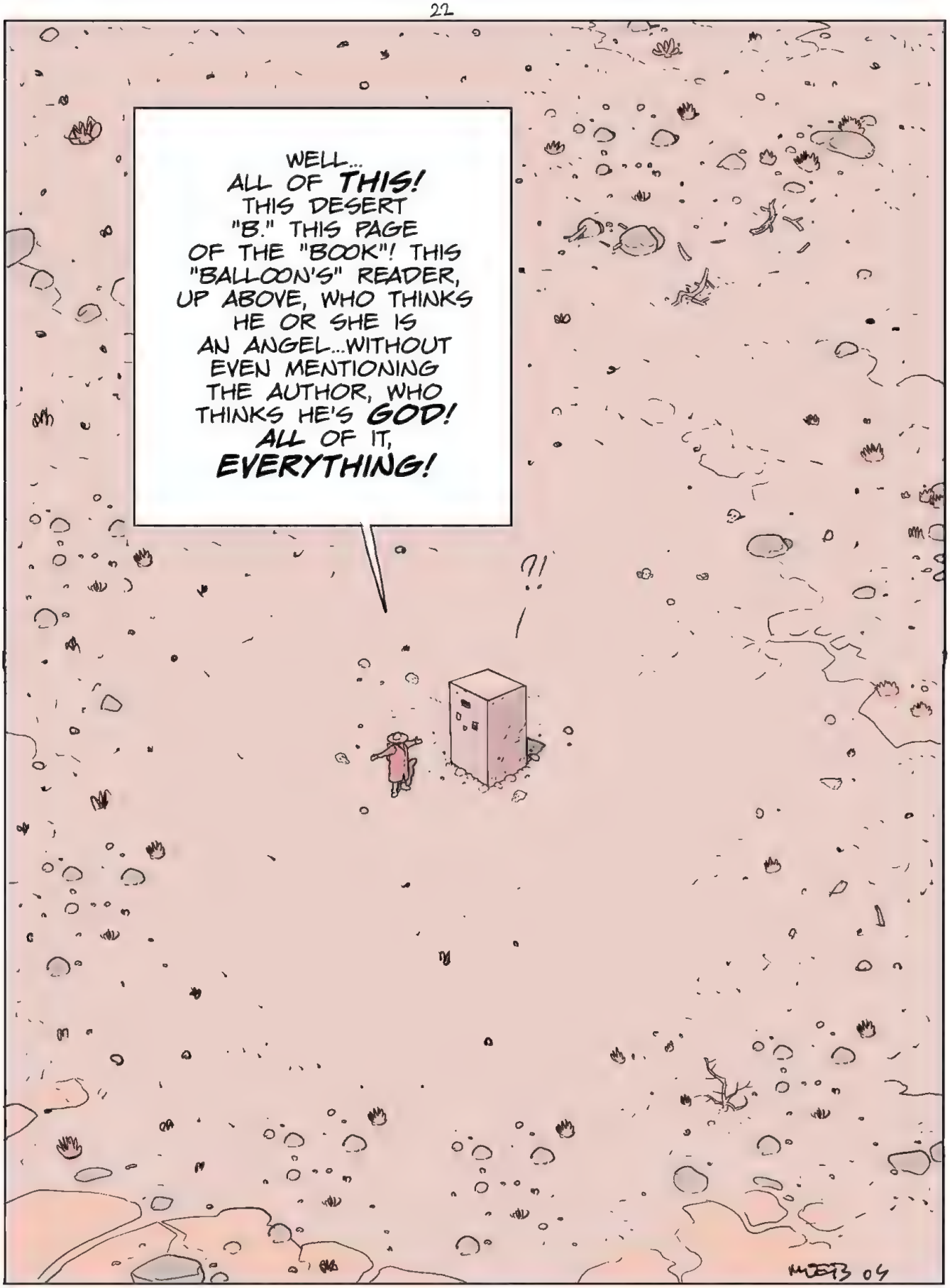


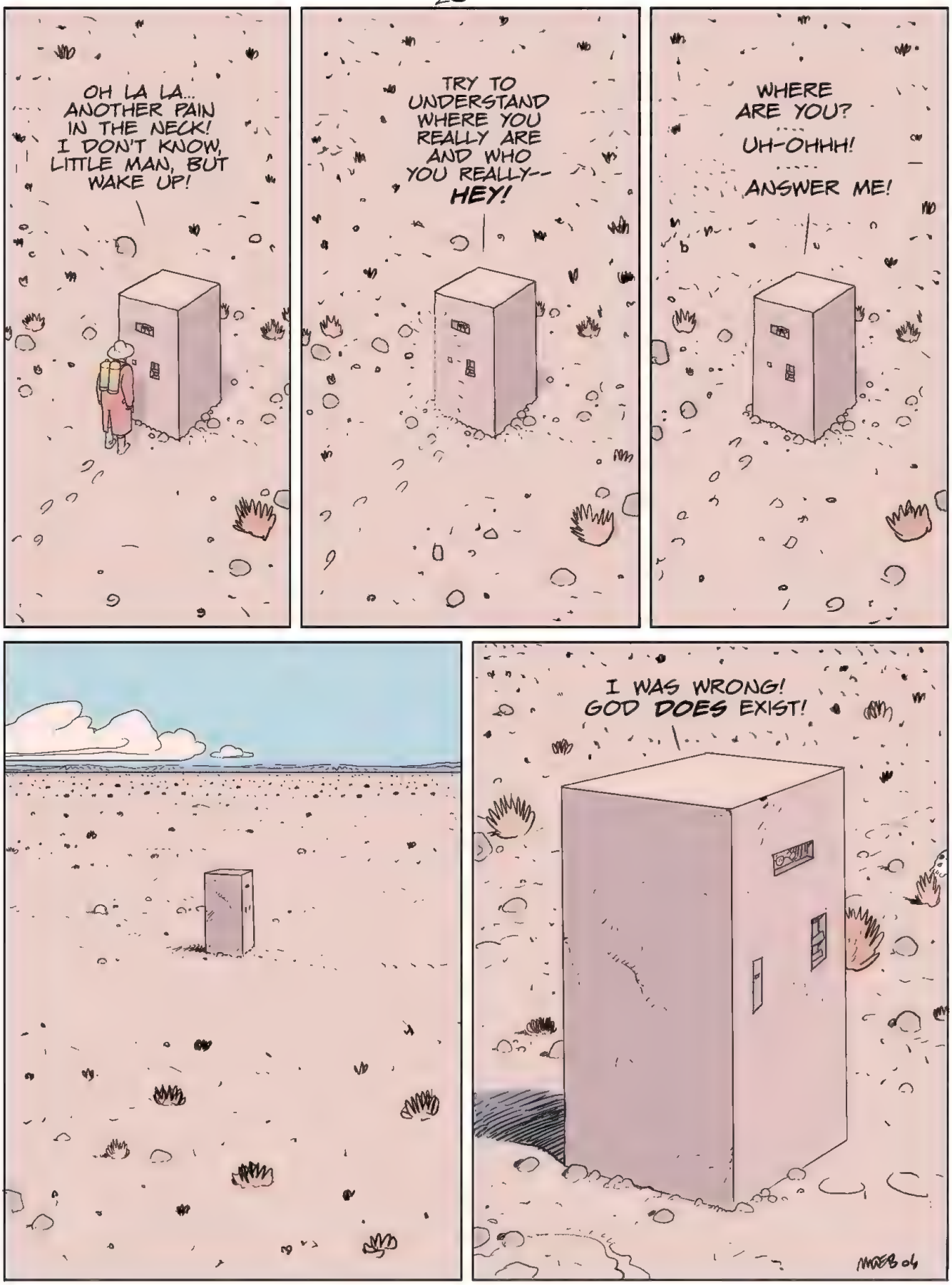


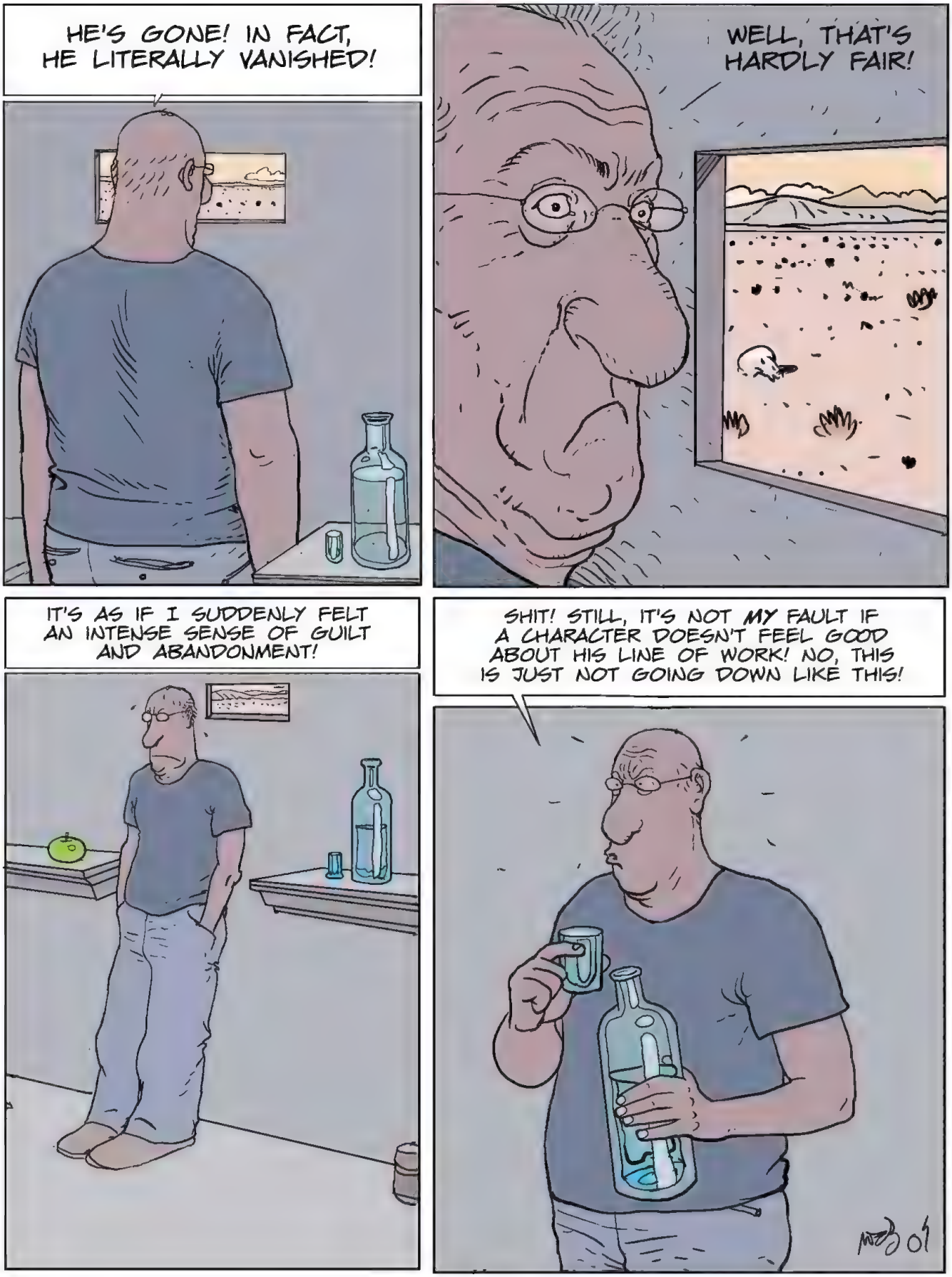


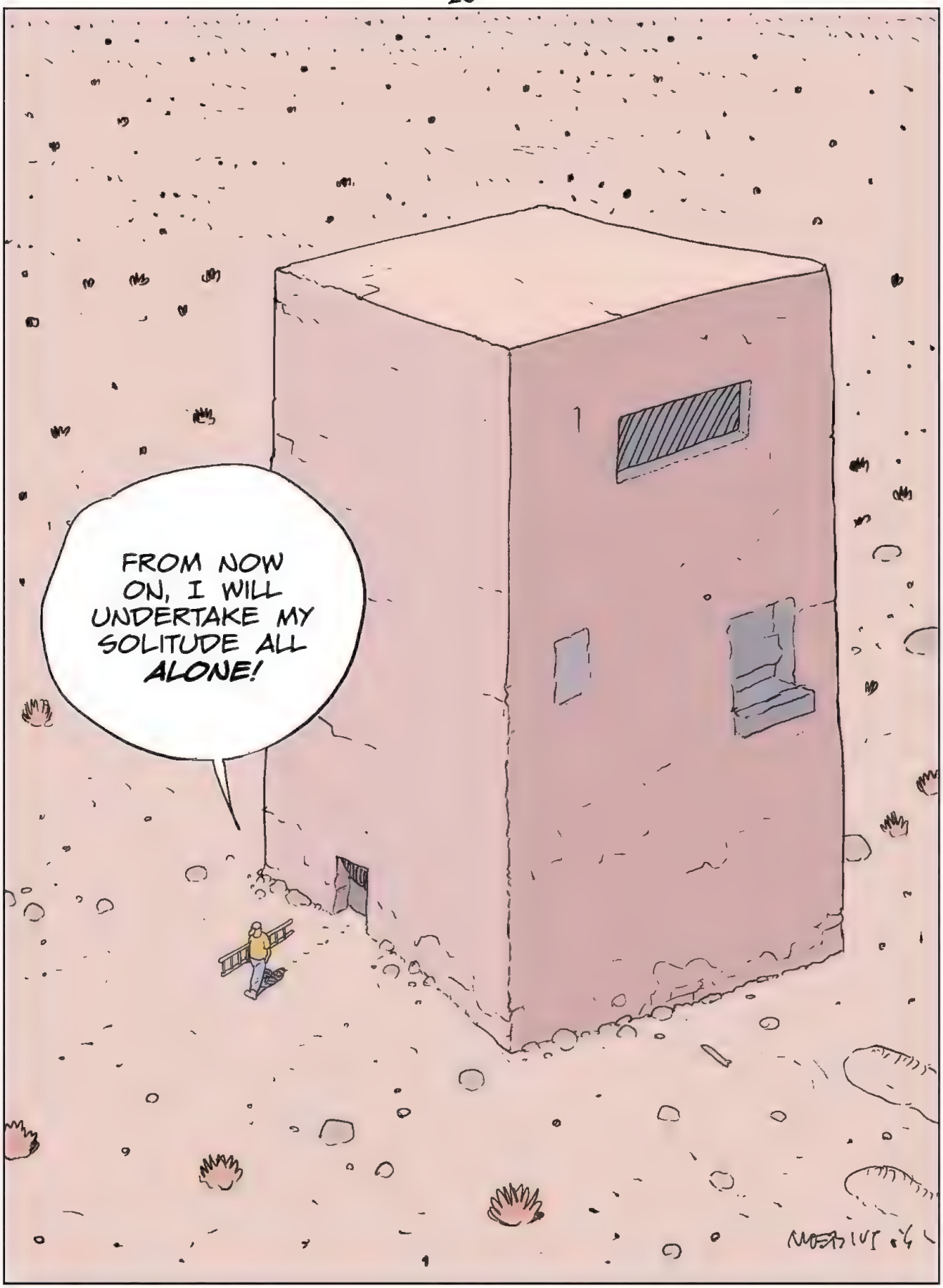

YEAH? WHO IS IT? WHAT'S UP?
UH...I'VE COME SEEKING THE TRUTH...I WAS TOLD THAT, AS A CHARACTER, I HAD THAT RIGHT.
AH!
THAT'S CORRECT! QUICKLY, ASK YOUR QUESTION!

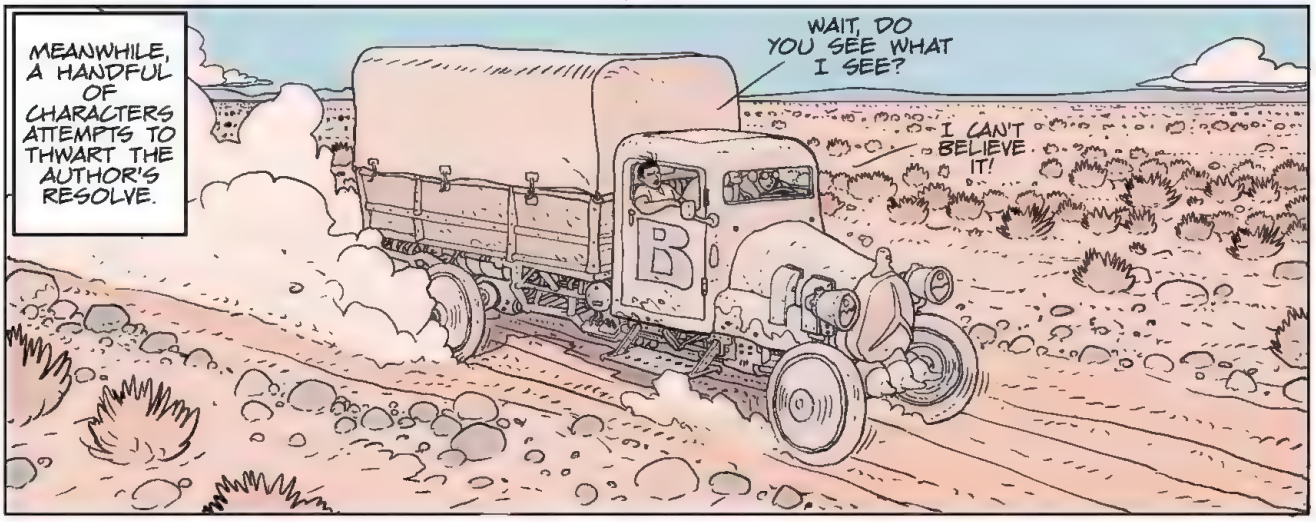

I WROTE IT DOWN IN MY NOTEBOOK! HERE... DOES GOD EXIST?
NO!
OKAY, THEN...IN THAT CASE, I HAVE ANOTHER QUESTION!
HM...GO AHEAD!
MY SECOND QUESTION IS: HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "OUT OF THIS"? I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION, LITTLE MAN...

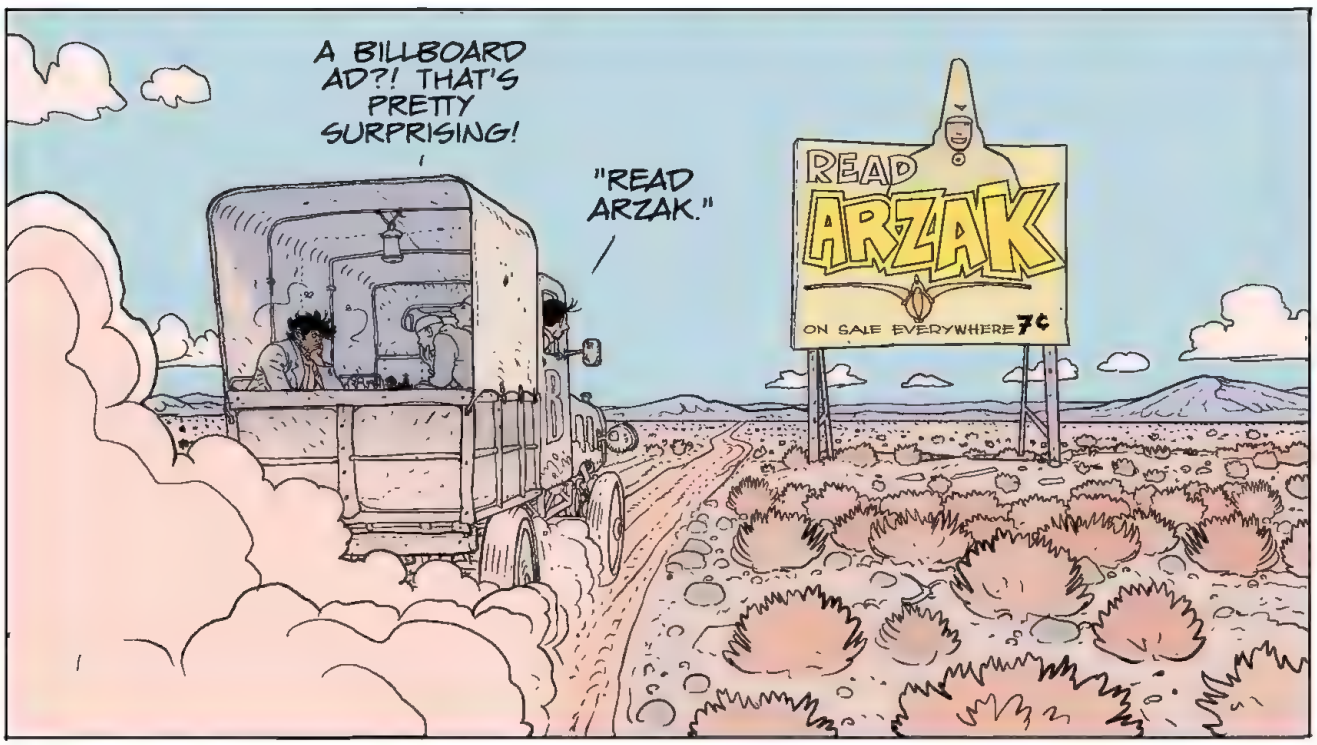

WELL... ALL OF THIS! THIS DESERT "B." THIS PAGE OF THE "BOOK"! THIS "BALLOON'S" READER, UP ABOVE, WHO THINKS HE OR SHE IS AN ANGEL...WITHOUT EVEN MENTIONING THE AUTHOR, WHO THINKS HE'S GOD! ALL OF IT, EVERYTHING!
?!


OH LA LA... ANOTHER PAIN IN THE NECK! I DON'T KNOW, LITTLE MAN, BUT WAKE UP!
TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHERE YOU REALLY ARE AND WHO YOU REALLY-- HEY!
WHERE ARE YOU? .... UH-OHHH! ..... ANSWER ME!
I WAS WRONG! GOD DOES EXIST!

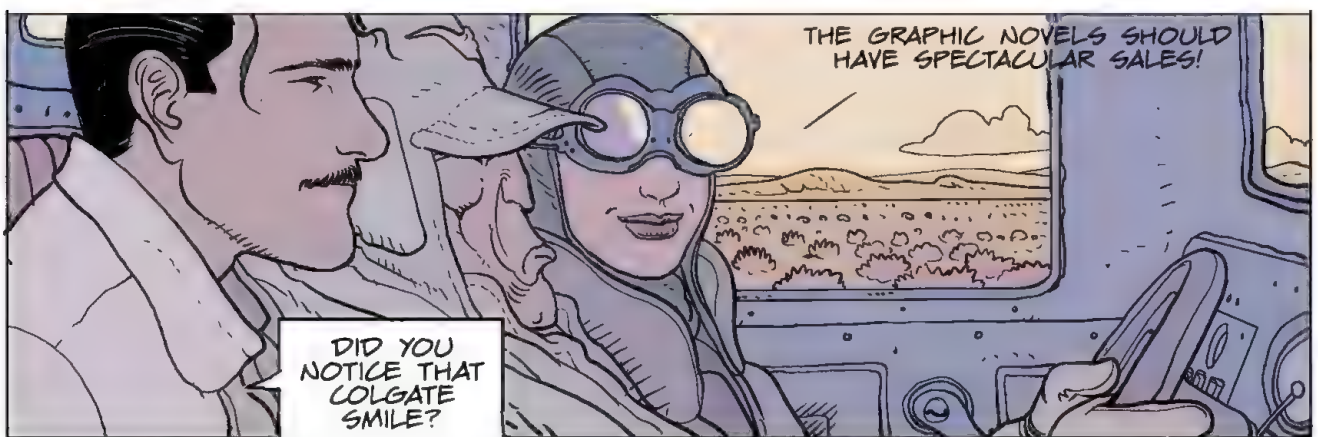

HE'S GONE! IN FACT, HE LITERALLY VANISHED!
WELL, THAT'S HARDLY FAIR!
IT'S AS IF I SUDDENLY FELT AN INTENSE SENSE OF GUILT AND ABANDONMENT!
SHIT! STILL, IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF A CHARACTER DOESN'T FEEL GOOD ABOUT HIS LINE OF WORK! NO, THIS IS JUST NOT GOING DOWN LIKE THIS!

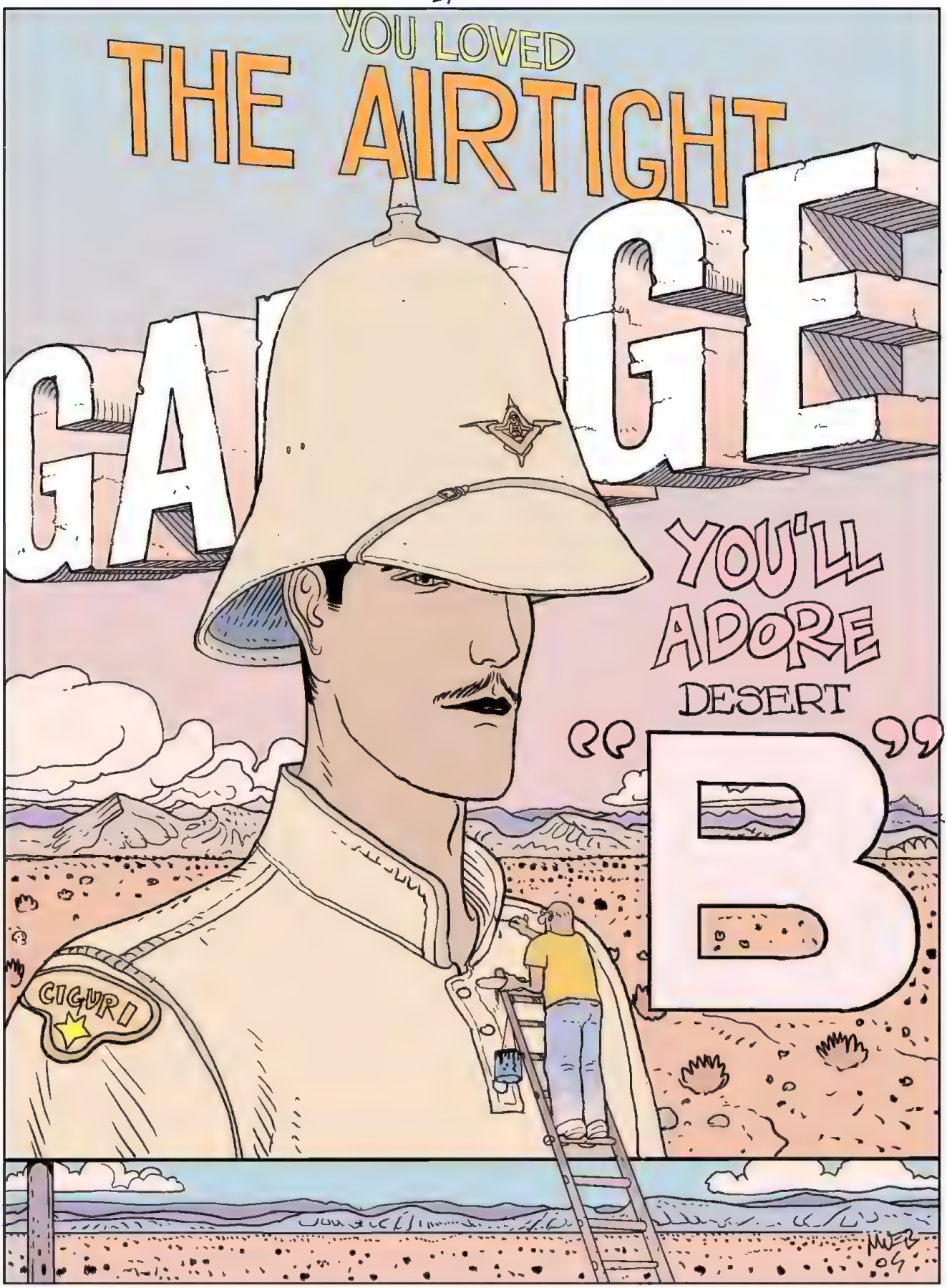

FROM NOW ON, I WILL UNDERTAKE MY SOLITUDE ALL ALONE!

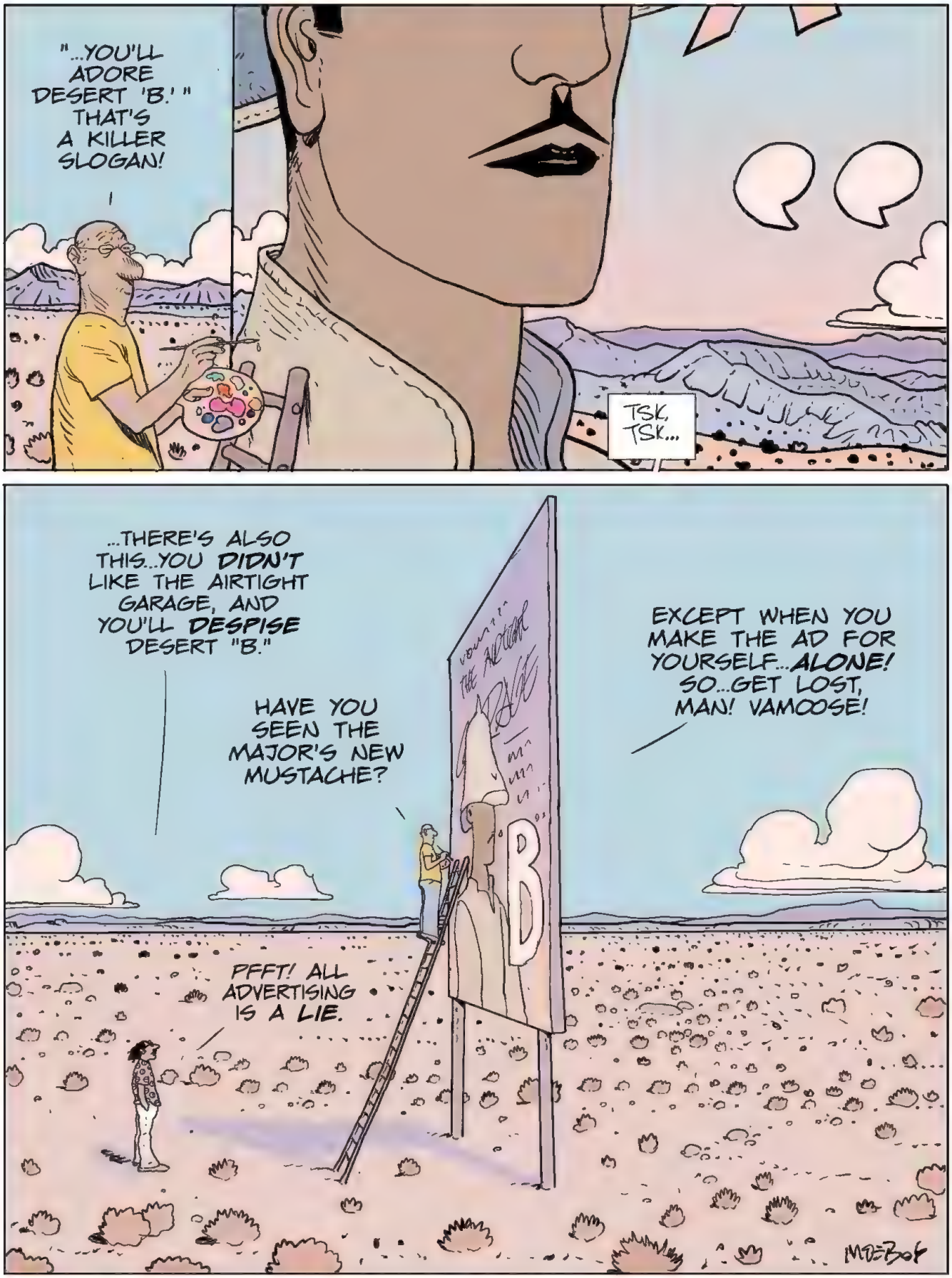


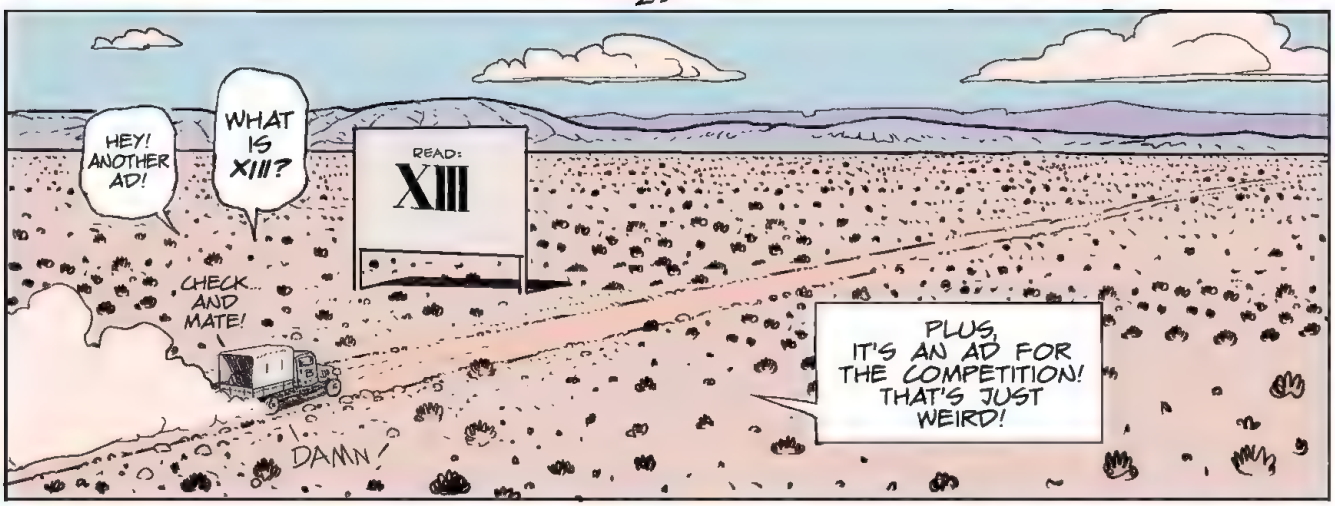


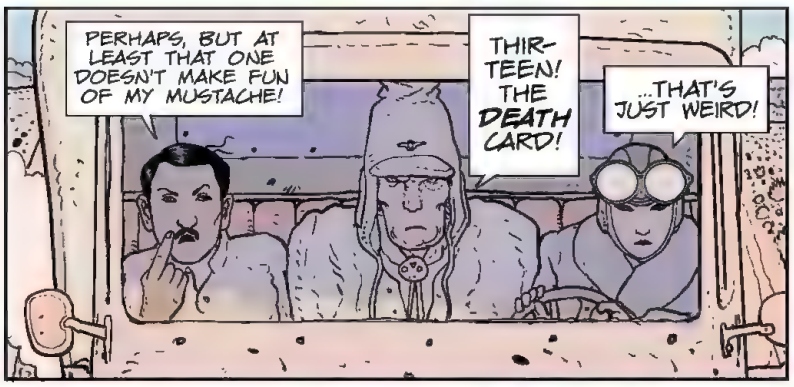
INSIDE MOEBIUS VOLUME 5,

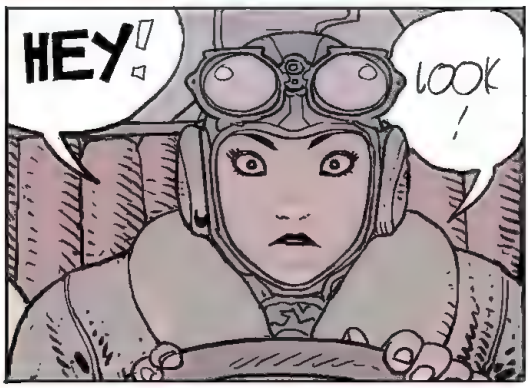


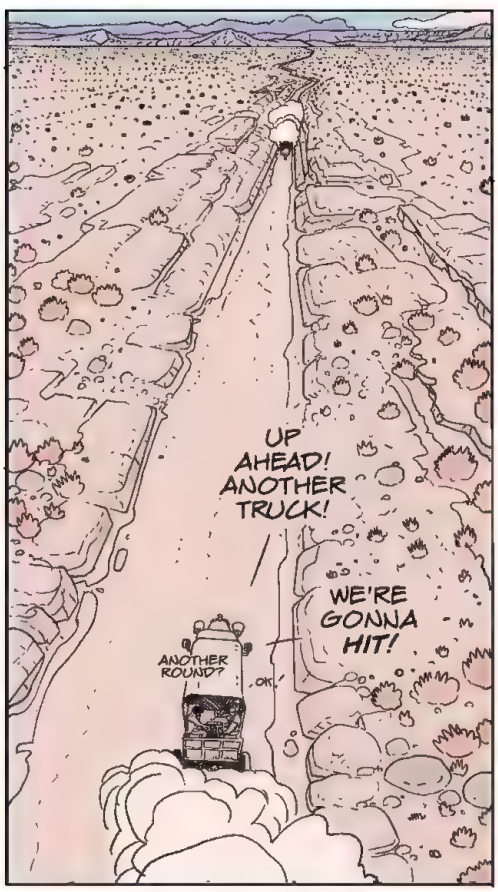

YOU LOVED
THE AIRTIGHT
GA GE
YOU'LL
ADORE
DESERT
"B"
CIGURI

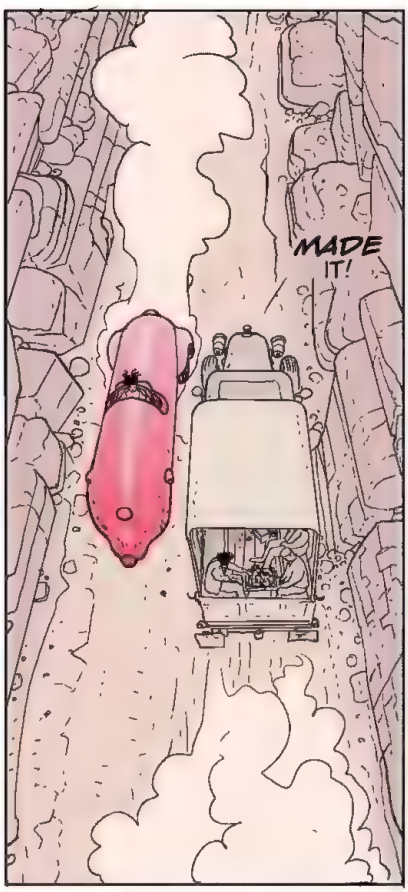

"...YOU'LL ADORE DESERT 'B.' " THAT'S A KILLER SLOGAN!
TSK, TSK...
...THERE'S ALSO THIS...YOU DIDN'T LIKE THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE, AND YOU'LL DESPISE DESERT "B."
HAVE YOU SEEN THE MAJOR'S NEW MUSTACHE?
EXCEPT WHEN YOU MAKE THE AD FOR YOURSELF...ALONE! SO...GET LOST, MAN! VAMOOSE!
PFFT! ALL ADVERTISING IS A LIE.
B
MOEBIUS


HEY! ANOTHER AD!
WHAT IS XIII?
READ:
XIII
CHECK... AND MATE!
DAMN!
PLUS, IT'S AN AD FOR THE COMPETITION! THAT'S JUST WEIRD!

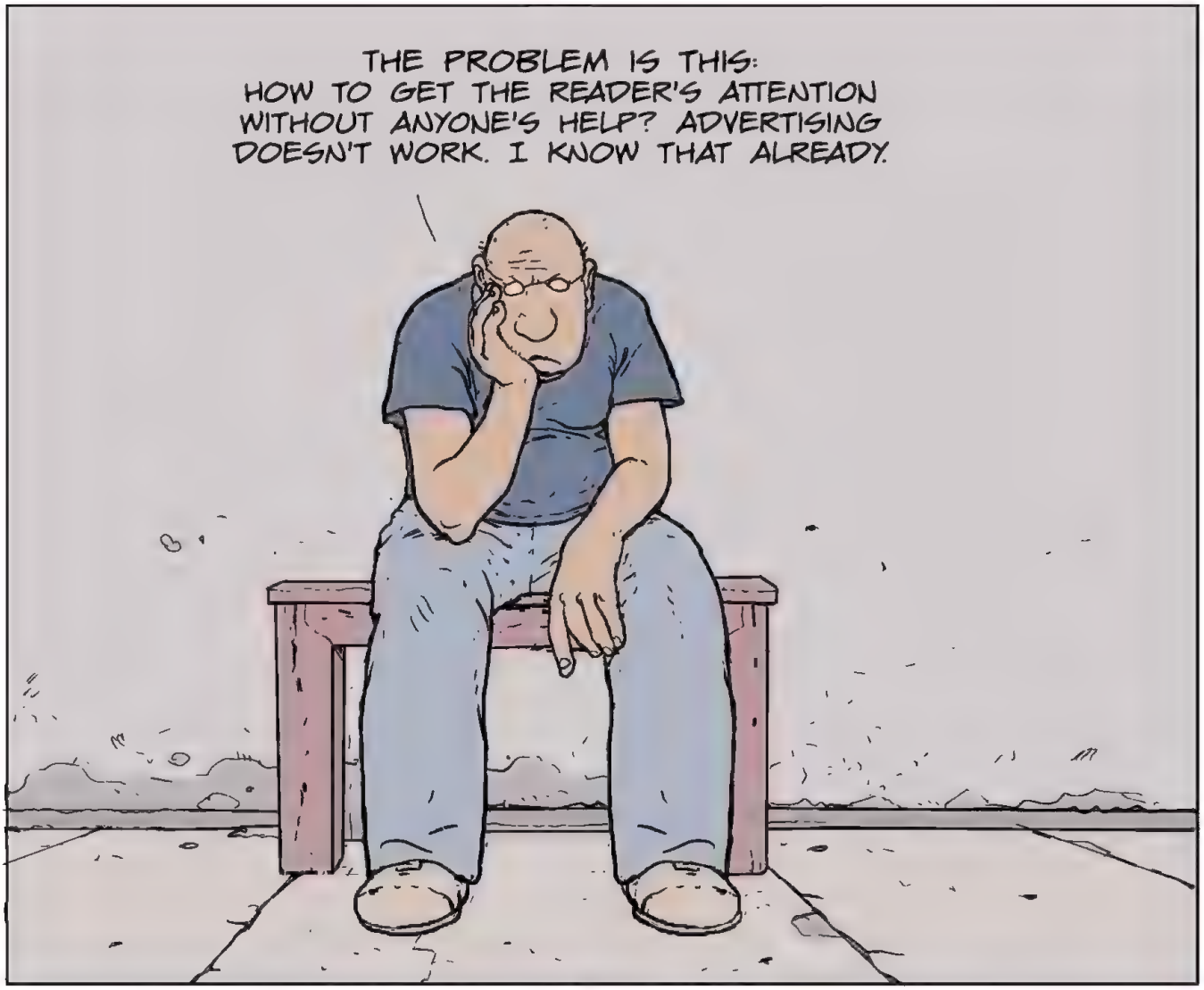

PERHAPS, BUT AT LEAST THAT ONE DOESN'T MAKE FUN OF MY MUSTACHE!
THIR-TEEN! THE DEATH CARD!
...THAT'S JUST WEIRD!

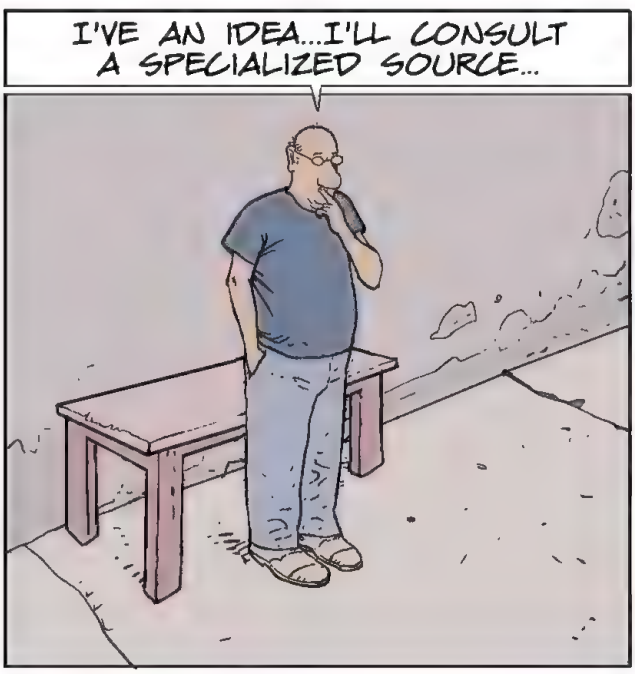

HEY!
LOOK!

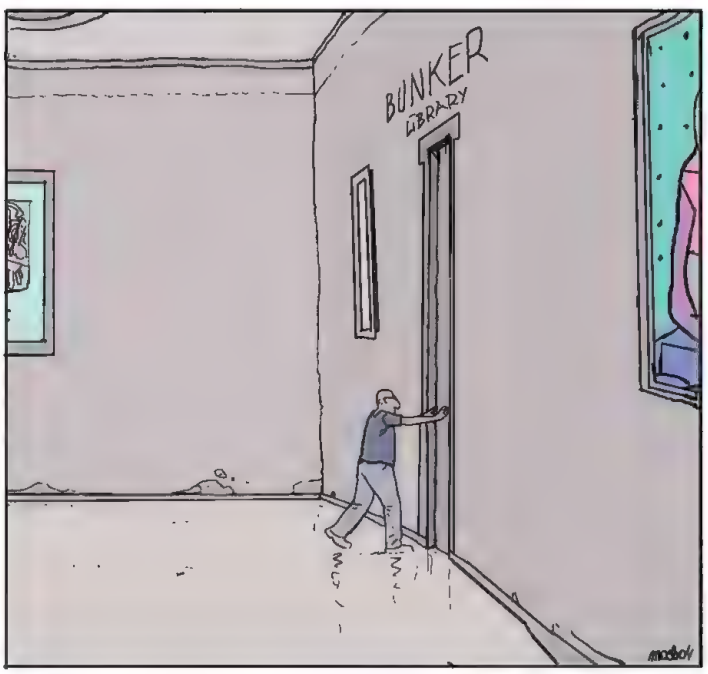

UP AHEAD! ANOTHER TRUCK!
WE'RE GONNA HIT!
ANOTHER ROUND?
OK!

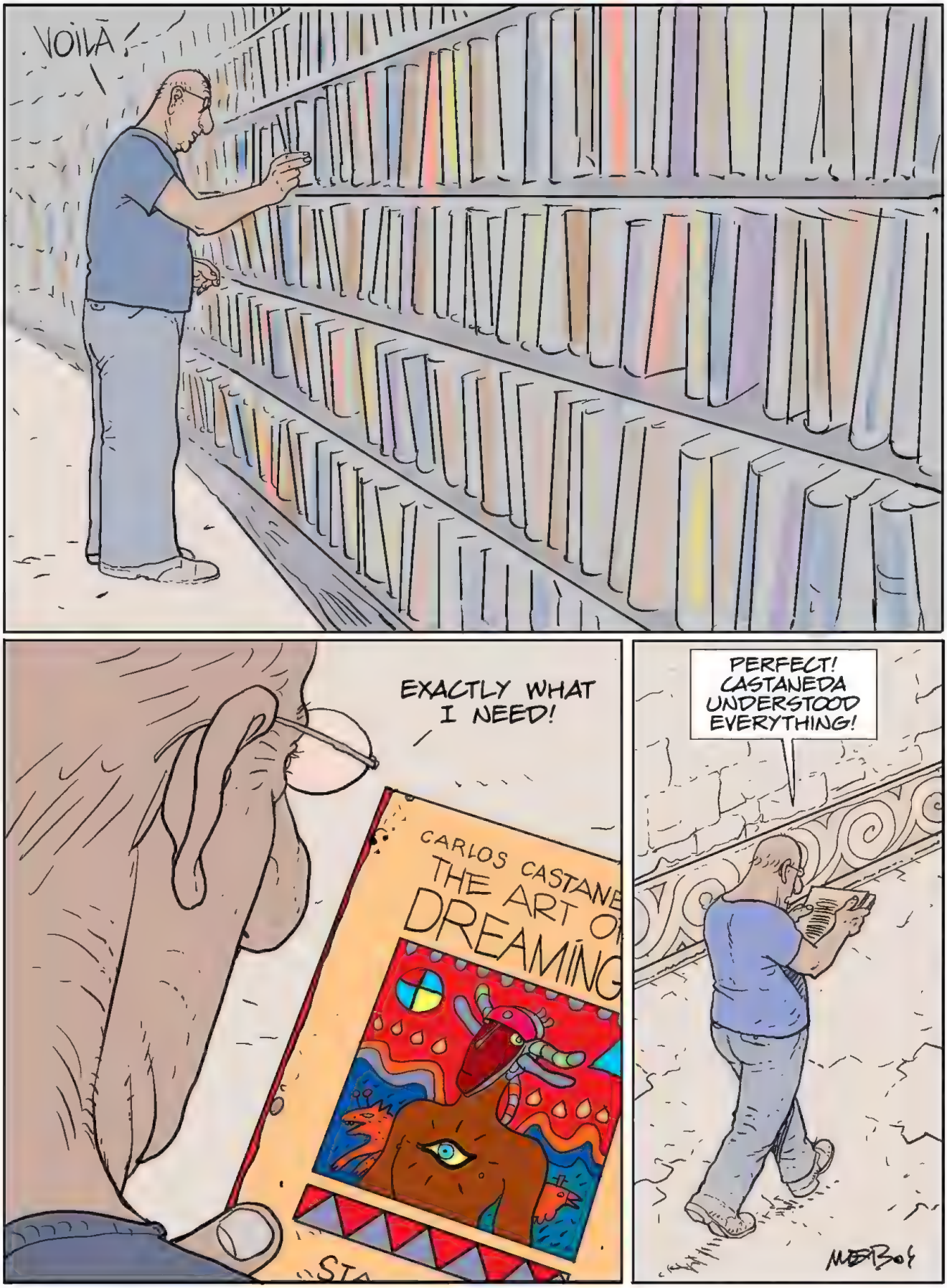

MADE IT!

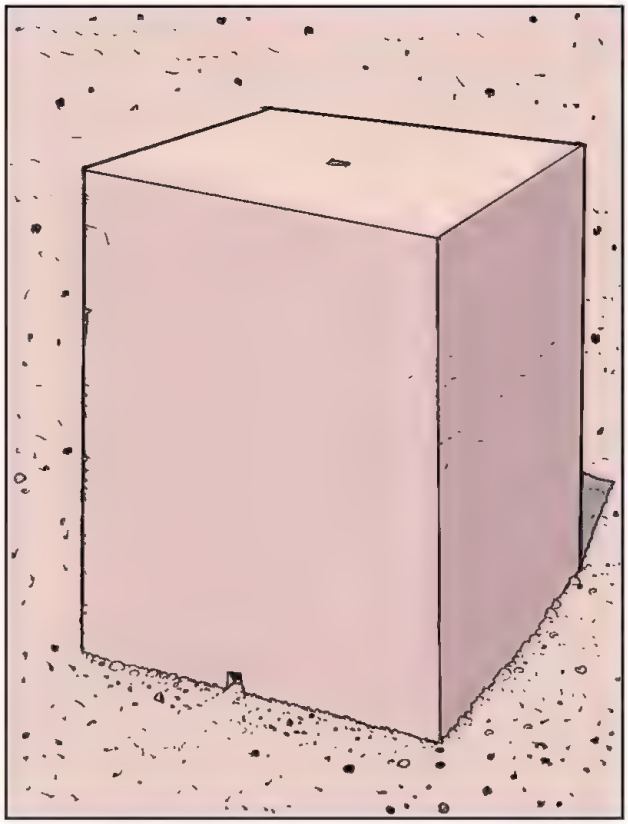
COULD YOU SEE WHO WAS AT THE WHEEL?
A WOMAN! SOMEONE WE DON'T KNOW. HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?
OBVIOUSLY, THIS DESERT "B" IS FAR FROM AIR-TIGHT!

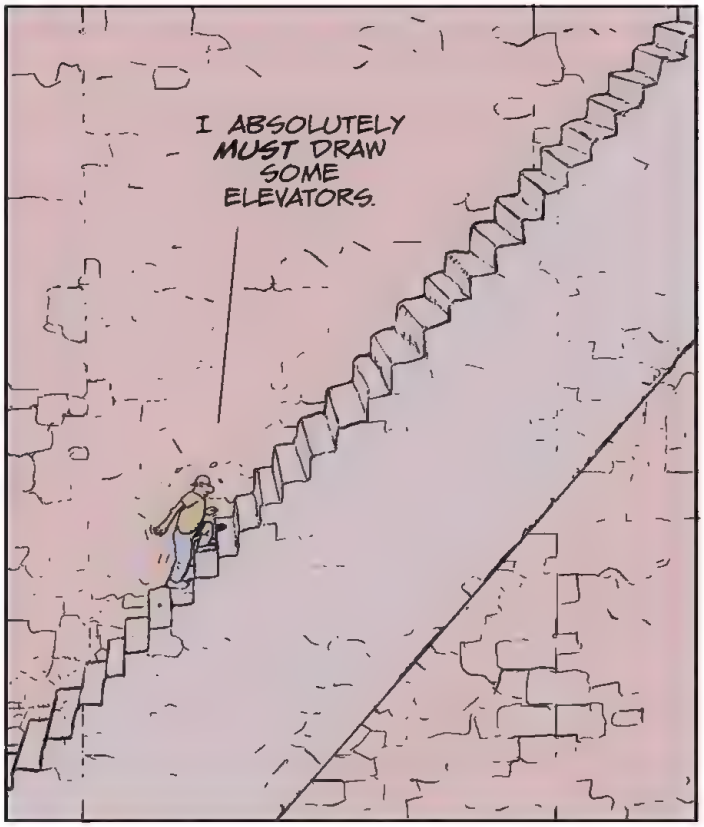

THE PROBLEM IS THIS:
HOW TO GET THE READER'S ATTENTION
WITHOUT ANYONE'S HELP? ADVERTISING
DOESN'T WORK. I KNOW THAT ALREADY.

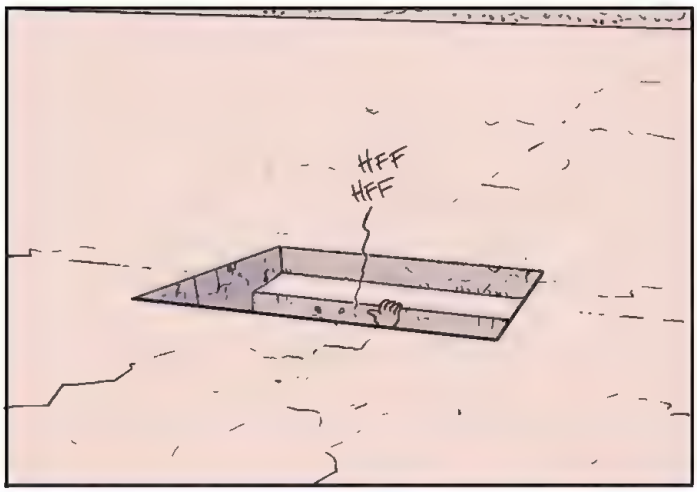

I'VE AN IDEA...I'LL CONSULT
A SPECIALIZED SOURCE...

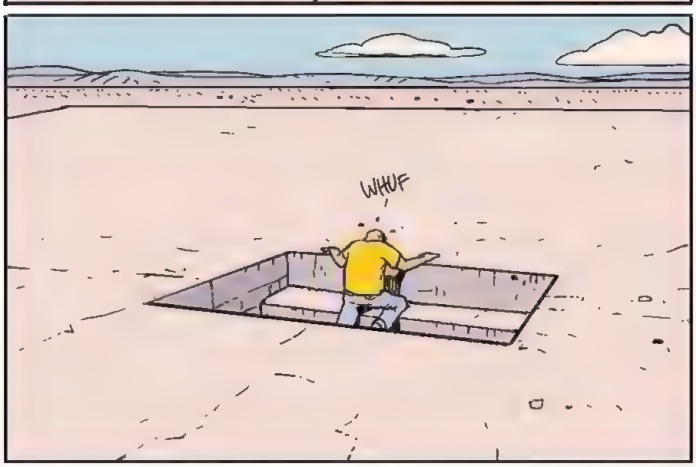

BUNKER
LIBRARY

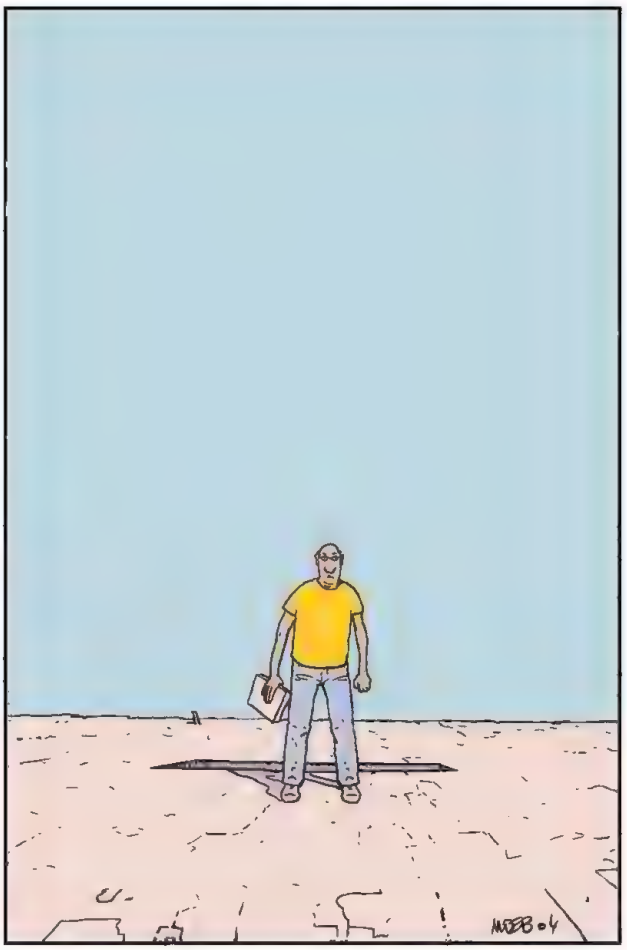

VOILÀ!
EXACTLY WHAT I NEED!
CARLOS CASTANE
THE ART O
DREAMING
PERFECT! CASTANEDA UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING!

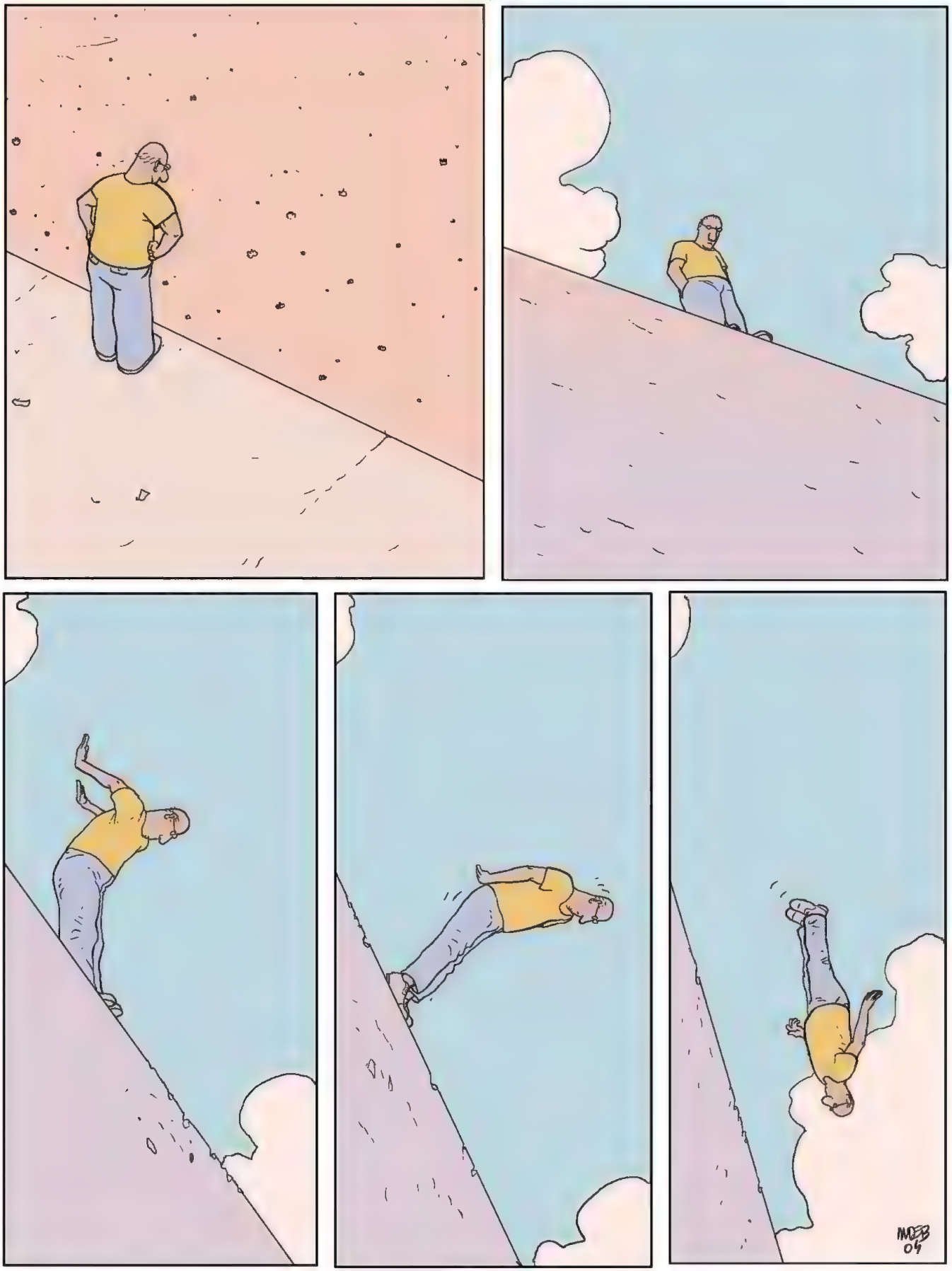


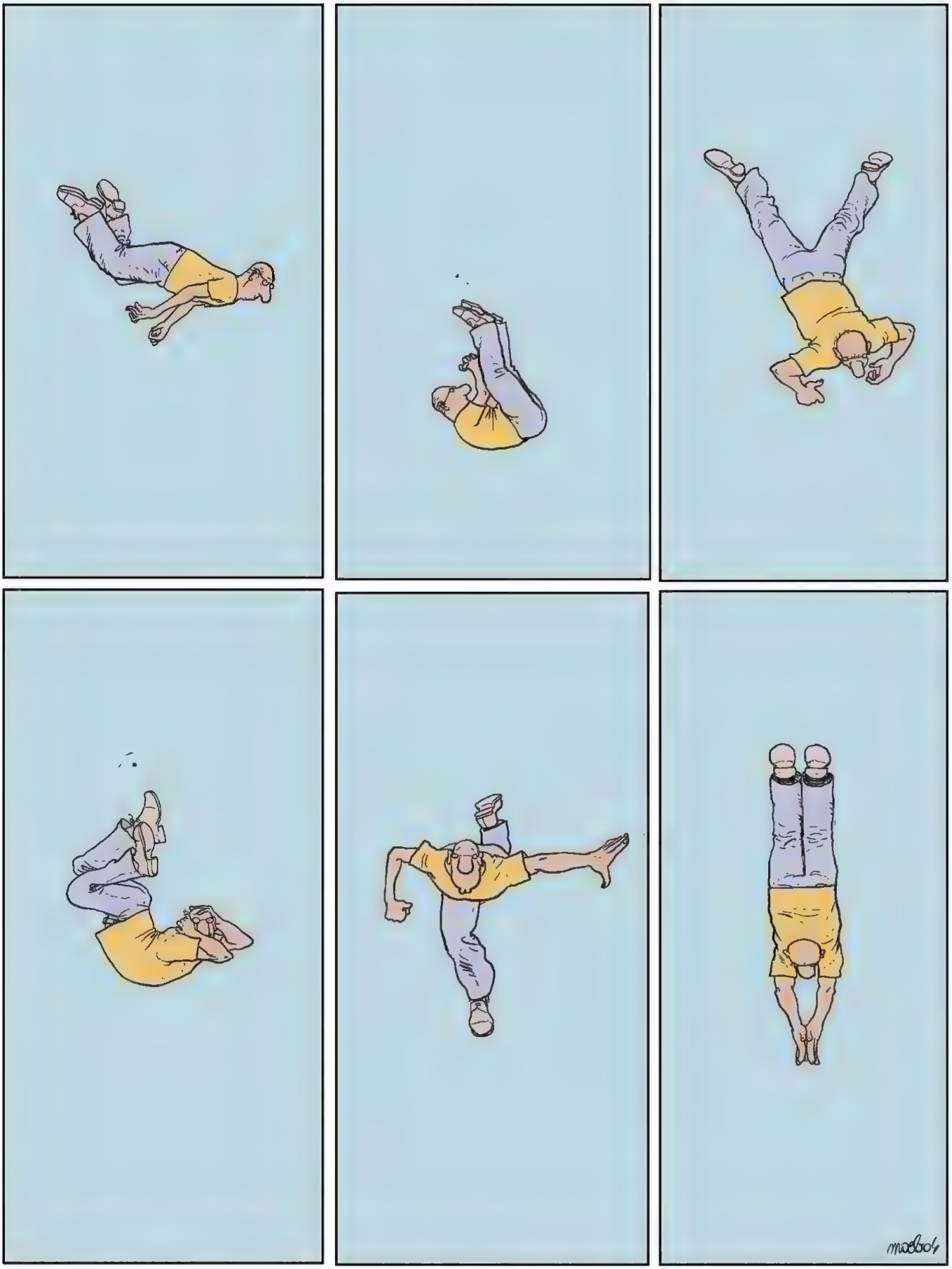

I ABSOLUTELY MUST DRAW SOME ELEVATORS.

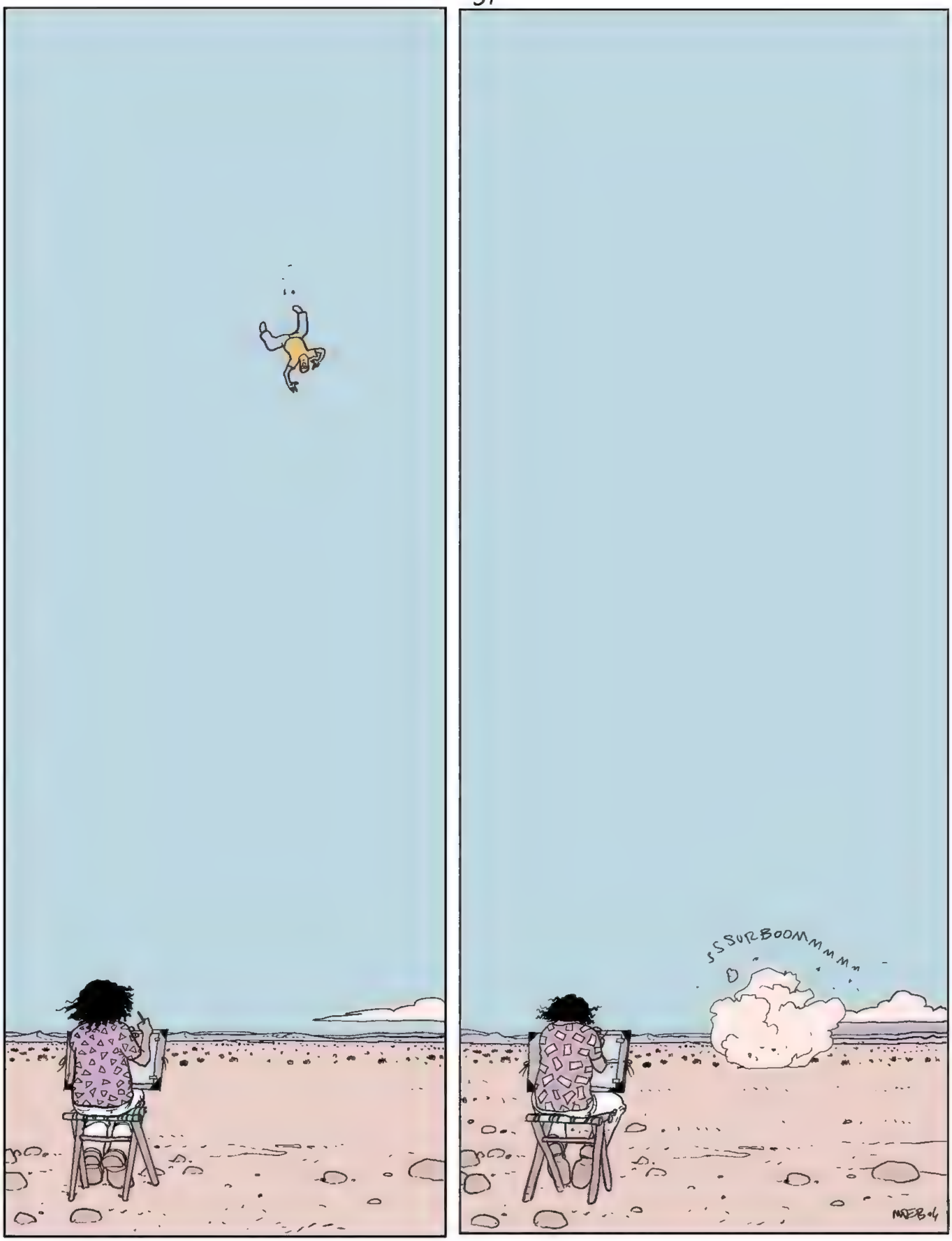

HFF
HFF

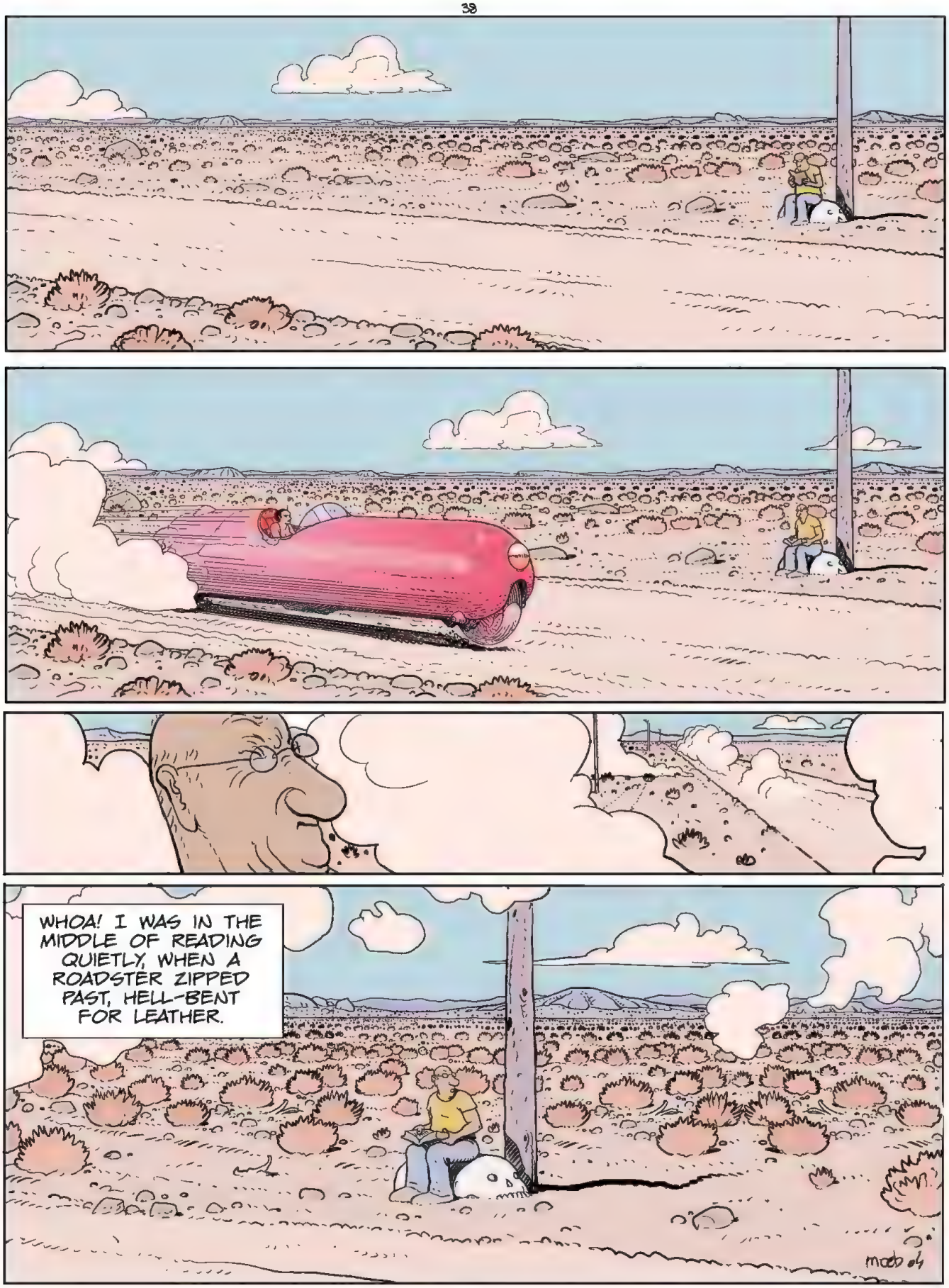

WHUF

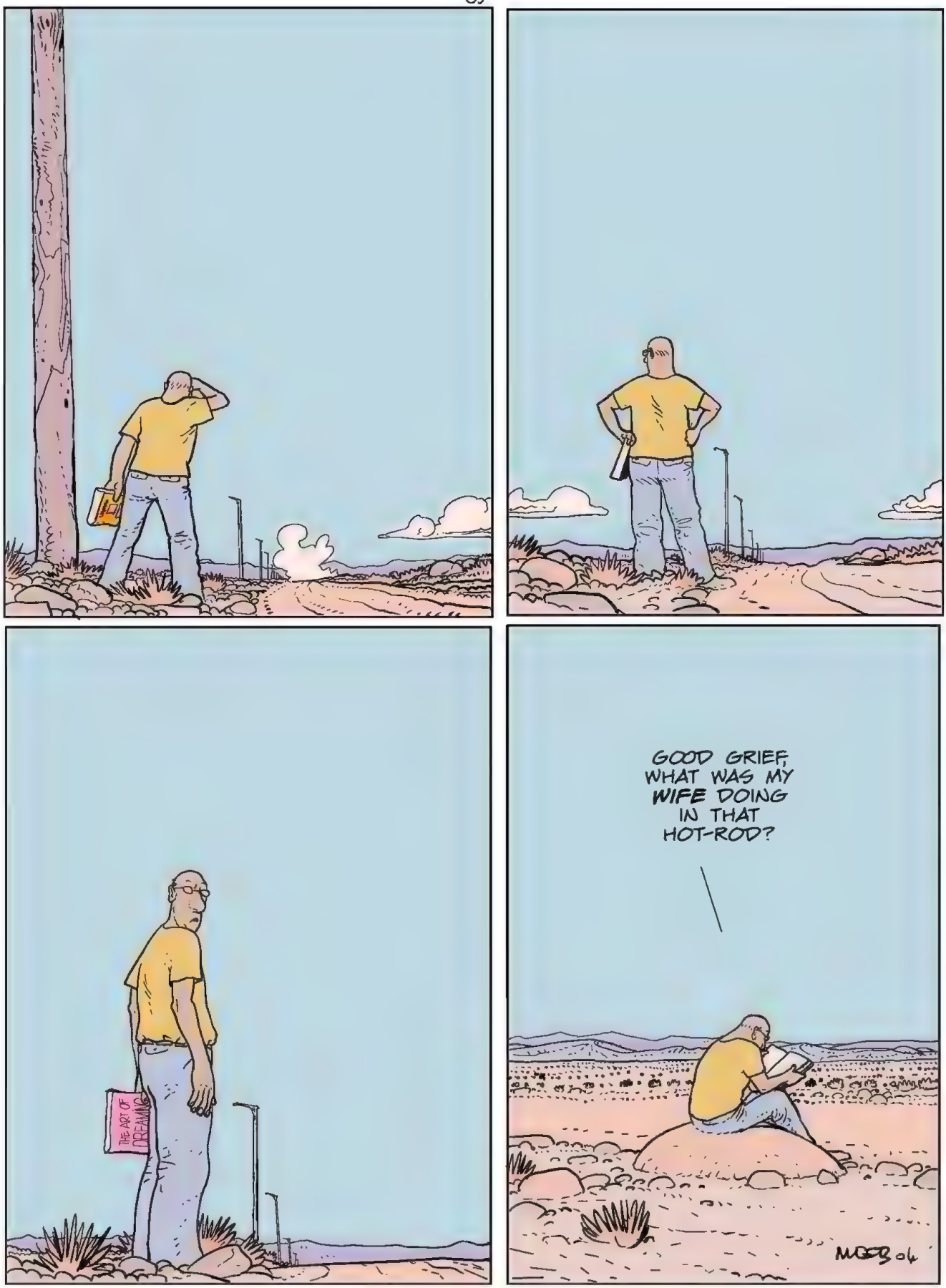

MOEB 04

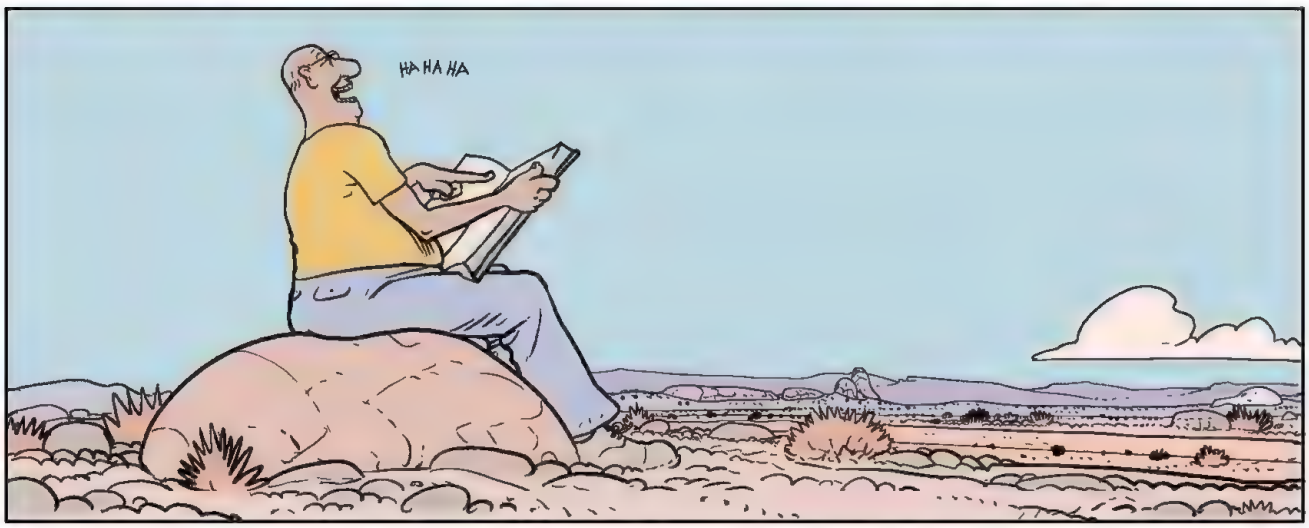

MOEB
04

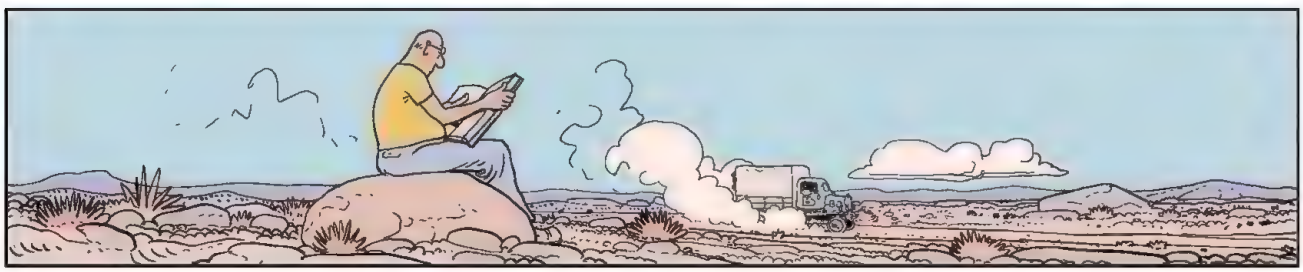


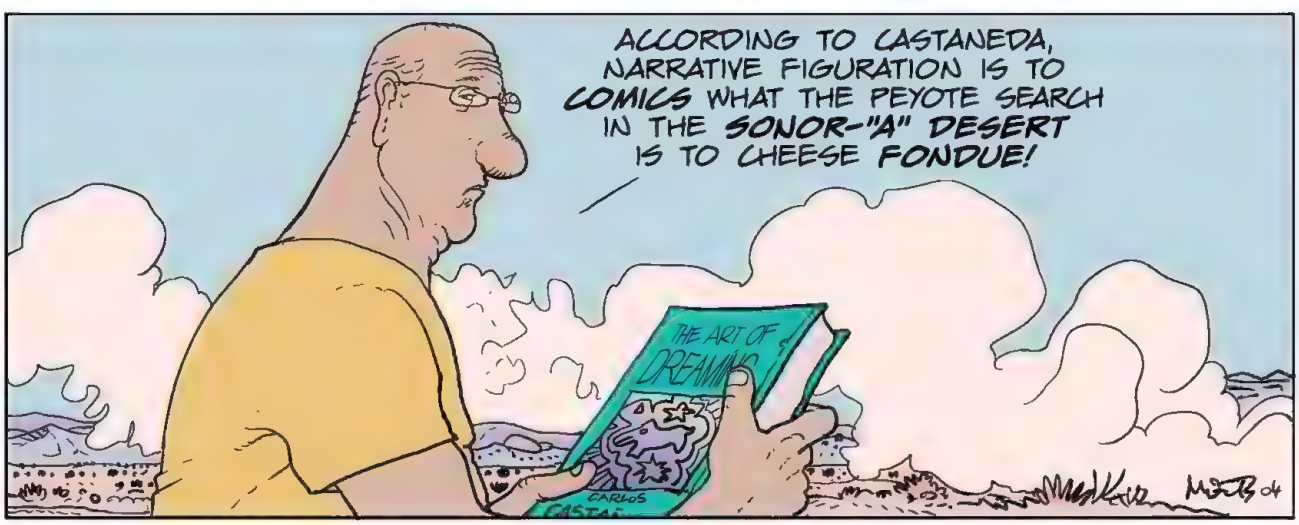

SSSURBOOMMMMM
MAEB 04

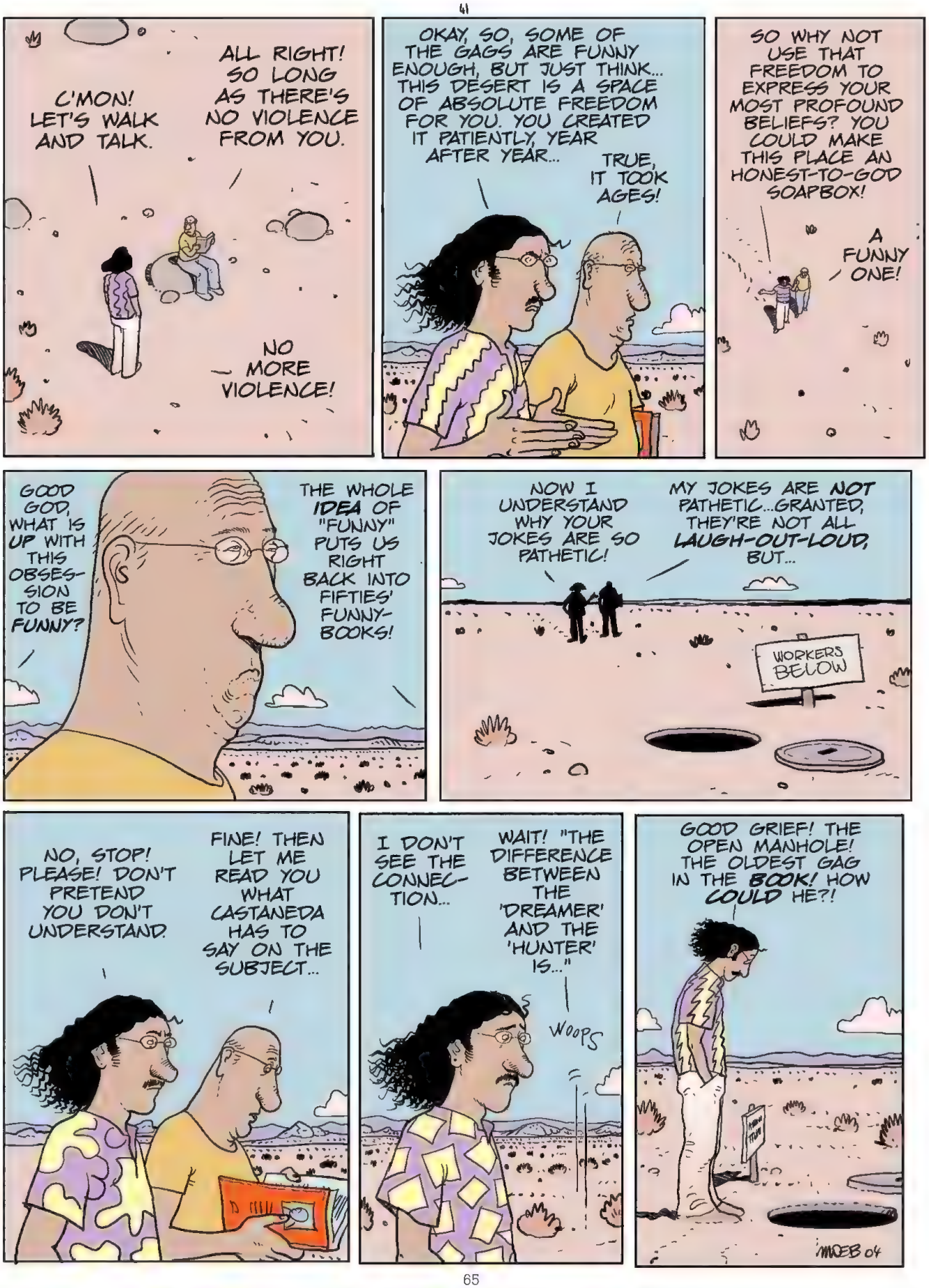

WHOA! I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF READING QUIETLY, WHEN A ROADSTER ZIPPED PAST, HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER.
mcb 04

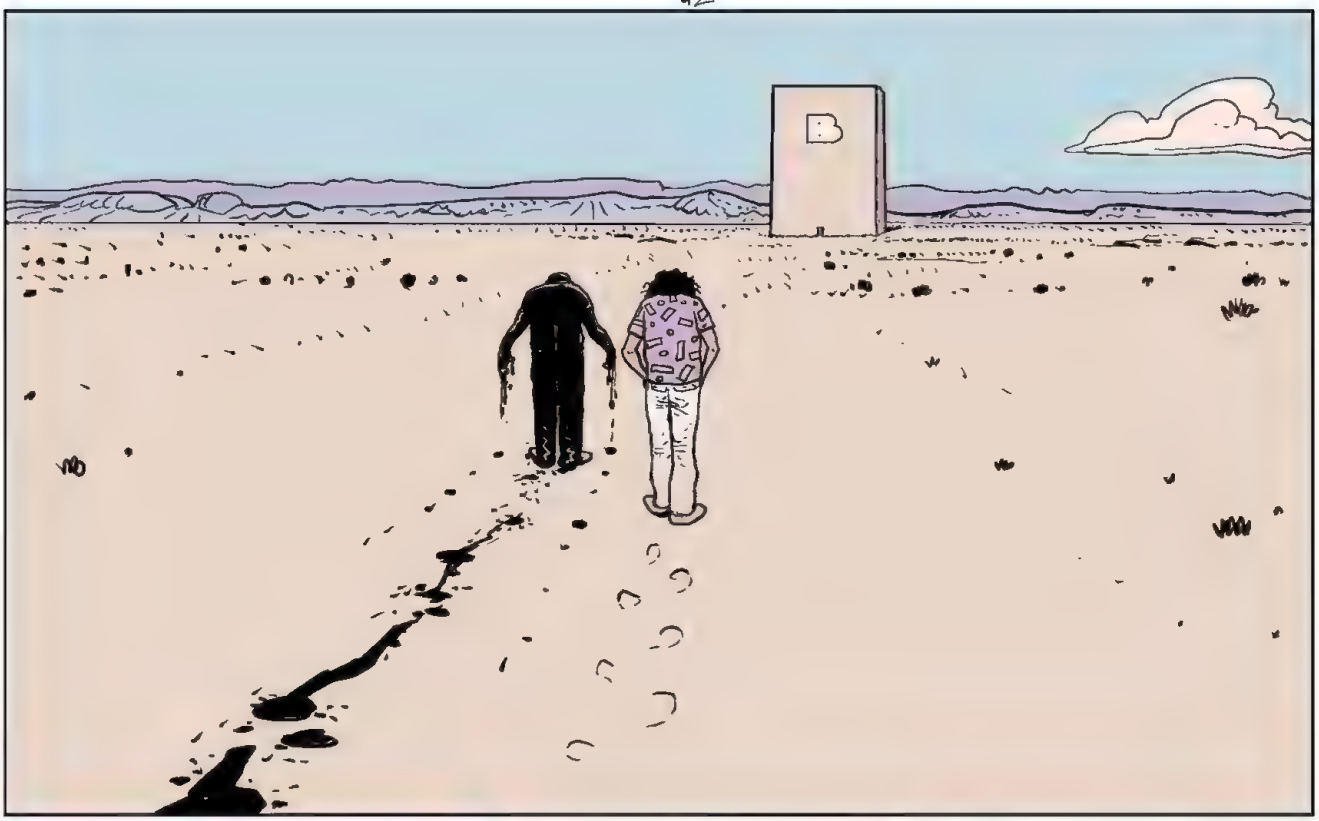

THE ART OF DREAMING
GOOD GRIEF, WHAT WAS MY WIFE DOING IN THAT HOT-ROD?
MOEB 04


HA HA HA



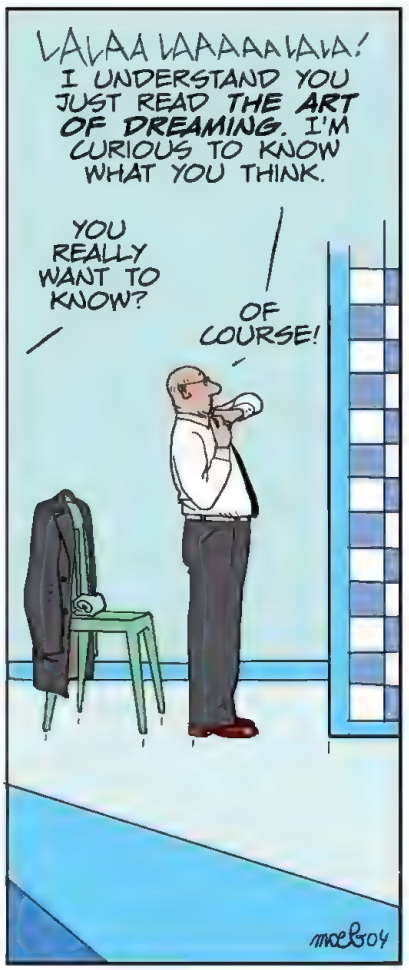

ACCORDING TO CASTANEDA, NARRATIVE FIGURATION IS TO COMICS WHAT THE PEYOTE SEARCH IN THE SONOR-"A" DESERT IS TO CHEESE FONDUE!
THE ART OF DREAMING
CARLOS

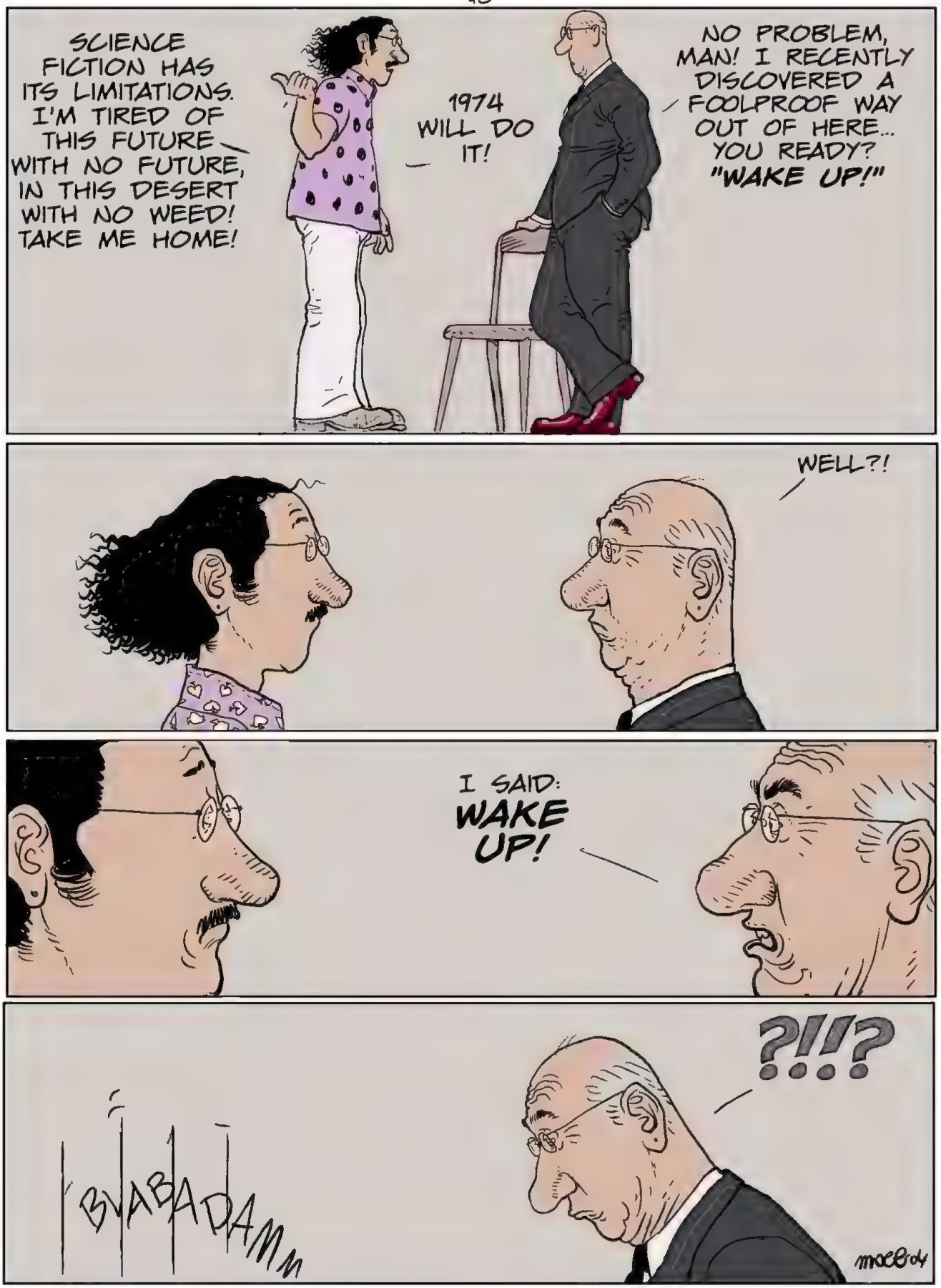

C'MON! LET'S WALK AND TALK.
ALL RIGHT! SO LONG AS THERE'S NO VIOLENCE FROM YOU.
NO MORE VIOLENCE!
OKAY, SO, SOME OF THE GAGS ARE FUNNY ENOUGH, BUT JUST THINK... THIS DESERT IS A SPACE OF ABSOLUTE FREEDOM FOR YOU. YOU CREATED IT PATIENTLY, YEAR AFTER YEAR...
TRUE, IT TOOK AGES!
SO WHY NOT USE THAT FREEDOM TO EXPRESS YOUR MOST PROFOUND BELIEFS? YOU COULD MAKE THIS PLACE AN HONEST-TO-GOD SOAPBOX!
A FUNNY ONE!
GOOD GOD, WHAT IS UP WITH THIS OBSESSION TO BE FUNNY?
THE WHOLE IDEA OF "FUNNY" PUTS US RIGHT BACK INTO FIFTIES' FUNNY-BOOKS!
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY YOUR JOKES ARE SO PATHETIC!
MY JOKES ARE NOT PATHETIC...GRANTED, THEY'RE NOT ALL LAUGH-OUT-LOUD, BUT...
WORKERS BELOW
NO, STOP! PLEASE! DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
FINE! THEN LET ME READ YOU WHAT CASTANEDA HAS TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT...
I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION...
WAIT! "THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE 'DREAMER' AND THE 'HUNTER' IS..."
WOOPS
GOOD GRIEF! THE OPEN MANHOLE! THE OLDEST GAG IN THE BOOK! HOW COULD HE?!
MOEB 04


B

LAAAA! LALALALAA! LALALAAA!
THIS CASTANEDA GUY IS RIGHT! I'M STUCK IN AN ABSURD DREAM!

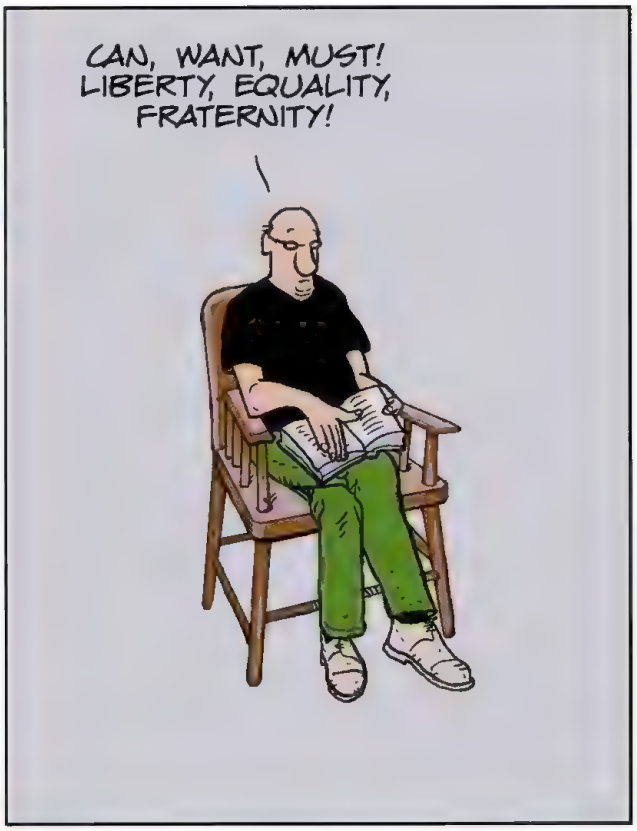
I ABSOLUTELY MUST WAKE UP AT THE VERY HEART OF THIS DREAM! JUST LIKE IT SAYS IN THE BOOK!
LAAA LAAAA! LAAAAA!
THE ART OF DREAMING

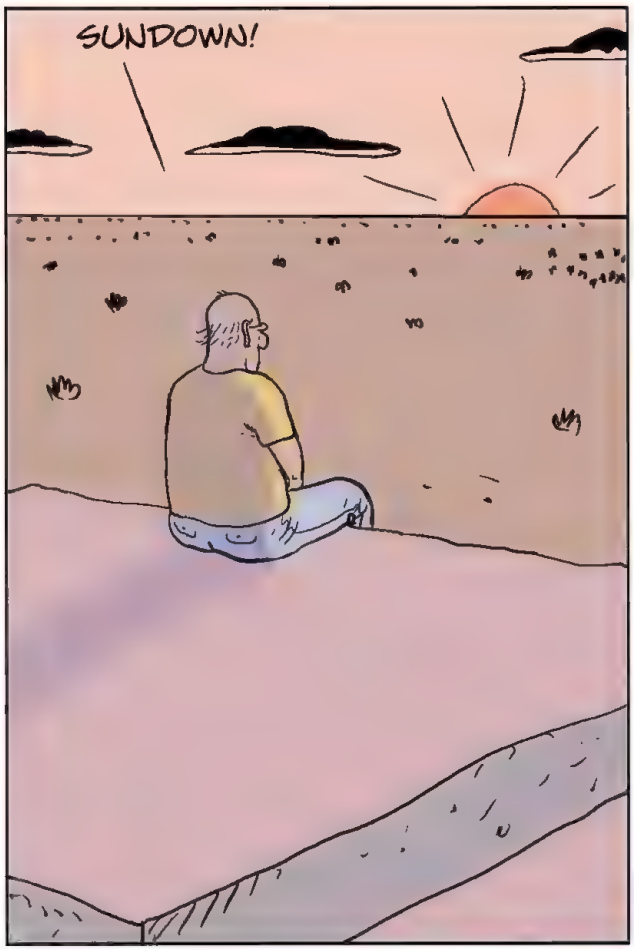

LALAA LAAAAALALA! I UNDERSTAND YOU JUST READ THE ART OF DREAMING. I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK.
YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?
OF COURSE!
mcEgo4

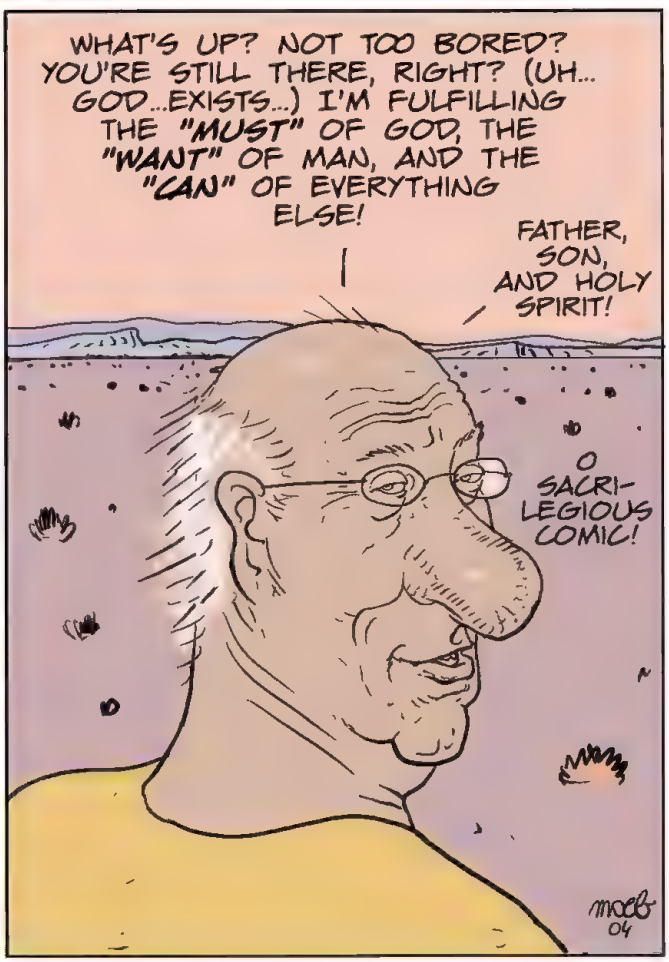

SCIENCE FICTION HAS ITS LIMITATIONS. I'M TIRED OF THIS FUTURE— WITH NO FUTURE, IN THIS DESERT WITH NO WEED! TAKE ME HOME!
1974 WILL DO IT!
NO PROBLEM, MAN! I RECENTLY DISCOVERED A FOOLPROOF WAY OUT OF HERE... YOU READY? "WAKE UP!"
WELL?!
I SAID: WAKE UP!
?!!?
BYABADAMM
mccoy

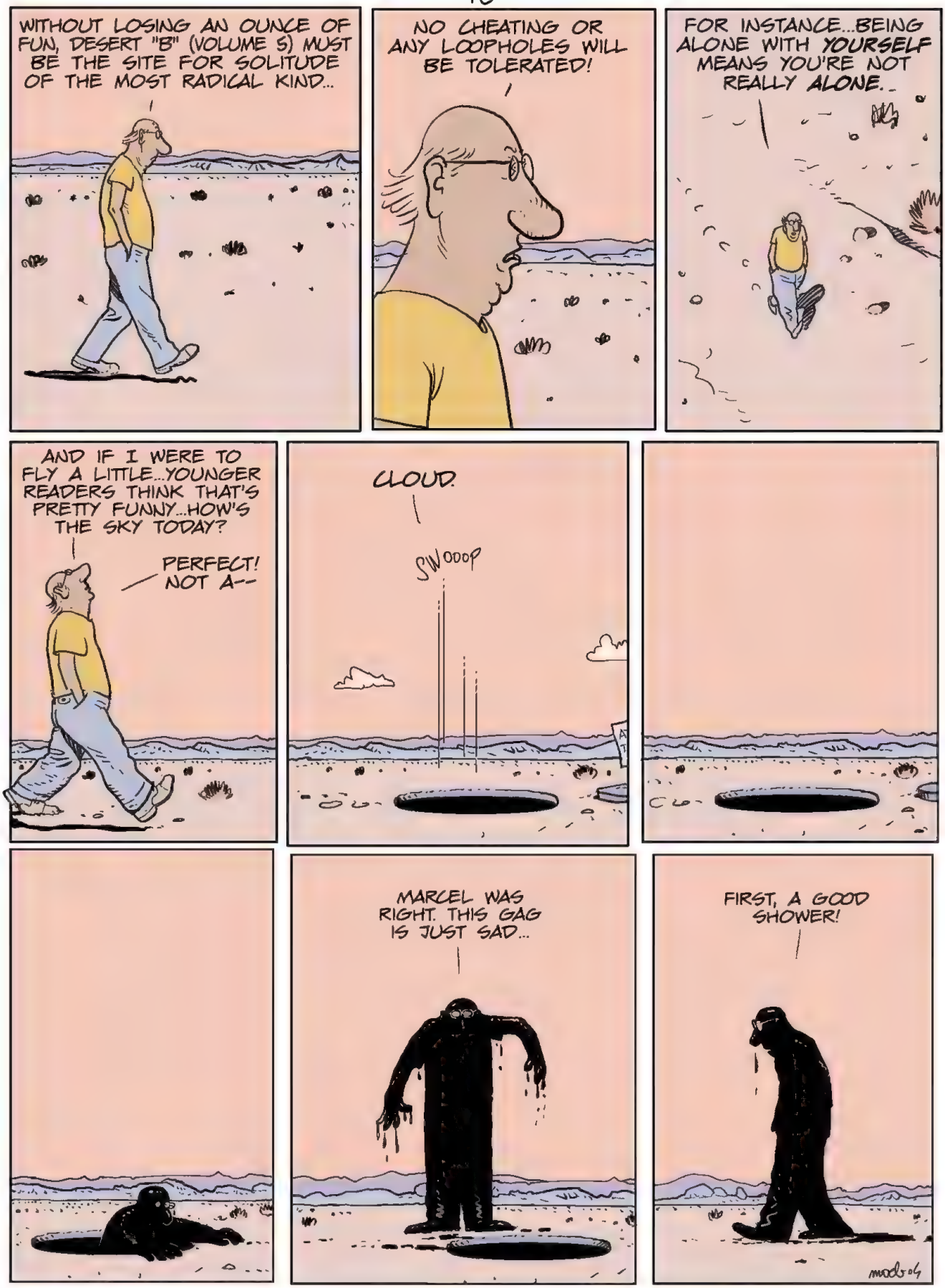
I MUST BE DREAMING!
zzzz
moeb 04

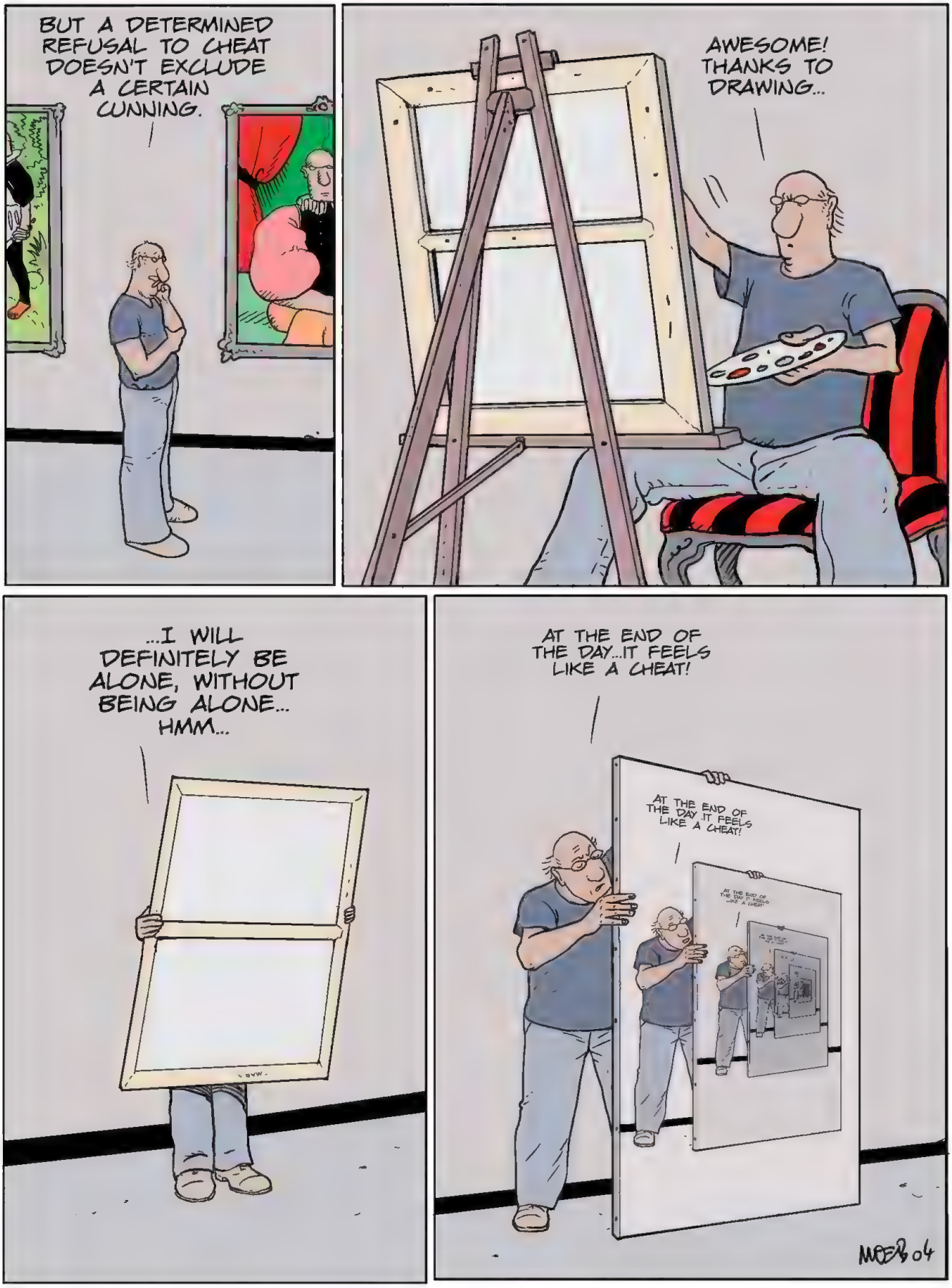
ONCE AGAIN I FIND MYSELF ALL ALONE TO DEAL WITH EVERYTHING! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT... AND NOT ONLY CAN I DEAL WITH IT, BUT I MUST!


CAN, WANT, MUST! LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY!

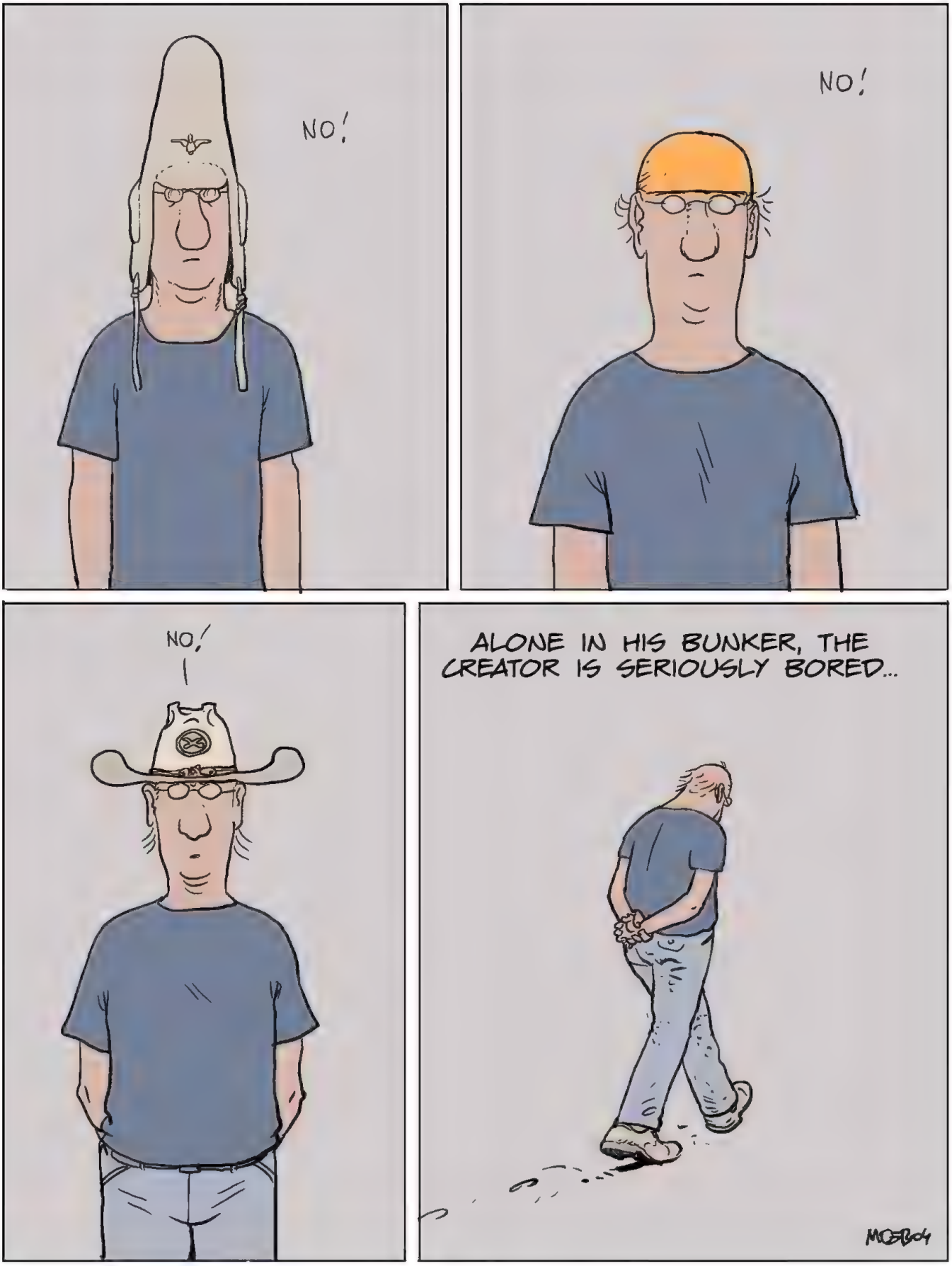

SUNDOWN!


WHAT'S UP? NOT TOO BORED? YOU'RE STILL THERE, RIGHT? (UH... GOD...EXISTS...) I'M FULFILLING THE "MUST" OF GOD, THE "WANT" OF MAN, AND THE "CAN" OF EVERYTHING ELSE!
FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT!
O SACRI-LEGIOUS COMIC!
mccb 04


WITHOUT LOSING AN OUNCE OF FUN, DESERT "B" (VOLUME 5) MUST BE THE SITE FOR SOLITUDE OF THE MOST RADICAL KIND...
NO CHEATING OR ANY LOOPHOLES WILL BE TOLERATED!
FOR INSTANCE...BEING ALONE WITH YOURSELF MEANS YOU'RE NOT REALLY ALONE..
AND IF I WERE TO FLY A LITTLE...YOUNGER READERS THINK THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY...HOW'S THE SKY TODAY?
PERFECT! NOT A--
CLOUD.
SWOOOP
MARCEL WAS RIGHT. THIS GAG IS JUST SAD...
FIRST, A GOOD SHOWER!
mods04


BUT A DETERMINED REFUSAL TO CHEAT DOESN'T EXCLUDE A CERTAIN CUNNING.
AWESOME! THANKS TO DRAWING...
...I WILL DEFINITELY BE ALONE, WITHOUT BEING ALONE... HMM...
AT THE END OF THE DAY...IT FEELS LIKE A CHEAT!
AT THE END OF THE DAY IT FEELS LIKE A CHEAT!
MOEB 04

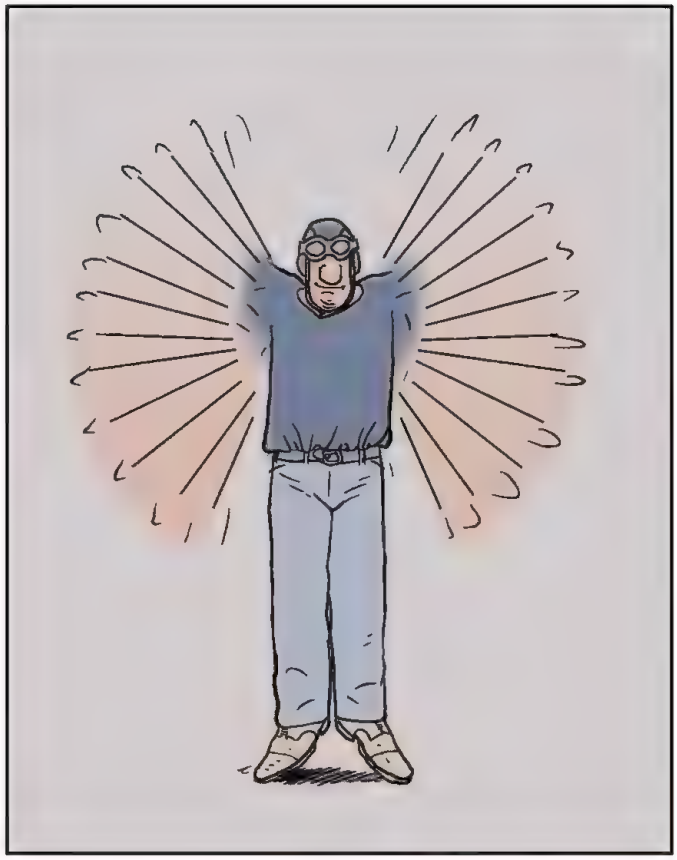
THAT SUCKED! AND IT RISKED RUINING MY OWN IMAGE!
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY! I HAVE A BUNCH OF OTHER IDEAS!
I WON'T INSIST, SINCE THE MAJORITY DISAPPROVES...

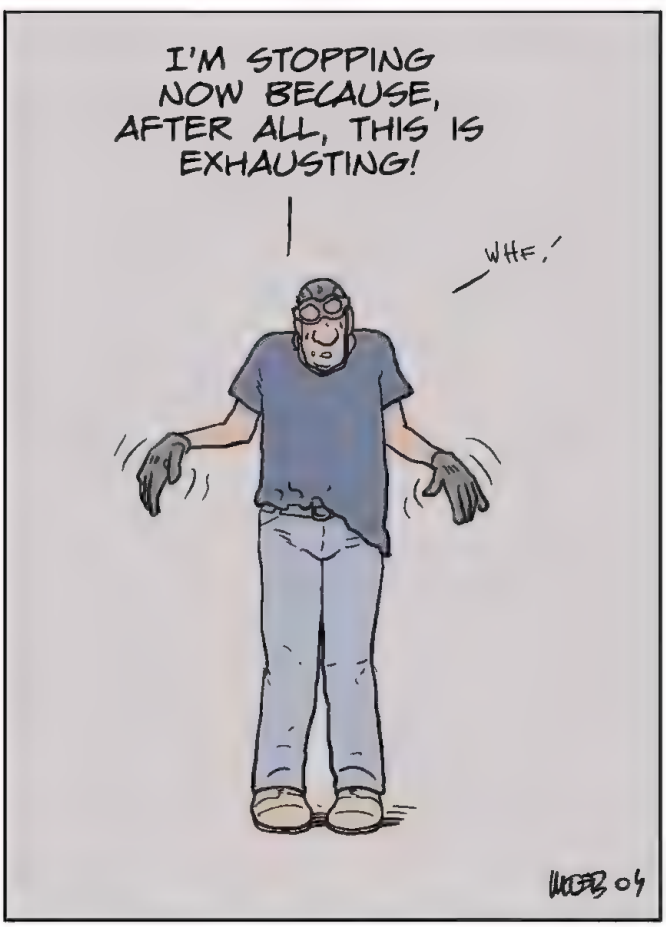

NO!
NO!
NO!
ALONE IN HIS BUNKER, THE CREATOR IS SERIOUSLY BORED...
MOEBIUS

LATER...

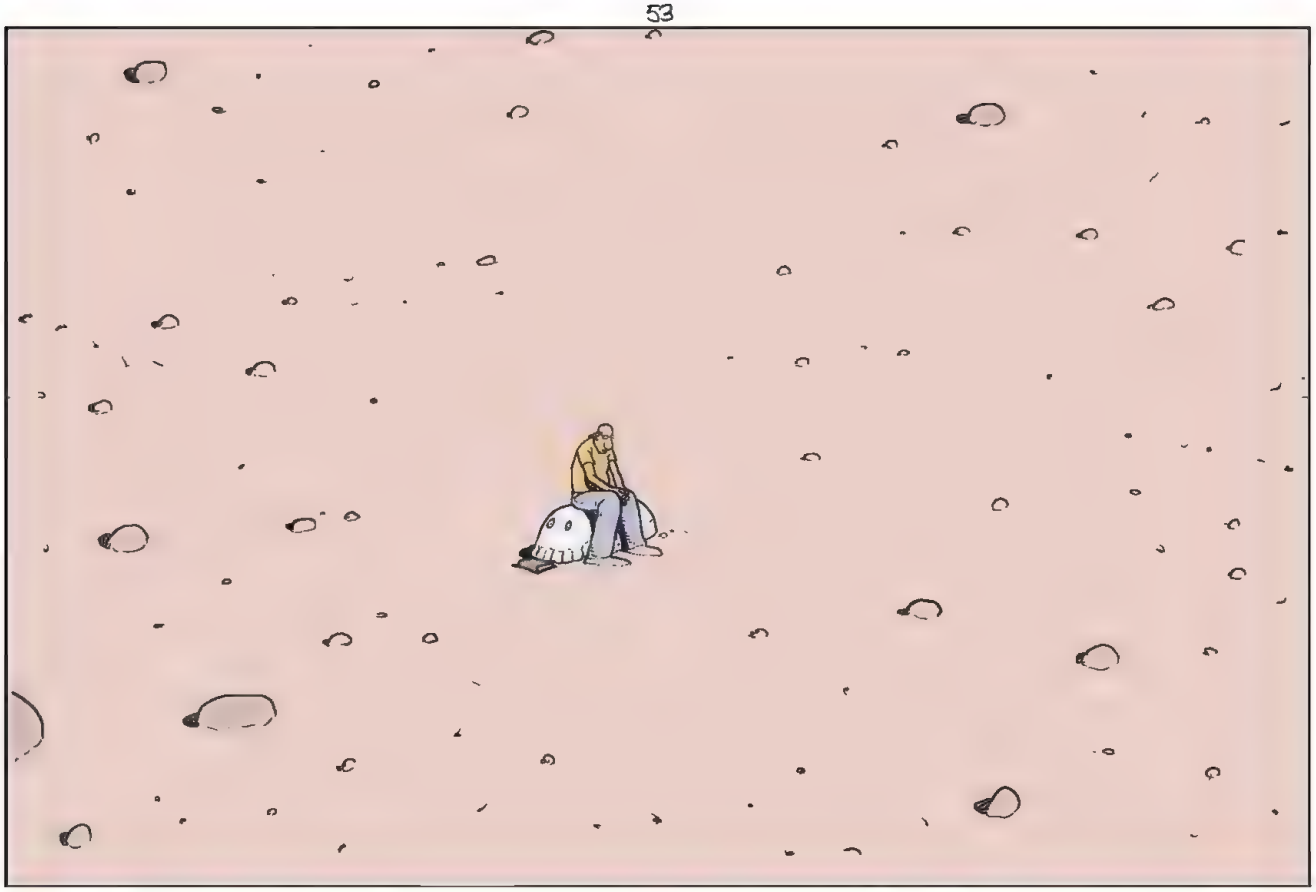
TO THWART THE BOREDOM CAUSED BY EXTREME SOLITUDE, I WILL PERFORM A DEMONSTRATION OF FREE FLIGHT FOR YOU.

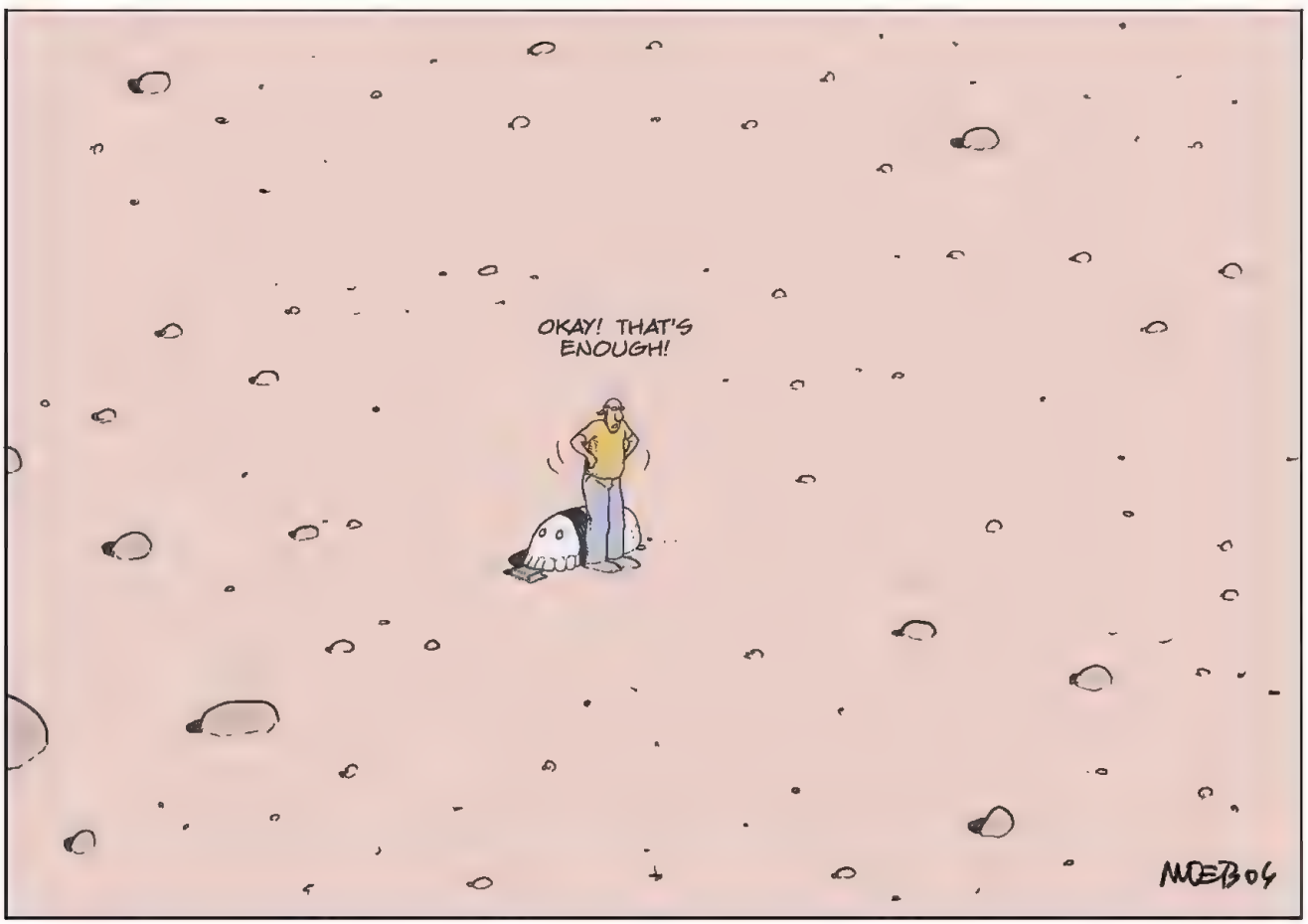
PAY ATTENTION!

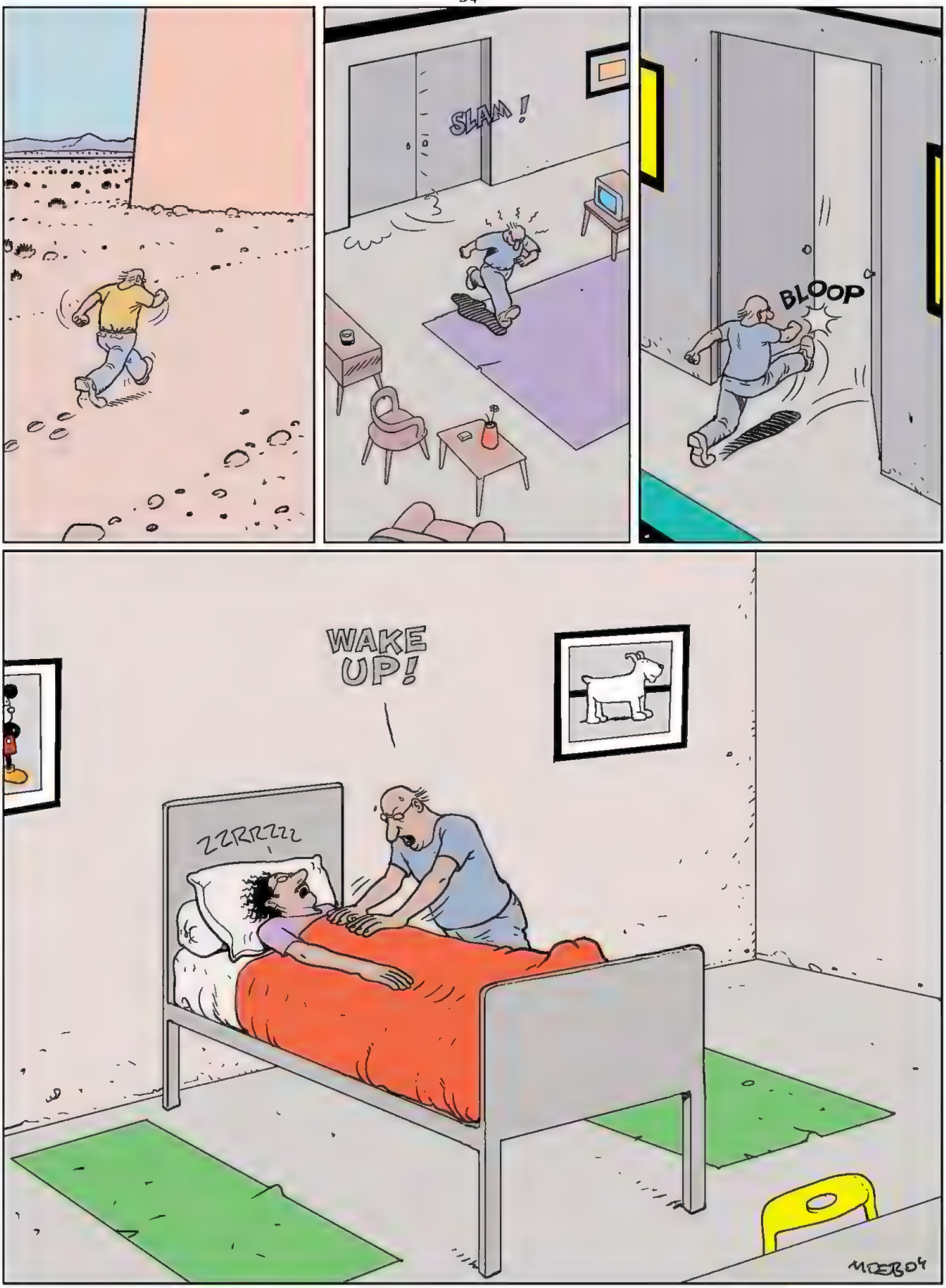



I'M STOPPING NOW BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, THIS IS EXHAUSTING!
WHF.'

THE ART OF
DISEMBARK




OKAY! THAT'S ENOUGH!
MOEBIUS

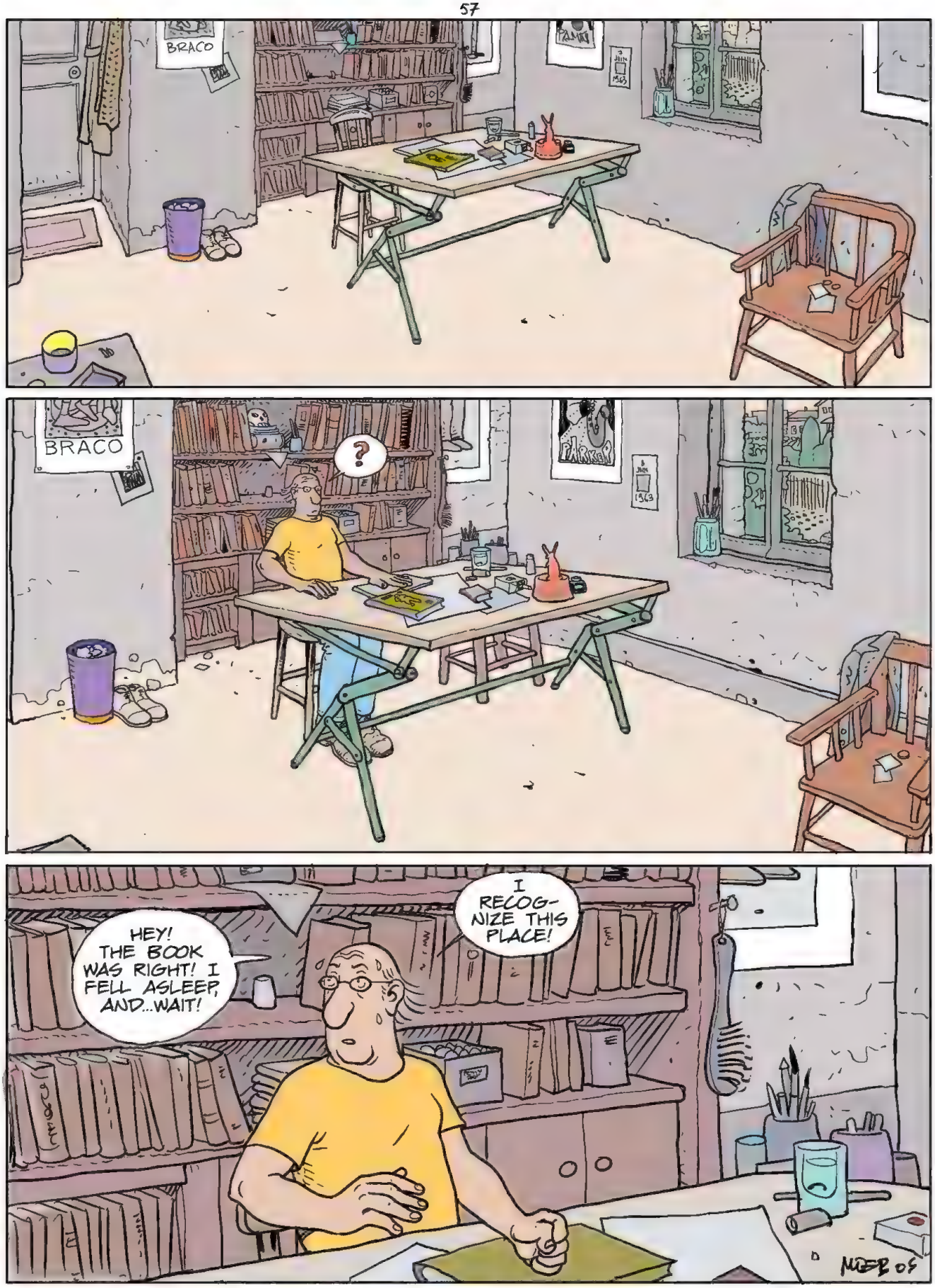

SLAM !
BLOOP
WAKE UP!
ZZRRZZZ
MOERBOY

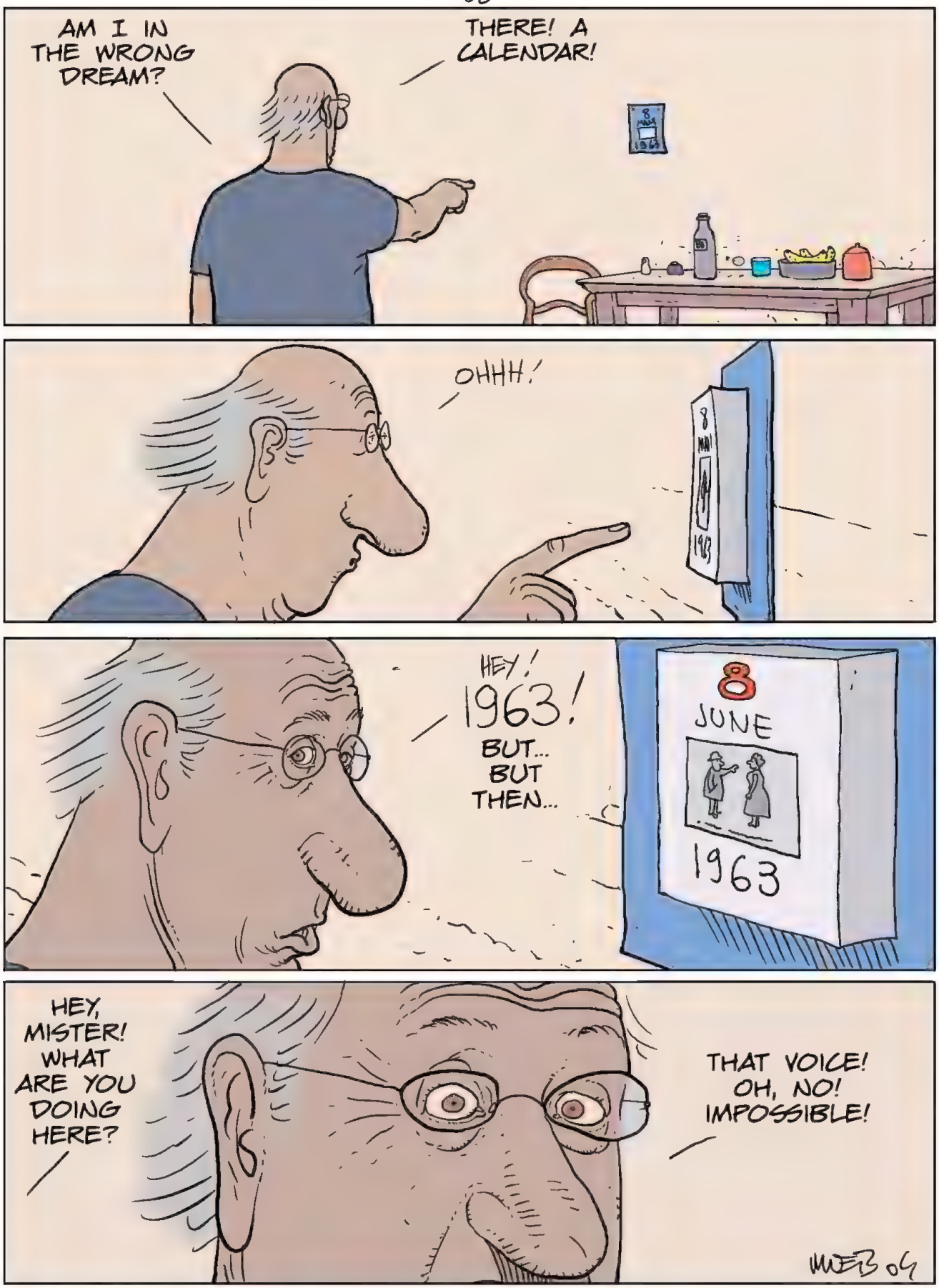
ZZRKKRZZZZZ

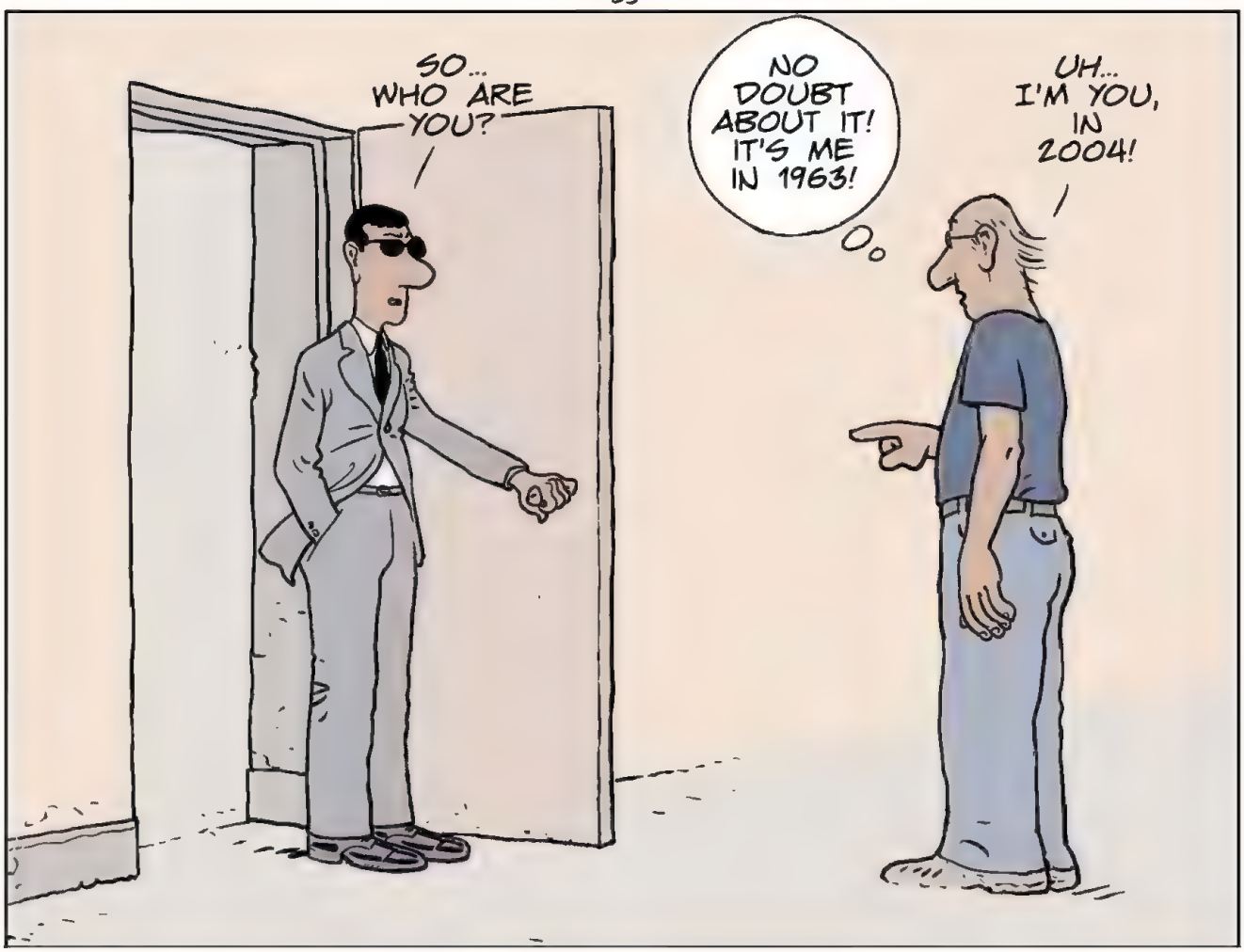
WATCHING SOMEONE SLEEP FOR LONGER THAN A MINUTE IS A TERRIFYING SIGHT...ESPECIALLY WHEN THAT SOMEONE IS YOUR OWN SELF.
ZZNFLZZ

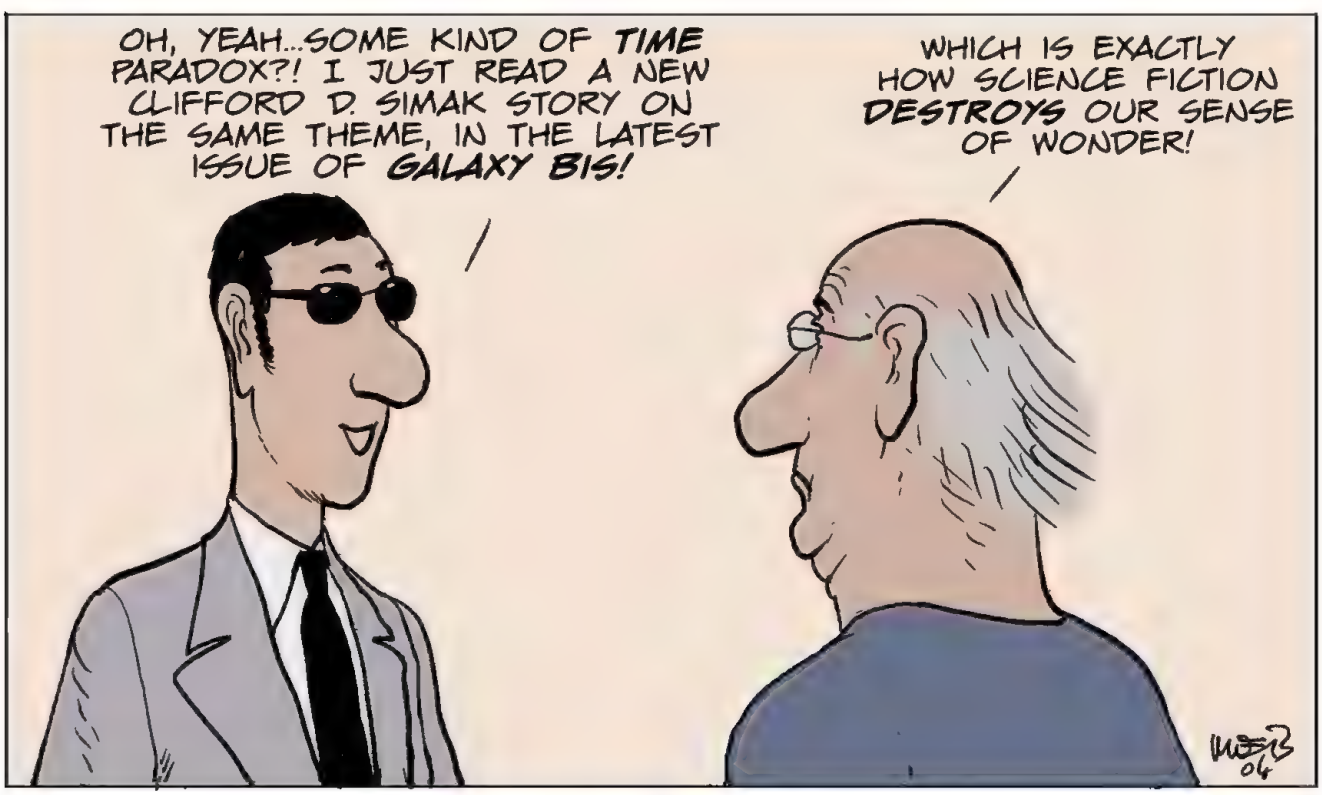
I STILL WONDER WHAT THIS MUTT'S DOING IN MY DESERT "B" COMIC?
ZZNFLZZ
moeb04

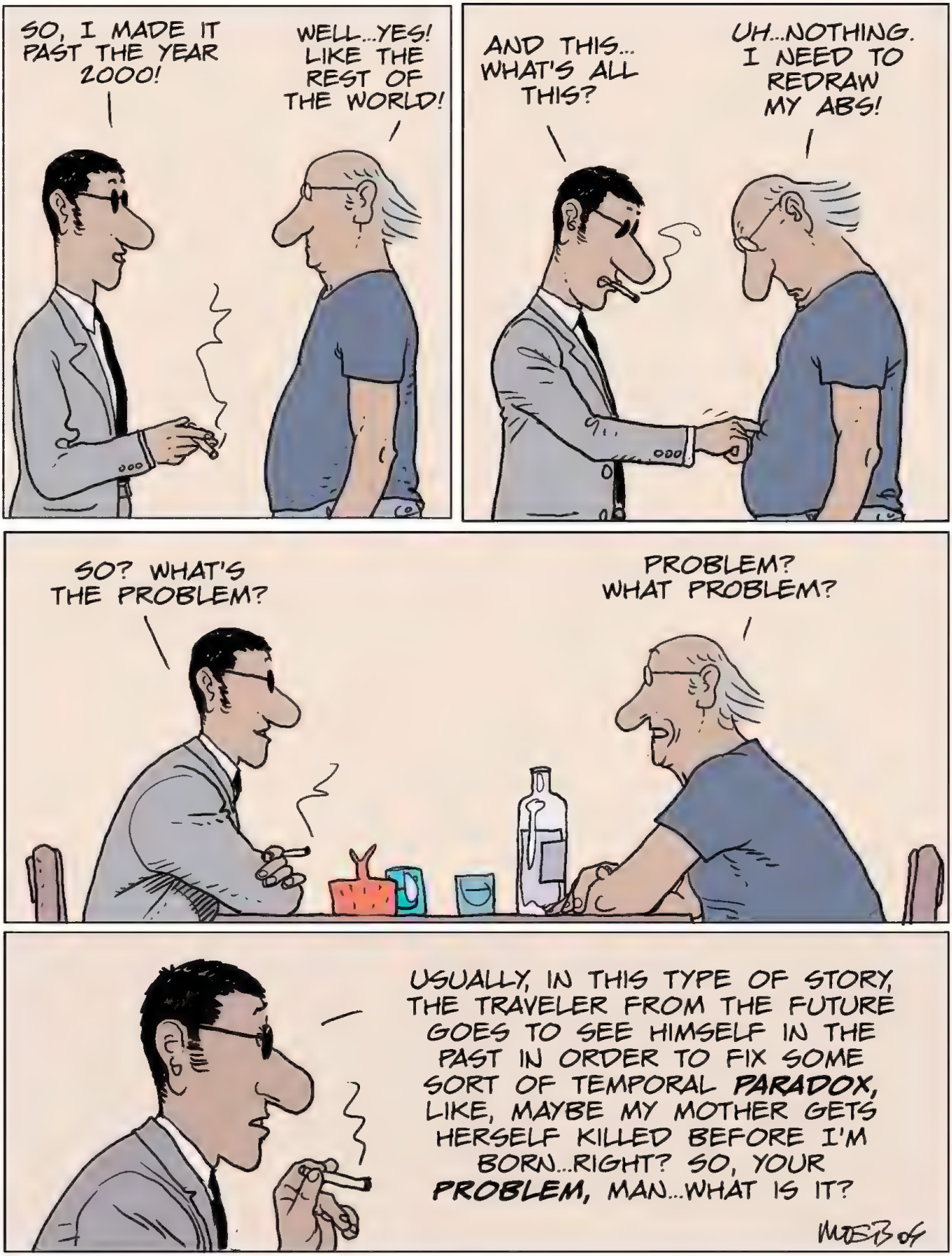
OKAY! THE "WAKE UP" TRICK OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WORK ON ME!
THAT WOULD'VE BEEN TOO EASY!
ZZNRK!
..LET'S SEE WHAT THE BOOK SAYS!
A STIRRING READ
THE ART OF DREAMING
MM...HMM.
ZZZZ
REALLY!
BFF
THAT CASTANEDA'S TOO MUCH!
HEY! BLAME IT ON THE BOOK!
ZZZZZZNRK
moeb04

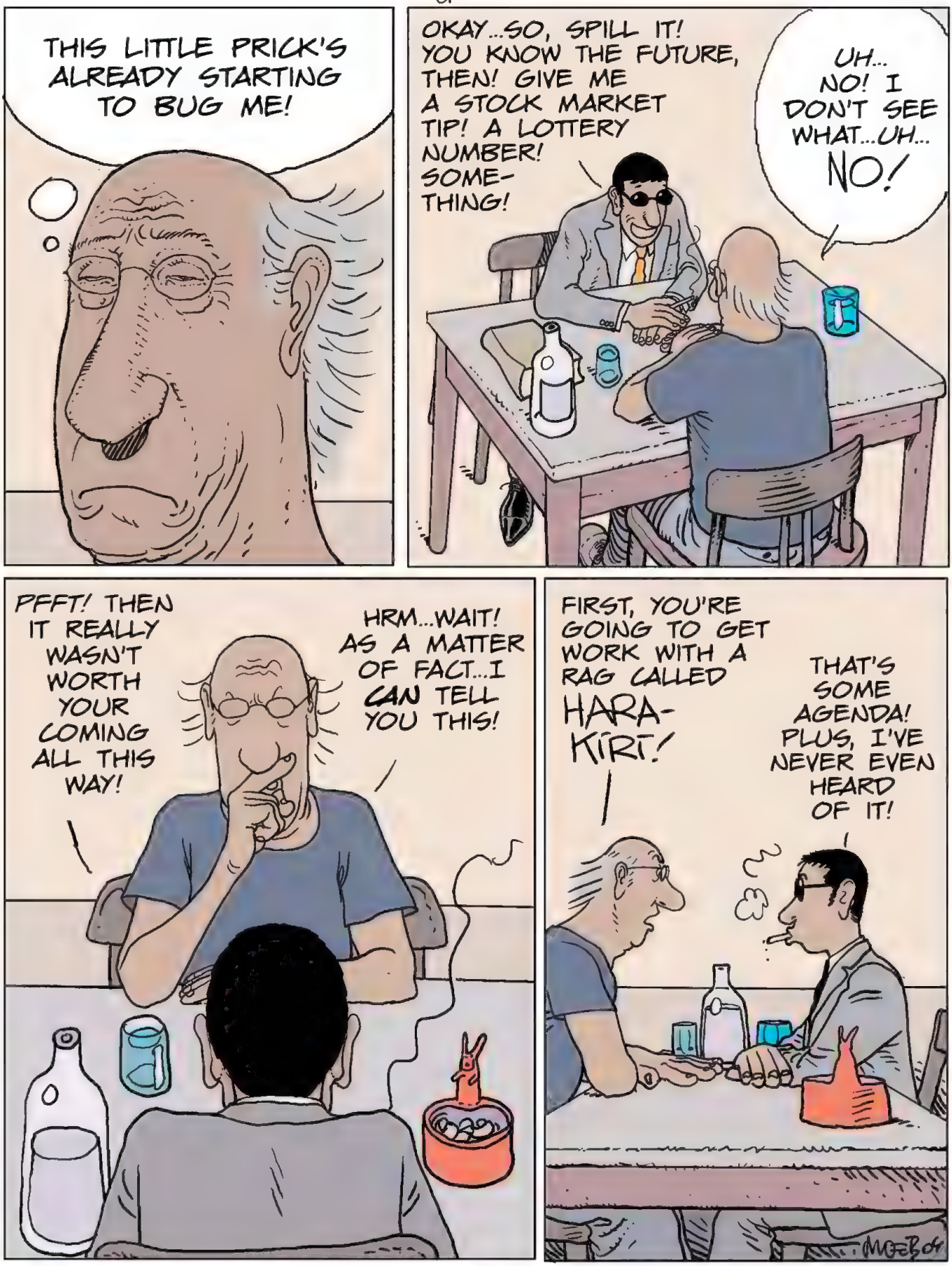

BRACO
BRACO
?
HEY! THE BOOK WAS RIGHT! I FELL ASLEEP, AND...WAIT!
I RECOG-NIZE THIS PLACE!

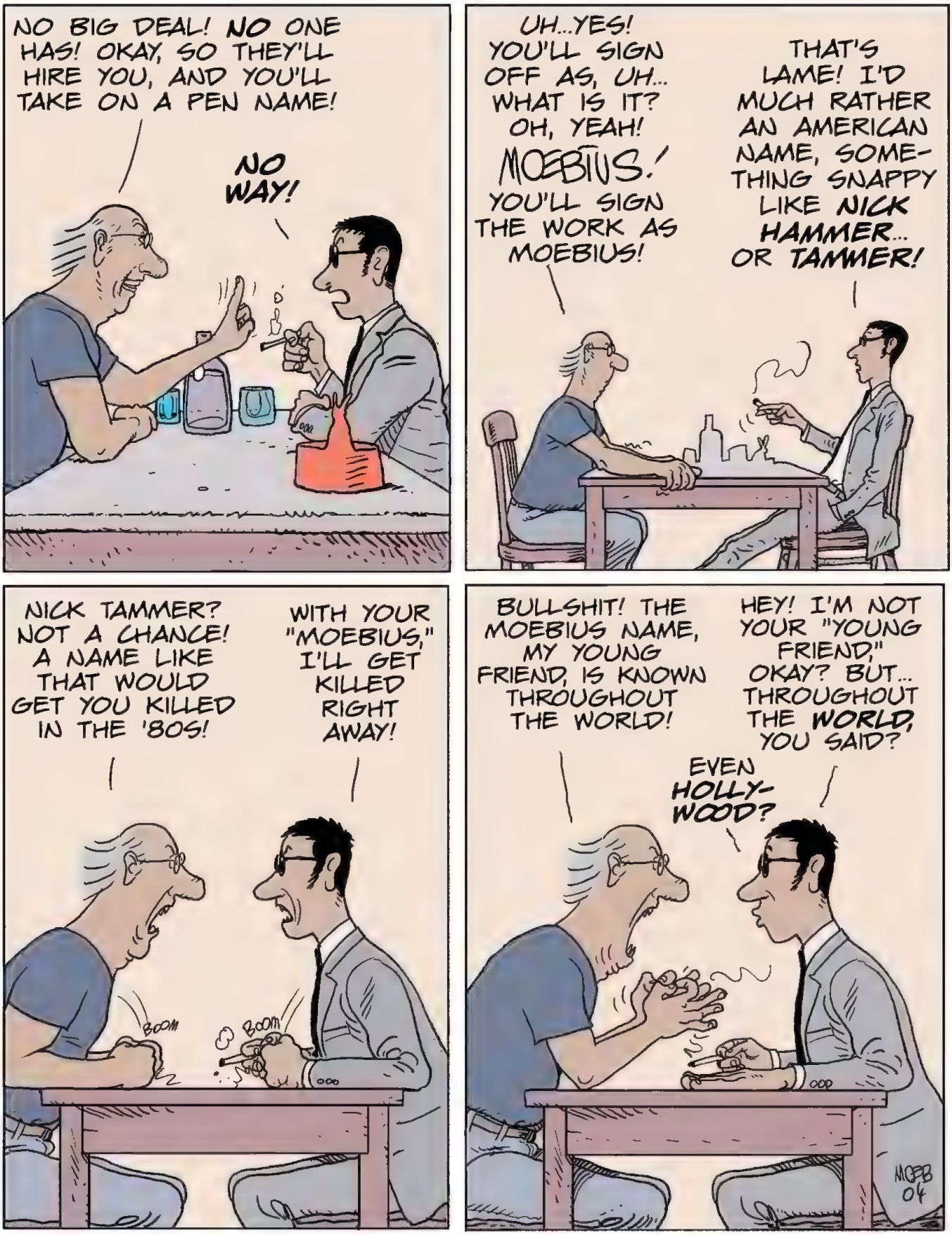

AM I IN THE WRONG DREAM?
THERE! A CALENDAR!
OHHH!
HEY! 1963! BUT... BUT THEN...
8 JUNE 1963
HEY, MISTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
THAT VOICE! OH, NO! IMPOSSIBLE!


SO... WHO ARE YOU?
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S ME IN 1963!
UH... I'M YOU, IN 2004!


OH, YEAH...SOME KIND OF TIME PARADOX?! I JUST READ A NEW CLIFFORD D. SIMAK STORY ON THE SAME THEME, IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF GALAXY BIS!
WHICH IS EXACTLY HOW SCIENCE FICTION DESTROYS OUR SENSE OF WONDER!


SO, I MADE IT PAST THE YEAR 2000!
WELL...YES! LIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD!
AND THIS... WHAT'S ALL THIS?
UH...NOTHING. I NEED TO REDRAW MY ABS!
SO? WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
PROBLEM? WHAT PROBLEM?
USUALLY, IN THIS TYPE OF STORY, THE TRAVELER FROM THE FUTURE GOES TO SEE HIMSELF IN THE PAST IN ORDER TO FIX SOME SORT OF TEMPORAL PARADOX, LIKE, MAYBE MY MOTHER GETS HERSELF KILLED BEFORE I'M BORN...RIGHT? SO, YOUR PROBLEM, MAN...WHAT IS IT?

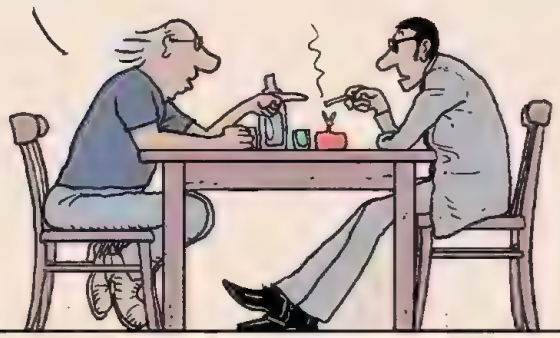

THIS LITTLE PRICK'S ALREADY STARTING TO BUG ME!
OKAY...SO, SPILL IT! YOU KNOW THE FUTURE, THEN! GIVE ME A STOCK MARKET TIP! A LOTTERY NUMBER! SOME-THING!
UH... NO! I DON'T SEE WHAT...UH... NO!
PFFT! THEN IT REALLY WASN'T WORTH YOUR COMING ALL THIS WAY!
HRM...WAIT! AS A MATTER OF FACT...I CAN TELL YOU THIS!
FIRST, YOU'RE GOING TO GET WORK WITH A RAG CALLED HARA-KIRI!
THAT'S SOME AGENDA! PLUS, I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT!
MOEBIUS


NO BIG DEAL! NO ONE HAS! OKAY, SO THEY'LL HIRE YOU, AND YOU'LL TAKE ON A PEN NAME!
NO WAY!
UH...YES! YOU'LL SIGN OFF AS, UH... WHAT IS IT? OH, YEAH! MOEBIUS! YOU'LL SIGN THE WORK AS MOEBIUS!
THAT'S LAME! I'D MUCH RATHER AN AMERICAN NAME, SOMETHING SNAPPY LIKE NICK HAMMER... OR TAMMER!
NICK TAMMER? NOT A CHANCE! A NAME LIKE THAT WOULD GET YOU KILLED IN THE '80S!
WITH YOUR "MOEBIUS," I'LL GET KILLED RIGHT AWAY!
BOOM
BOOM
BULLSHIT! THE MOEBIUS NAME, MY YOUNG FRIEND, IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!
HEY! I'M NOT YOUR "YOUNG FRIEND," OKAY? BUT... THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, YOU SAID?
EVEN HOLLYWOOD?
MŒBB 04

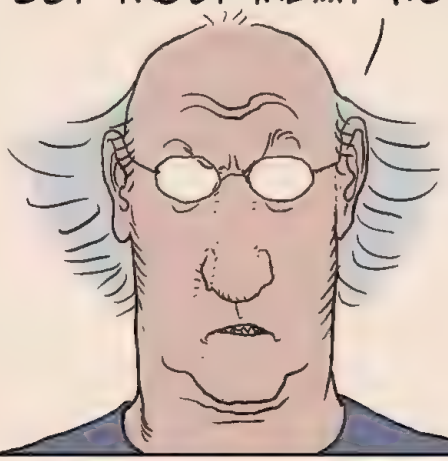
OF COURSE! WE'RE SUPER-WELL-KNOWN IN HOLLYWOOD... WELL, I AM! NOT YOU!
OH, YEAH? WHY NOT ME?
HE'S DRIVING ME NUTS!
LOOK...YOU AND ME, WE'RE THE SAME! YOU JUST HAVE TO GIVE UP THIS "NICK TAMMER" IDEA AND ADOPT THE "MOEBIUS" PSEUDONYM INSTEAD. OKAY?
HRM... WE'LL SEE... UH...WHAT ELSE?
BOOM BOOM
HRMM...
SO? WHAT ELSE?
TOK TOK
TOK
TOK TOK
MOEB 09

OKAY, LISTEN! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A TIP THAT'LL MAKE YOU A **FORTUNE!** YOU KNOW THE MAGAZINE **PILOTE**, RIGHT? YOU'LL MEET **CHARLIER**, THE WRITER OF **BUCK DANNY**, AND YOU'LL DO A WESTERN SERIES TOGETHER. THE HERO'S NAME IS "BLUEBERRY," AND YOU'LL DRAW THE COMIC UNDER THE PSEUDONYM **"GIR"!**

GIR?! PFFT! AND **"BLUEBERRY"?** LIKE THE **FRUIT?** HEYYY...THERE GOES **SHERIFF FRUIT** BLOWING A **RASPBERRY!** HA HA HA!



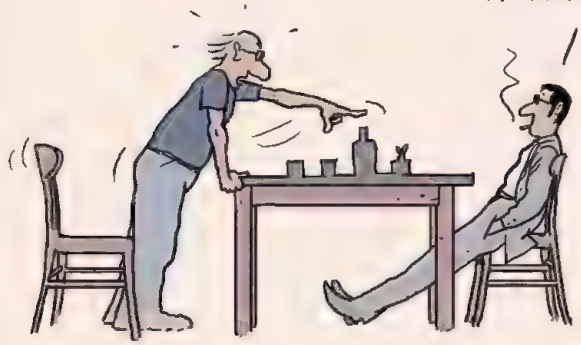
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S A BIZARRE NAME, BUT TRUST ME...IT WORKS!

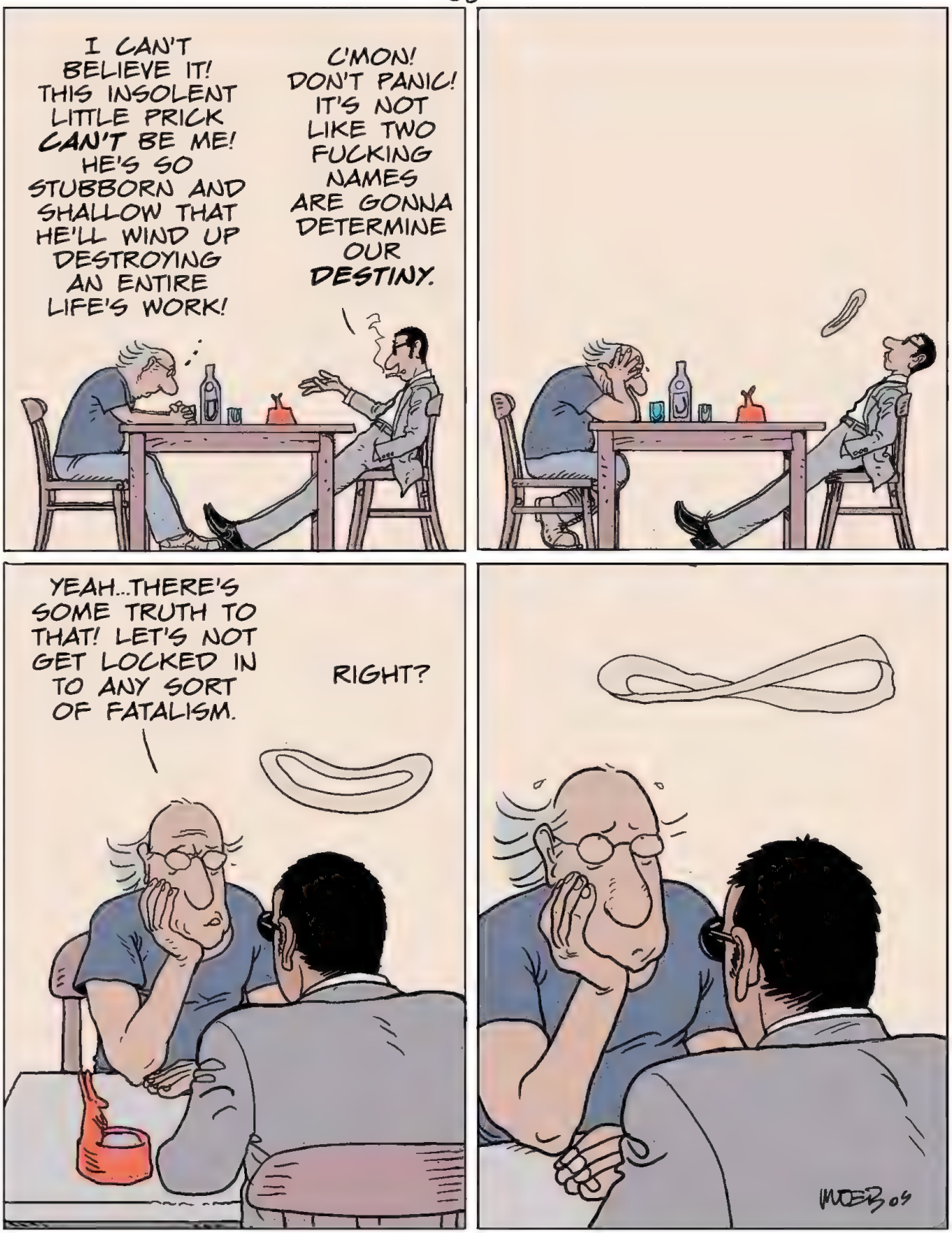


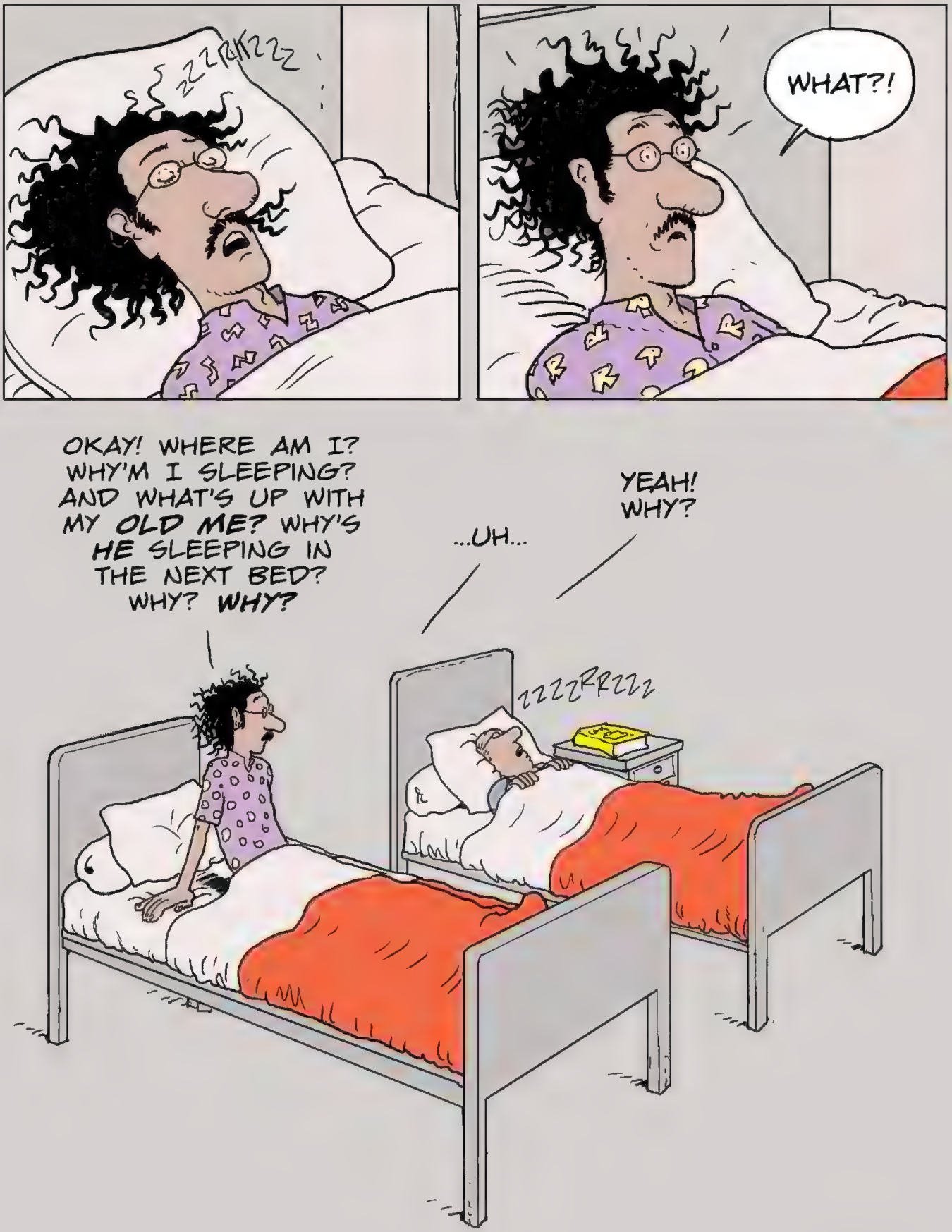
IF YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO FOIST SOME **JAM** AND A **LATIN** PEN NAME ON ME, YOU CAN GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM...

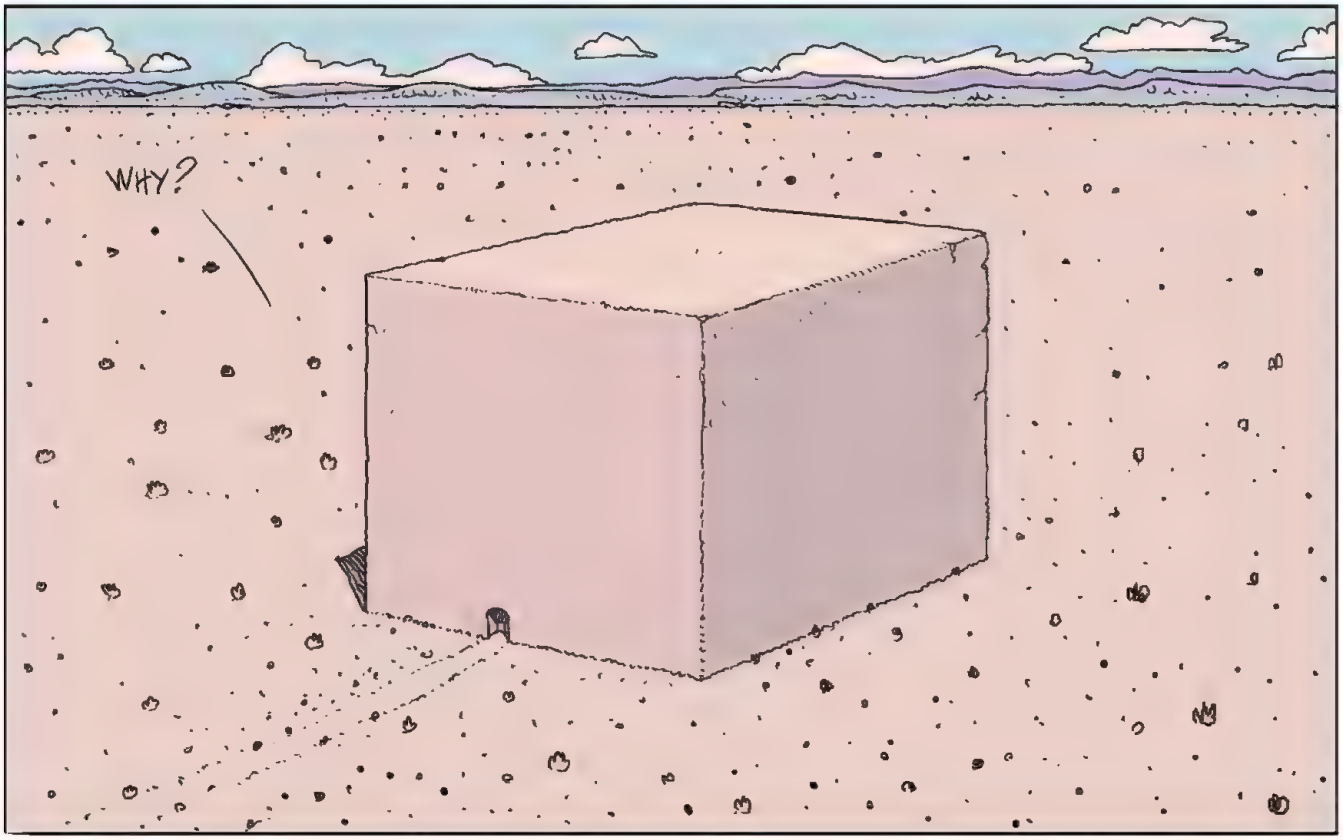
HELL'S BELLS, JUST DO WHAT I **TELL** YOU AND DON'T **ARGUE!**

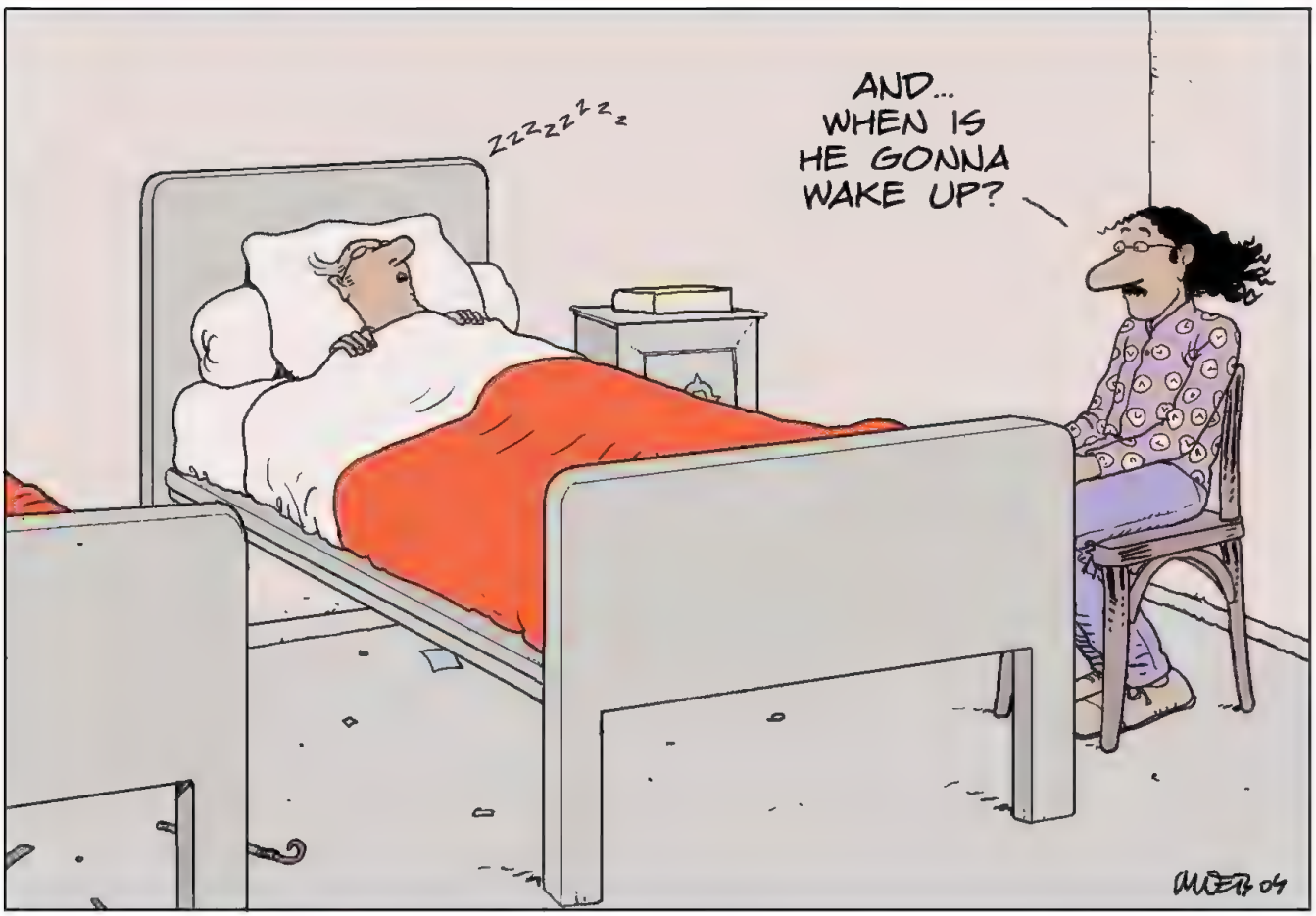
HEY, **WHOA!** YOU'RE NOT MY FATHER!

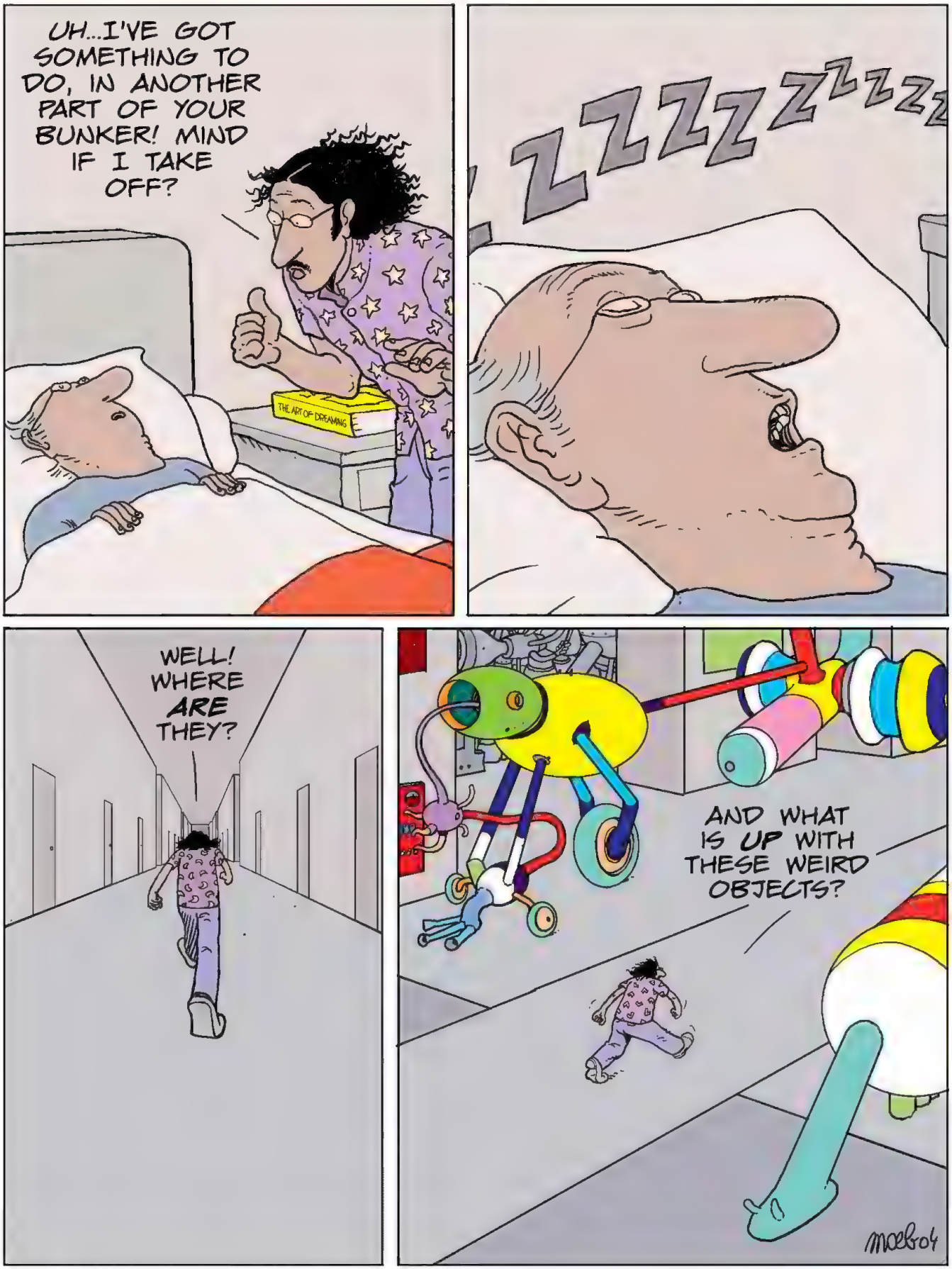


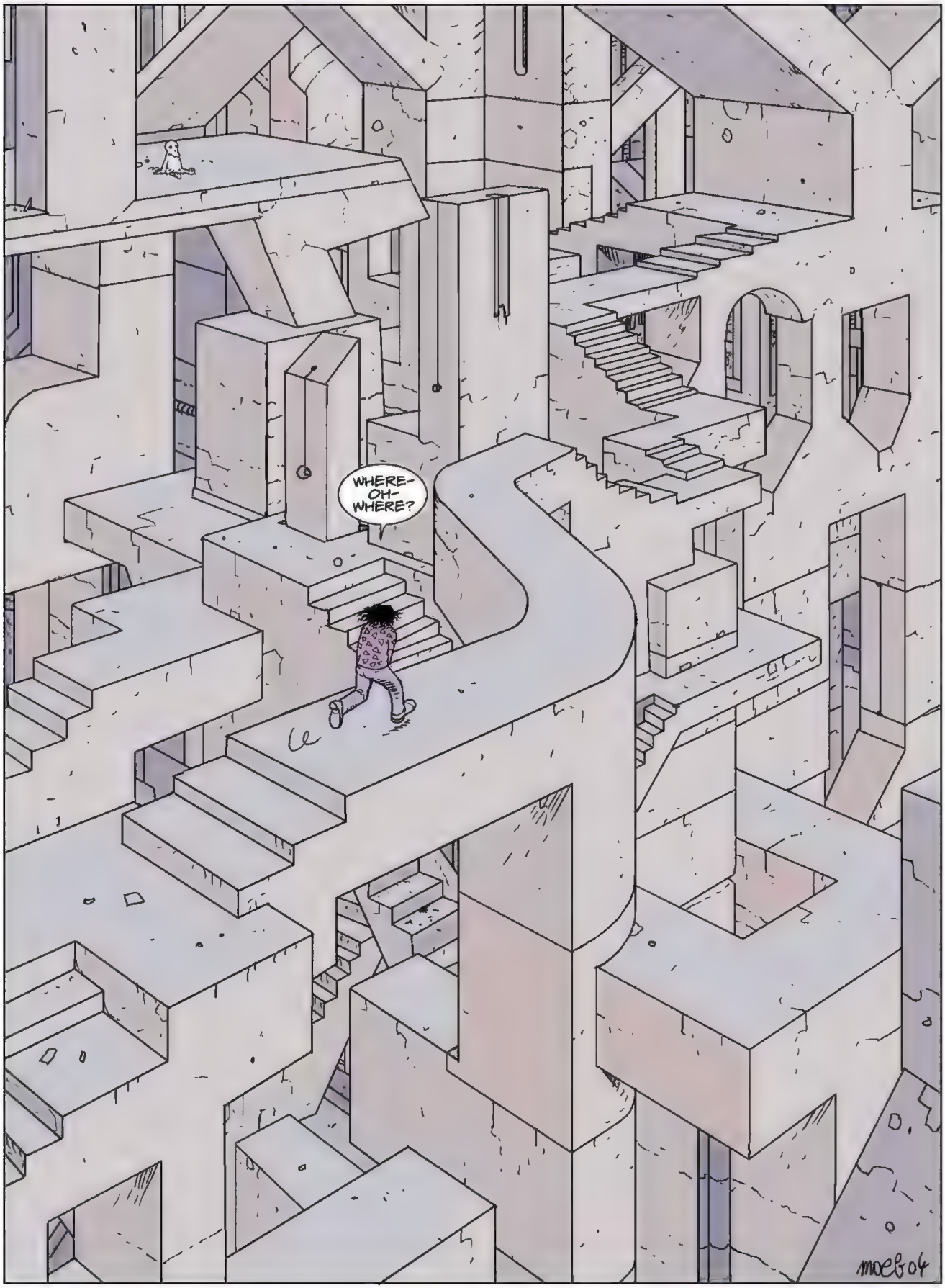

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS INSOLENT LITTLE PRICK CAN'T BE ME! HE'S SO STUBBORN AND SHALLOW THAT HE'LL WIND UP DESTROYING AN ENTIRE LIFE'S WORK!
C'MON! DON'T PANIC! IT'S NOT LIKE TWO FUCKING NAMES ARE GONNA DETERMINE OUR DESTINY.
YEAH...THERE'S SOME TRUTH TO THAT! LET'S NOT GET LOCKED IN TO ANY SORT OF FATALISM.
RIGHT?
MOEBIUS

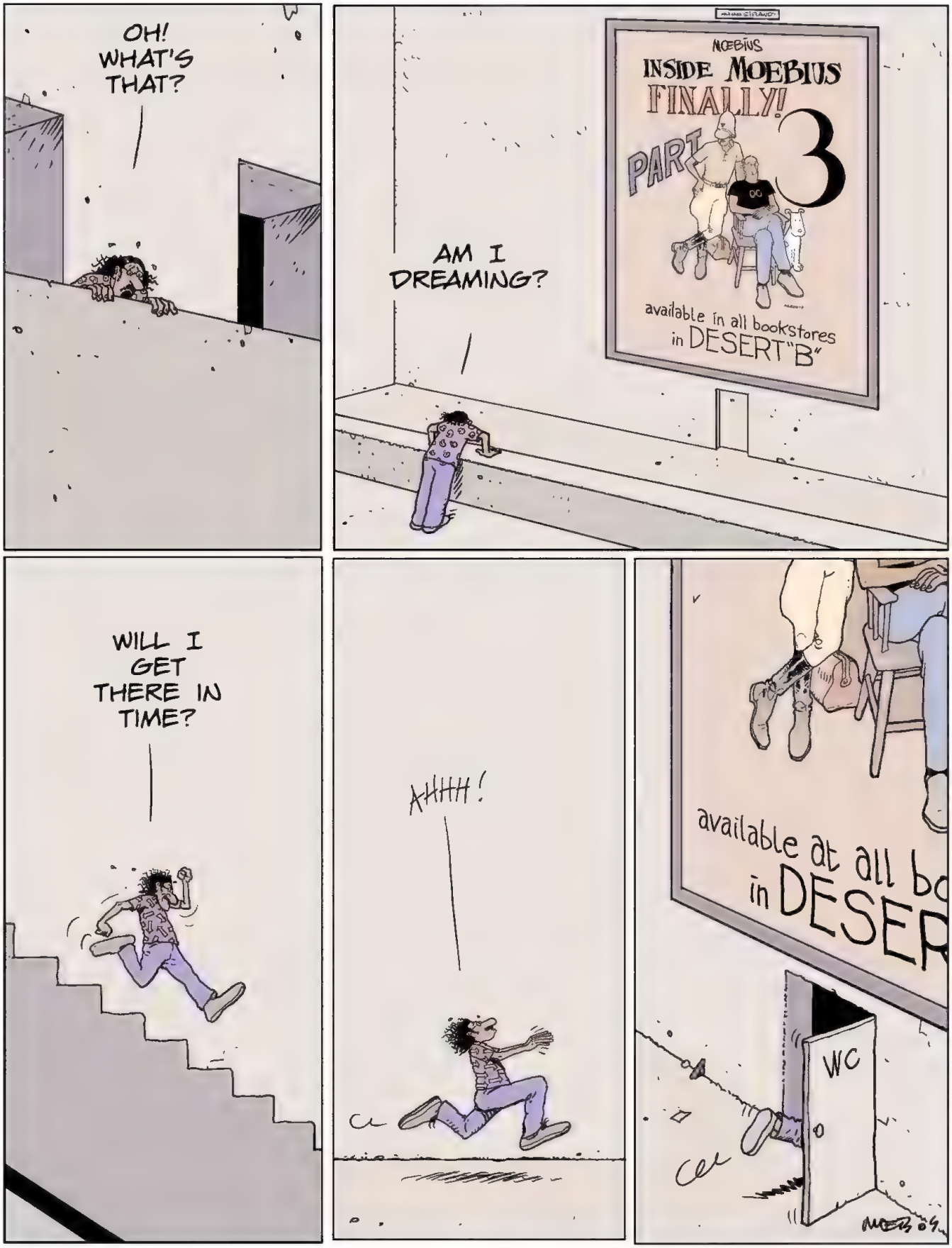

ZZZRRZZZ
WHAT?!
OKAY! WHERE AM I? WHY'M I SLEEPING? AND WHAT'S UP WITH MY OLD ME? WHY'S HE SLEEPING IN THE NEXT BED? WHY? WHY?
...UH...
YEAH! WHY?
ZZZZRRZZZ


WHY?

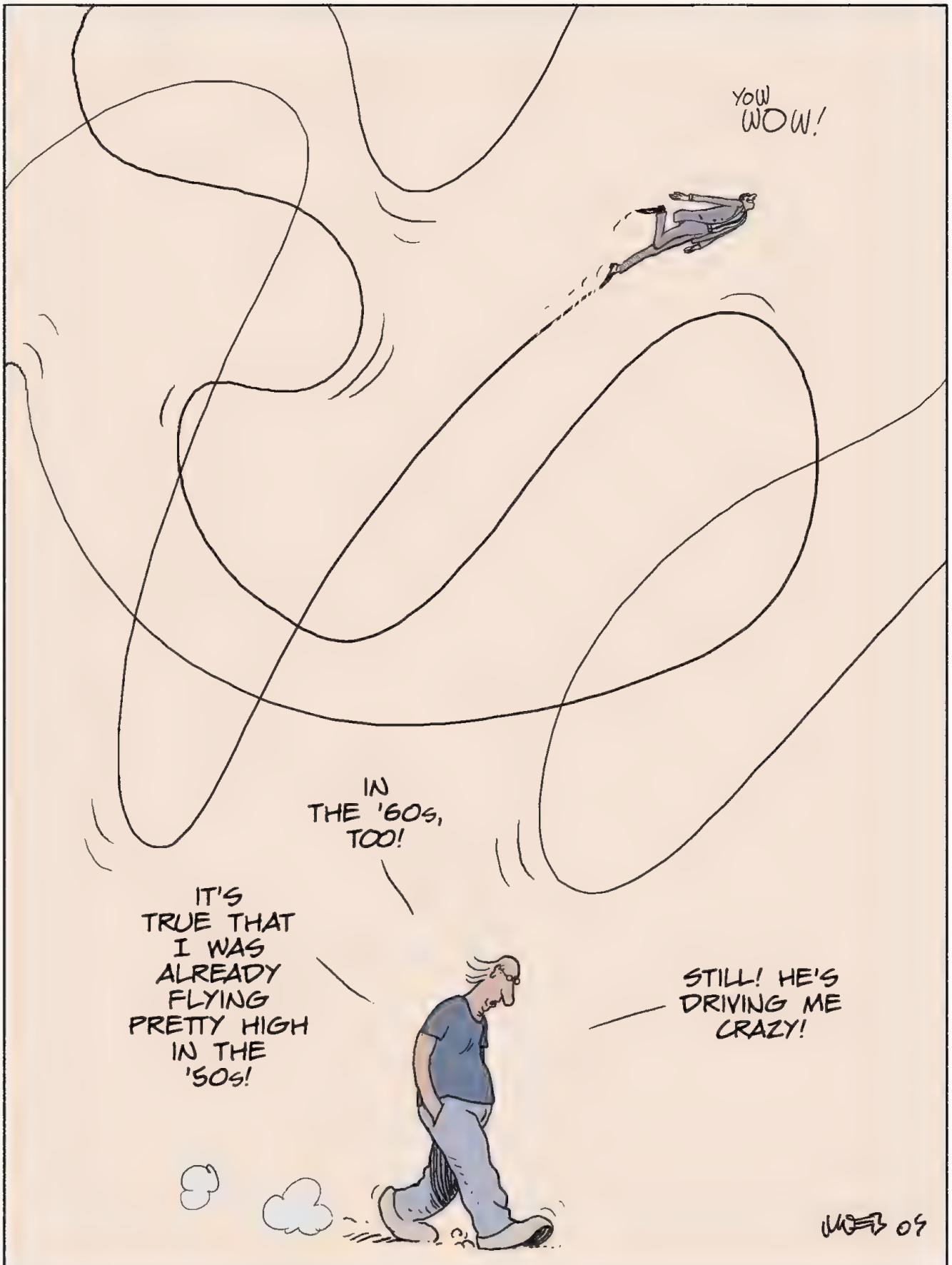

ZZZZZZZZZ
AND... WHEN IS HE GONNA WAKE UP?

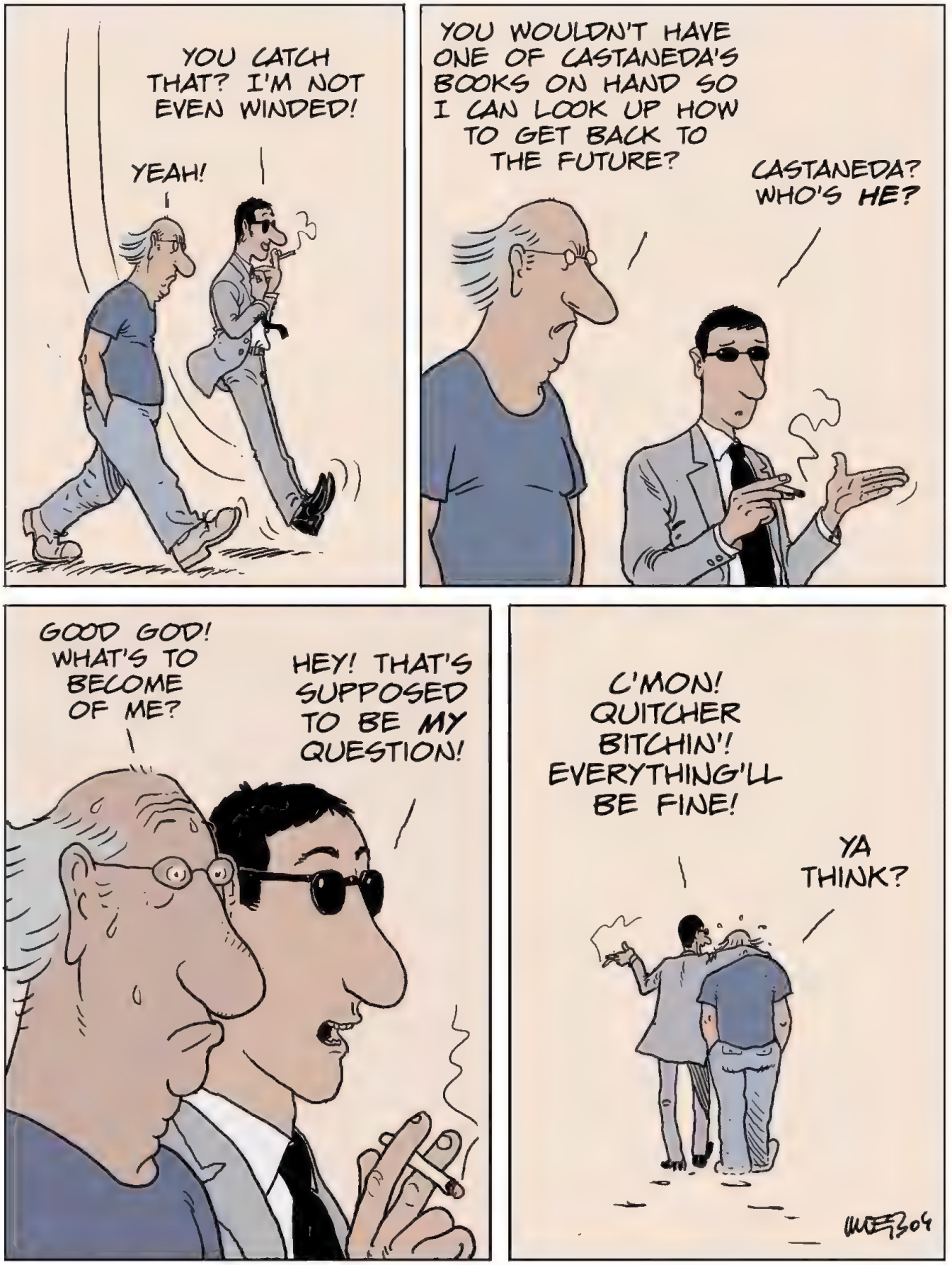

UH...I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO, IN ANOTHER PART OF YOUR BUNKER! MIND IF I TAKE OFF?
THE ART OF DREAMING
ZZZZZZZZZZZZ
WELL! WHERE ARE THEY?
AND WHAT IS UP WITH THESE WEIRD OBJECTS?
maebrot


WHERE-
OH-
WHERE?
moebio4


OH! WHAT'S THAT?
AM I DREAMING?
MŒBIUS
INSIDE MOEBIUS
FINALLY!
PART 3
available in all bookstores in DESERT "B"
WILL I GET THERE IN TIME?
AHHH!
available at all bo
in DESER
WC

...AND ASIDE FROM THAT VAGUELY SCATOLOGICAL TYPE OF GAG, WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU DOING, IN THIS NOTORIOUS DESERT "B"?
DOING? I'M FLYING THROUGH THE AIR!
OH, YEAH? YOU FLY? THROUGH THE AIR?
YUP! THE BENEFIT OF AN ASCETIC LIFE!
ZOOP
YOWWWWWW!
WELL, SHIT!
MOEBIUS


YOW WOW!
IN THE '60s, TOO!
IT'S TRUE THAT I WAS ALREADY FLYING PRETTY HIGH IN THE '50s!
STILL! HE'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!


YOU CATCH THAT? I'M NOT EVEN WINDED!
YEAH!
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ONE OF CASTANEDA'S BOOKS ON HAND SO I CAN LOOK UP HOW TO GET BACK TO THE FUTURE?
CASTANEDA? WHO'S HE?
GOOD GOD! WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME?
HEY! THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE MY QUESTION!
C'MON! QUITCHER BITCHIN'! EVERYTHING'LL BE FINE!
YA THINK?

OKAY! I'LL STOP FUCKING WITH YOU! ACTUALLY, YOU'VE MIXED UP YOUR DATES A BIT...AS OF JUNE 8, 1963, I WAS ALREADY USING THE MOEBIUS PEN NAME IN ***HARA-KIRI,*** AND I'VE ALREADY BEGUN WORKING ON ***BLUEBERRY.*** FEEL BETTER NOW?

PFFT!

C'MON! YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET ALL DEPRESSED OVER ONE LITTLE ***NOTHING*** OF A JOKE!

IT'S NOT THE JOKE THAT'S DEPRESSING ME! IT'S ***JEALOUSY!*** SEEING YOU FLY LIKE A BIRD HAS GIVEN ME A SERIOUS CASE OF THE ***BLUES!***

OHH... WELL, HEY! JUST WAKE YOURSELF UP!

OOPS.

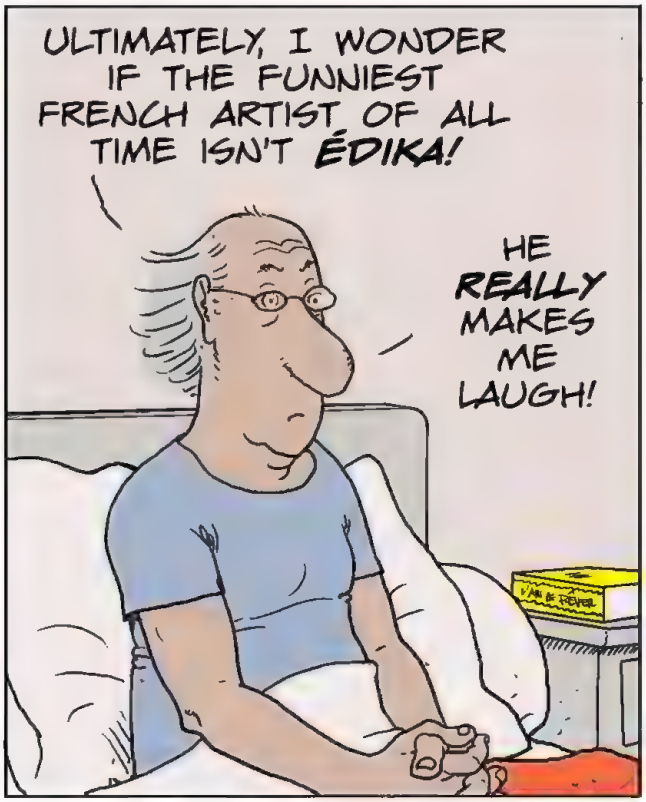
FINALLY!

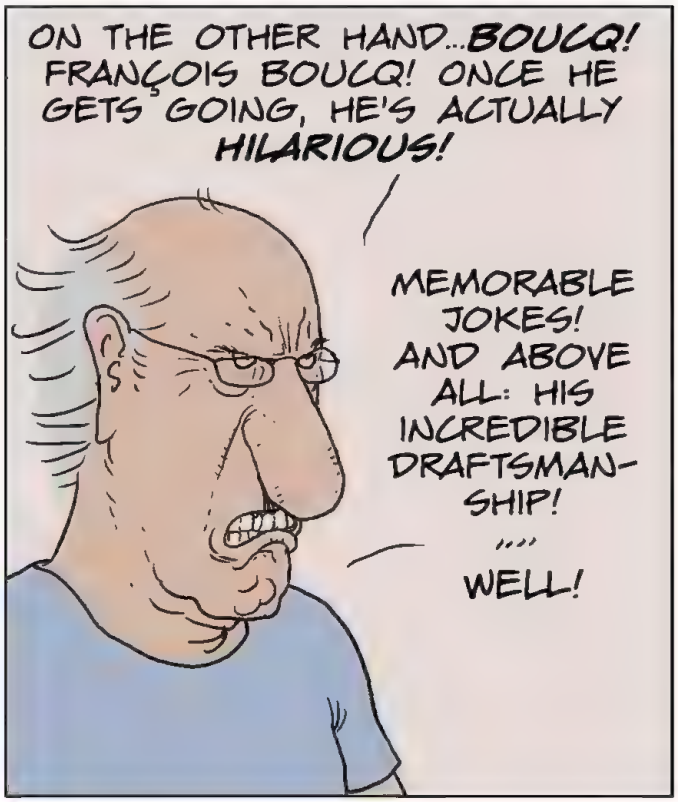
MOEB 04

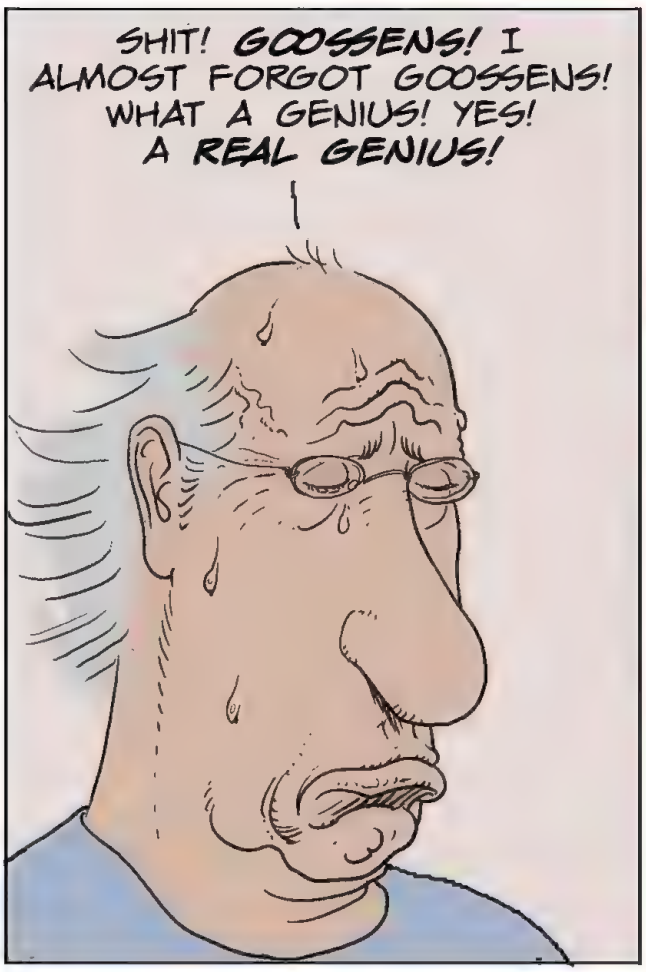
75

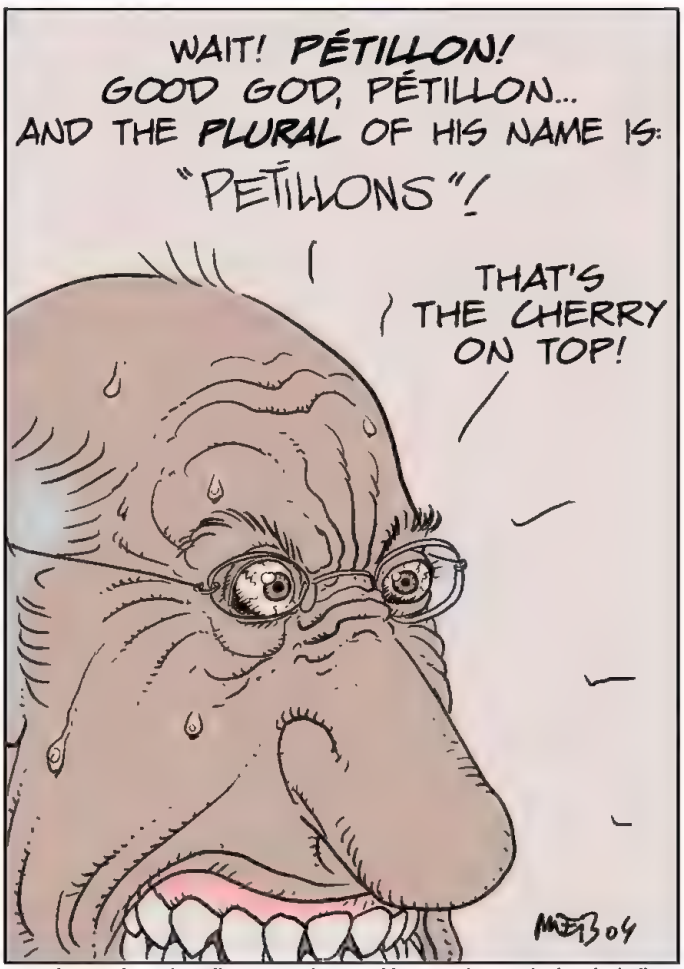
WASTELAND

AN OBSESSIVE SEQUENCE OF HILARIOUS "GAGS" BY MOEB
(official release)

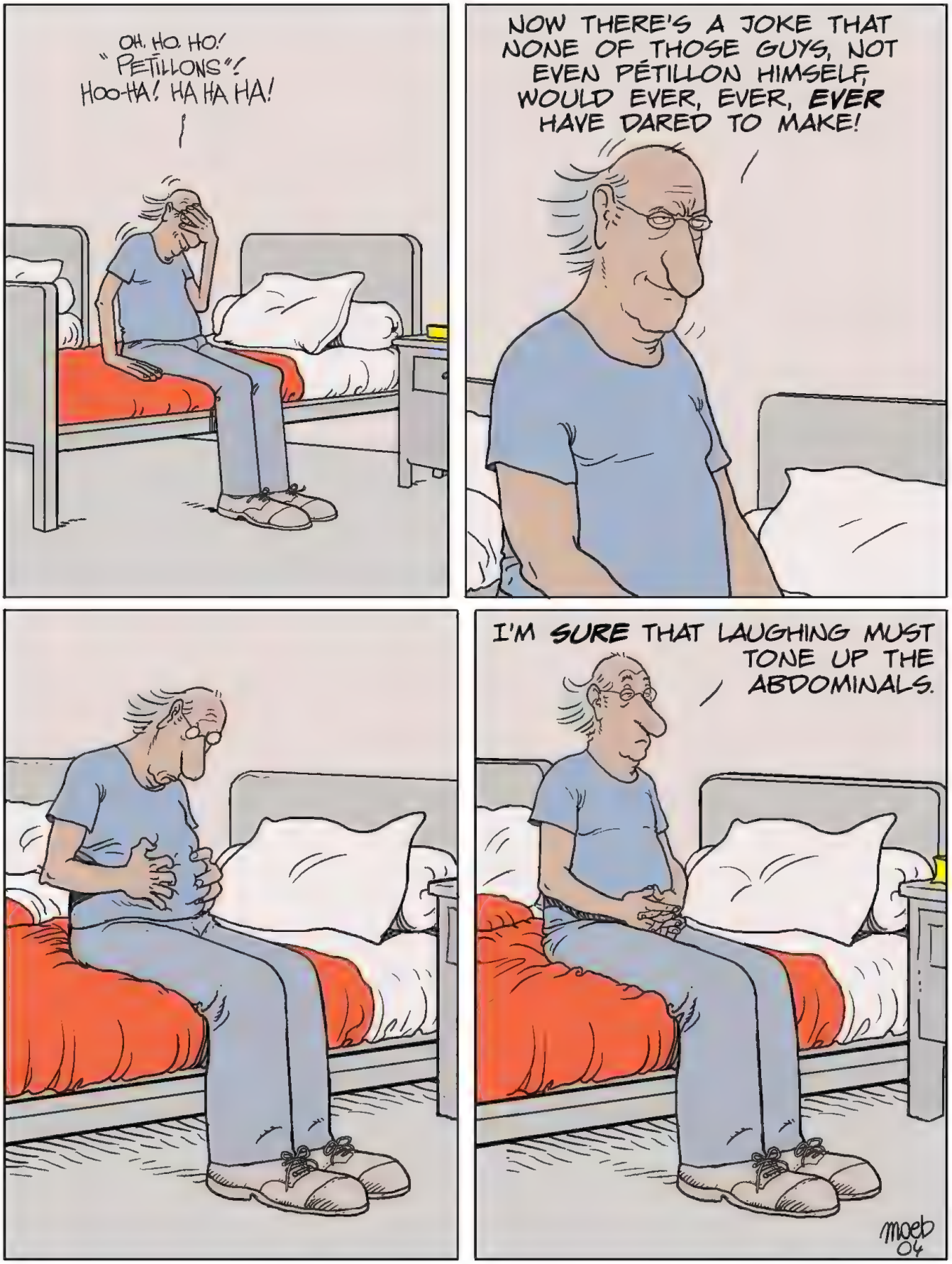



ON THE OTHER HAND... BOUCQ! FRANÇOIS BOUCQ! ONCE HE GETS GOING, HE'S ACTUALLY HILARIOUS!
MEMORABLE JOKES! AND ABOVE ALL: HIS INCREDIBLE DRAFTSMANSHIP!
....
WELL!



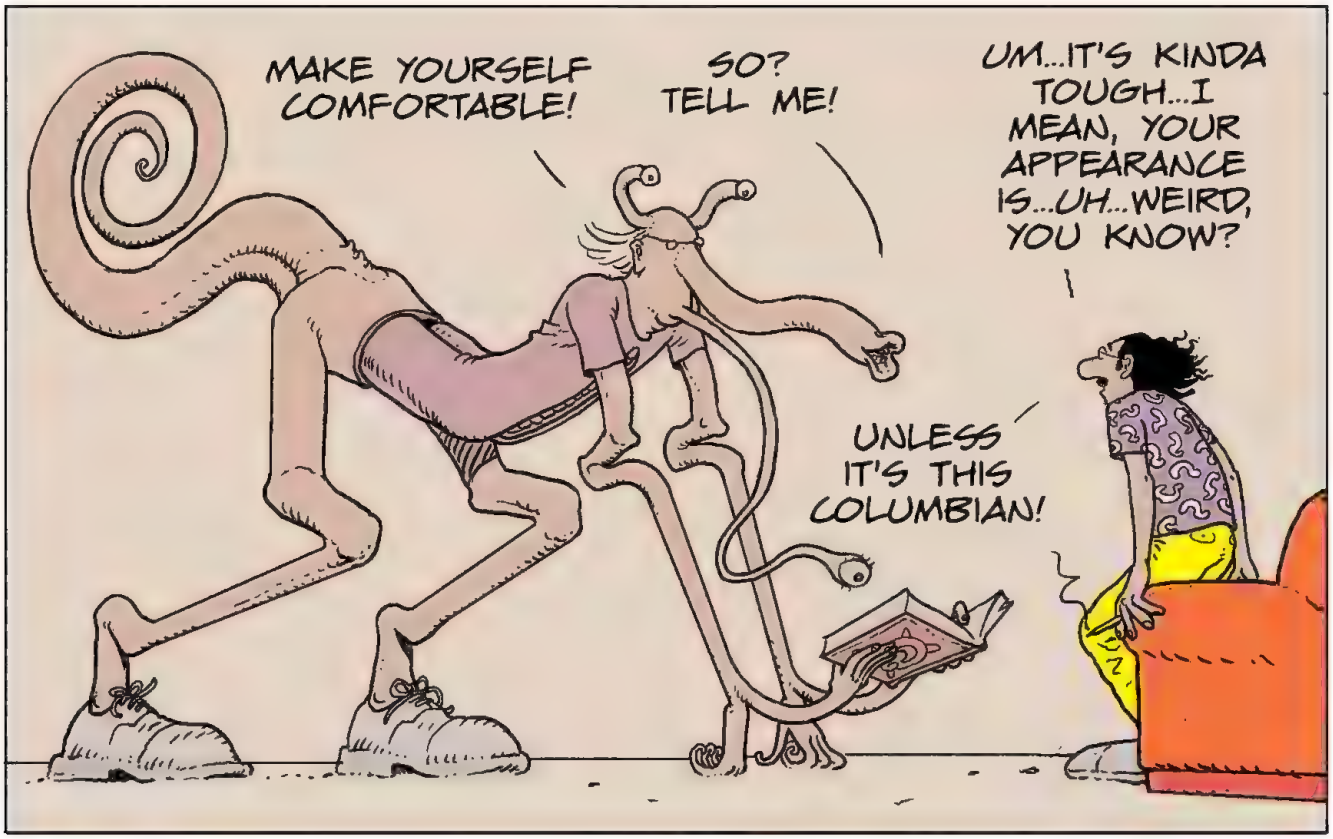


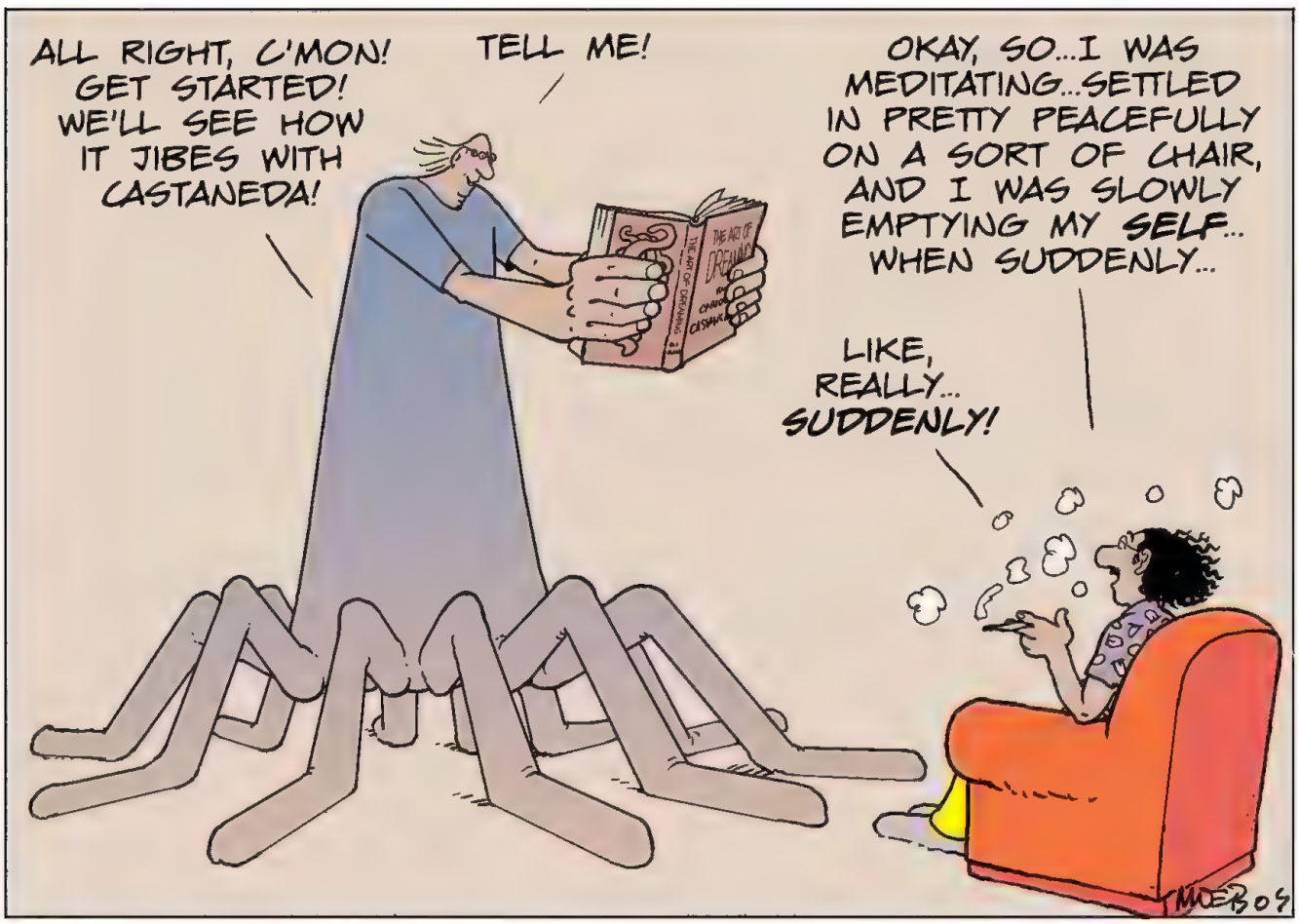
Note: The French word *pétillons* means *let's sparkle* or, in other words, *let's be brilliant.*

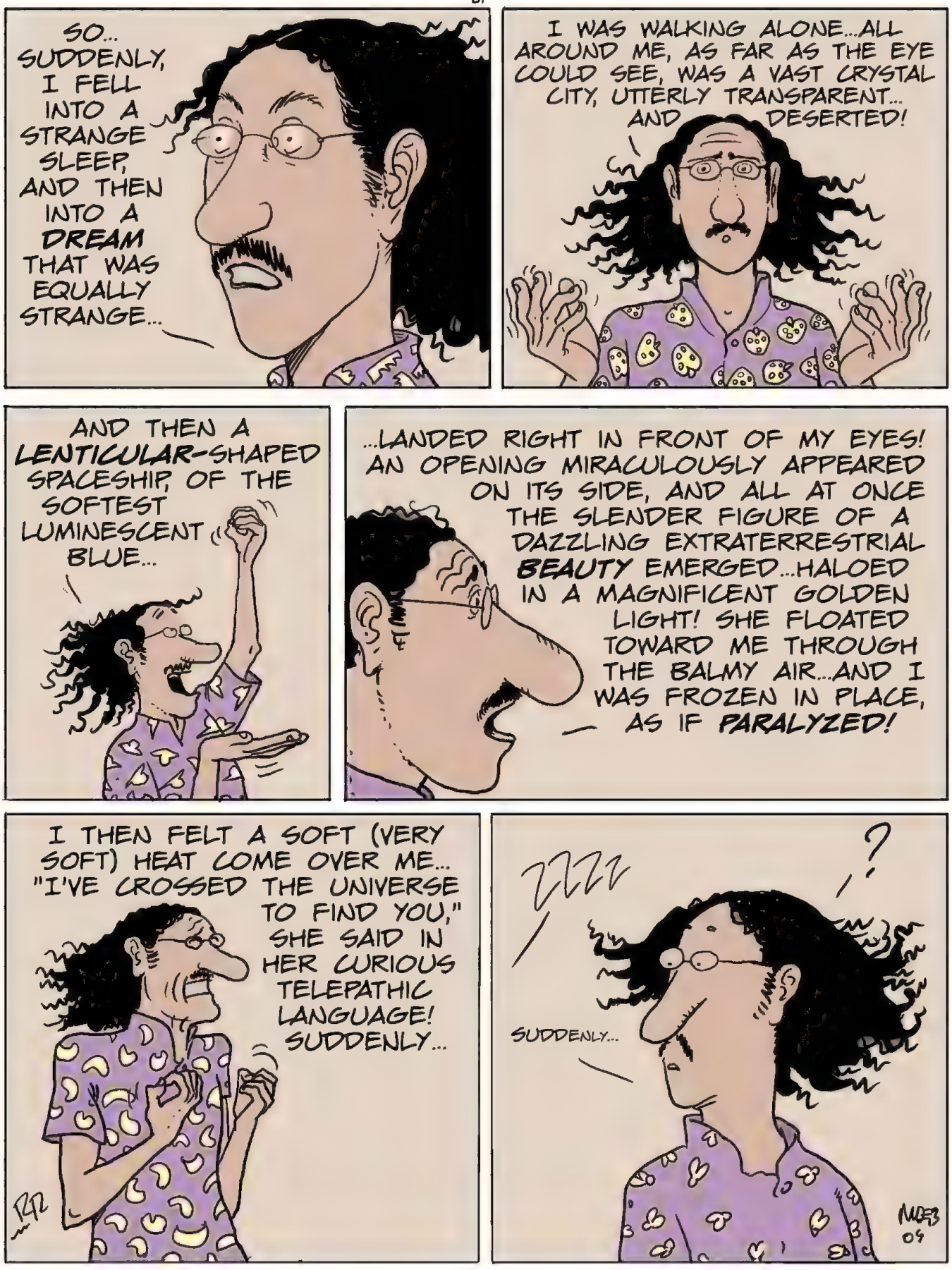

OH, HO, HO! "PETILLONS"! HOO-HA! HA HA HA!
NOW THERE'S A JOKE THAT NONE OF THOSE GUYS, NOT EVEN PÉTILLON HIMSELF, WOULD EVER, EVER, EVER HAVE DARED TO MAKE!
I'M SURE THAT LAUGHING MUST TONE UP THE ABDOMINALS.
moeb 04

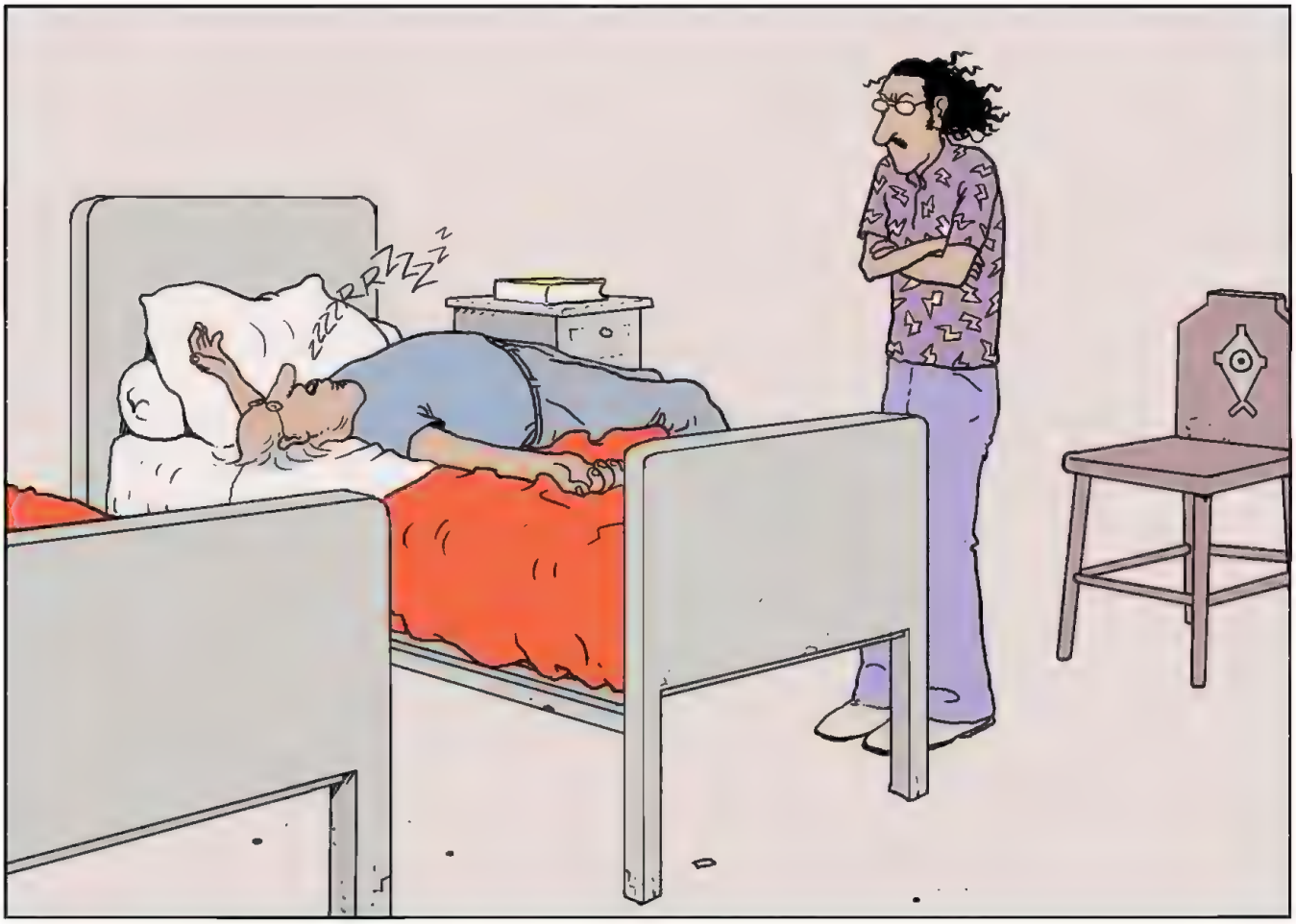
OH! I FORGOT ABOUT THE BOOK!
THE ART OF DREAMING
CARLOS CASTANEDA
THE ART OF DREAMING
THE ART OF DREAMING

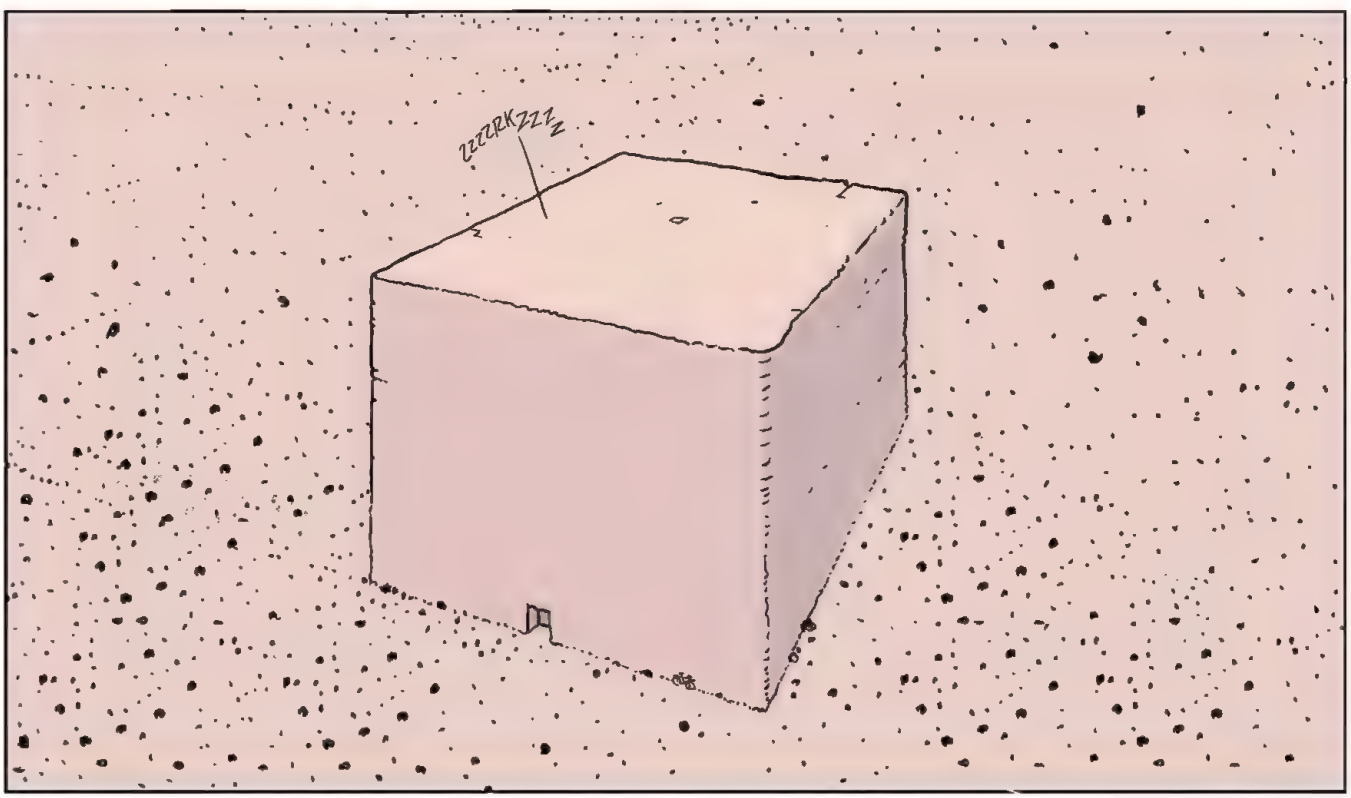
♫!
PAGE 75
PAGE:79
TOK!
TOK
COME IN!
UH...I DON'T MEAN TO DISTURB...
NO! NOT AT ALL! COME TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES.
BY THE SAME AUTHOR
THE ART OF DREAMING

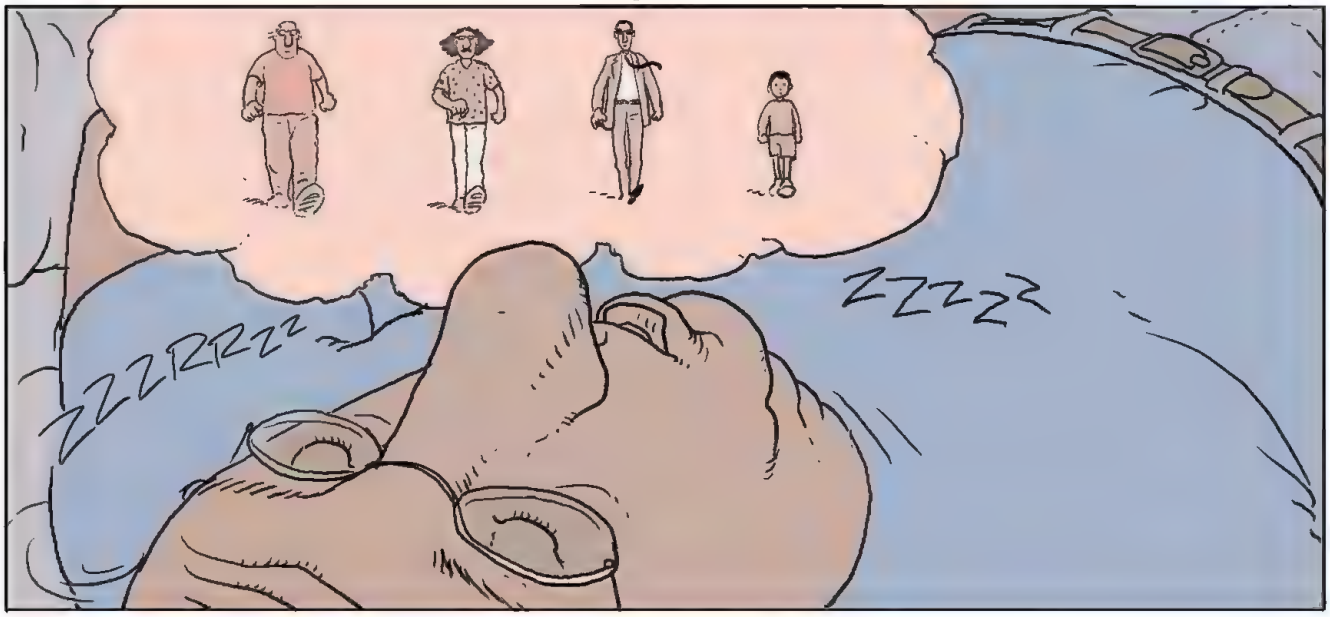

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!
SO? TELL ME!
UM...IT'S KINDA TOUGH...I MEAN, YOUR APPEARANCE IS...UH...WEIRD, YOU KNOW?
UNLESS IT'S THIS COLUMBIAN!

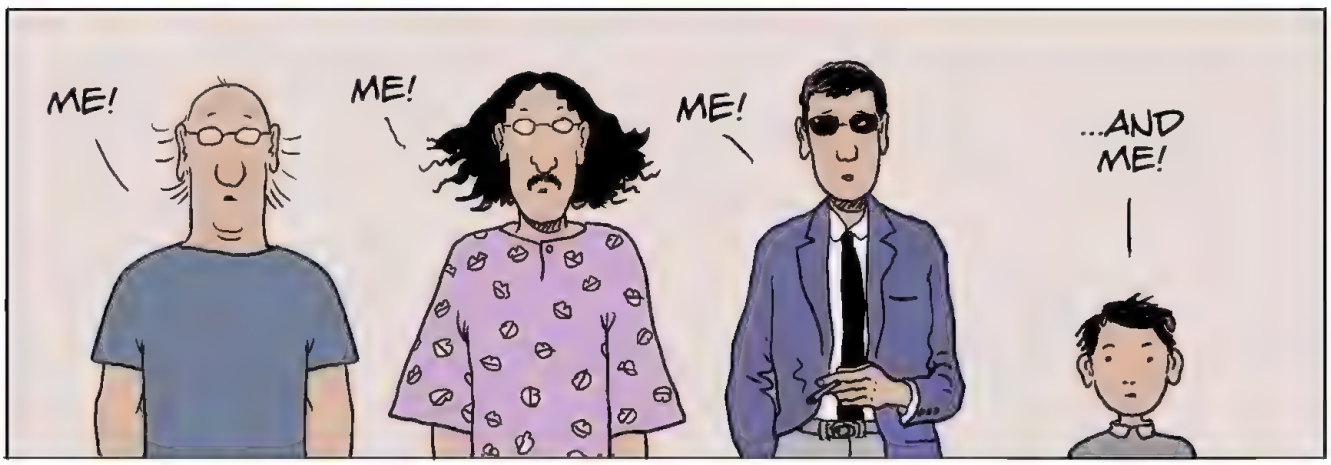

ALL RIGHT, C'MON! GET STARTED! WE'LL SEE HOW IT JIBES WITH CASTANEDA!
TELL ME!
OKAY, SO...I WAS MEDITATING...SETTLED IN PRETTY PEACEFULLY ON A SORT OF CHAIR, AND I WAS SLOWLY EMPTYING MY SELF... WHEN SUDDENLY...
LIKE, REALLY... SUDDENLY!
THE ART OF DREAMING
CARLOS CASTANEDA
MOEBIUS

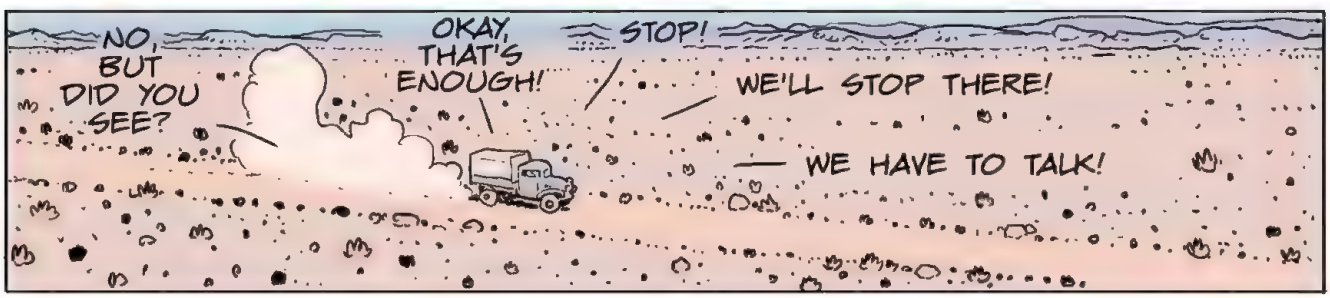

SO... SUDDENLY, I FELL INTO A STRANGE SLEEP, AND THEN INTO A DREAM THAT WAS EQUALLY STRANGE...
I WAS WALKING ALONE...ALL AROUND ME, AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE, WAS A VAST CRYSTAL CITY, UTTERLY TRANSPARENT... AND DESERTED!
AND THEN A LENTICULAR-SHAPED SPACESHIP, OF THE SOFTEST LUMINESCENT BLUE...
...LANDED RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES! AN OPENING MIRACULOUSLY APPEARED ON ITS SIDE, AND ALL AT ONCE THE SLENDER FIGURE OF A DAZZLING EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEAUTY EMERGED...HALOED IN A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN LIGHT! SHE FLOATED TOWARD ME THROUGH THE BALMY AIR...AND I WAS FROZEN IN PLACE, AS IF PARALYZED!
I THEN FELT A SOFT (VERY SOFT) HEAT COME OVER ME... "I'VE CROSSED THE UNIVERSE TO FIND YOU," SHE SAID IN HER CURIOUS TELEPATHIC LANGUAGE! SUDDENLY...
ZZZZ
?!
SUDDENLY...

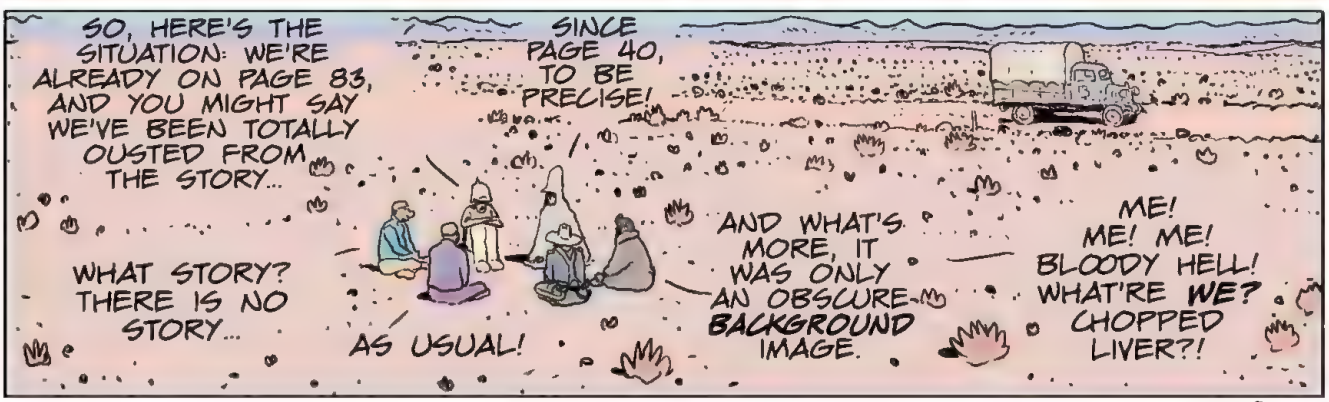

ZZZZRRZZZZ

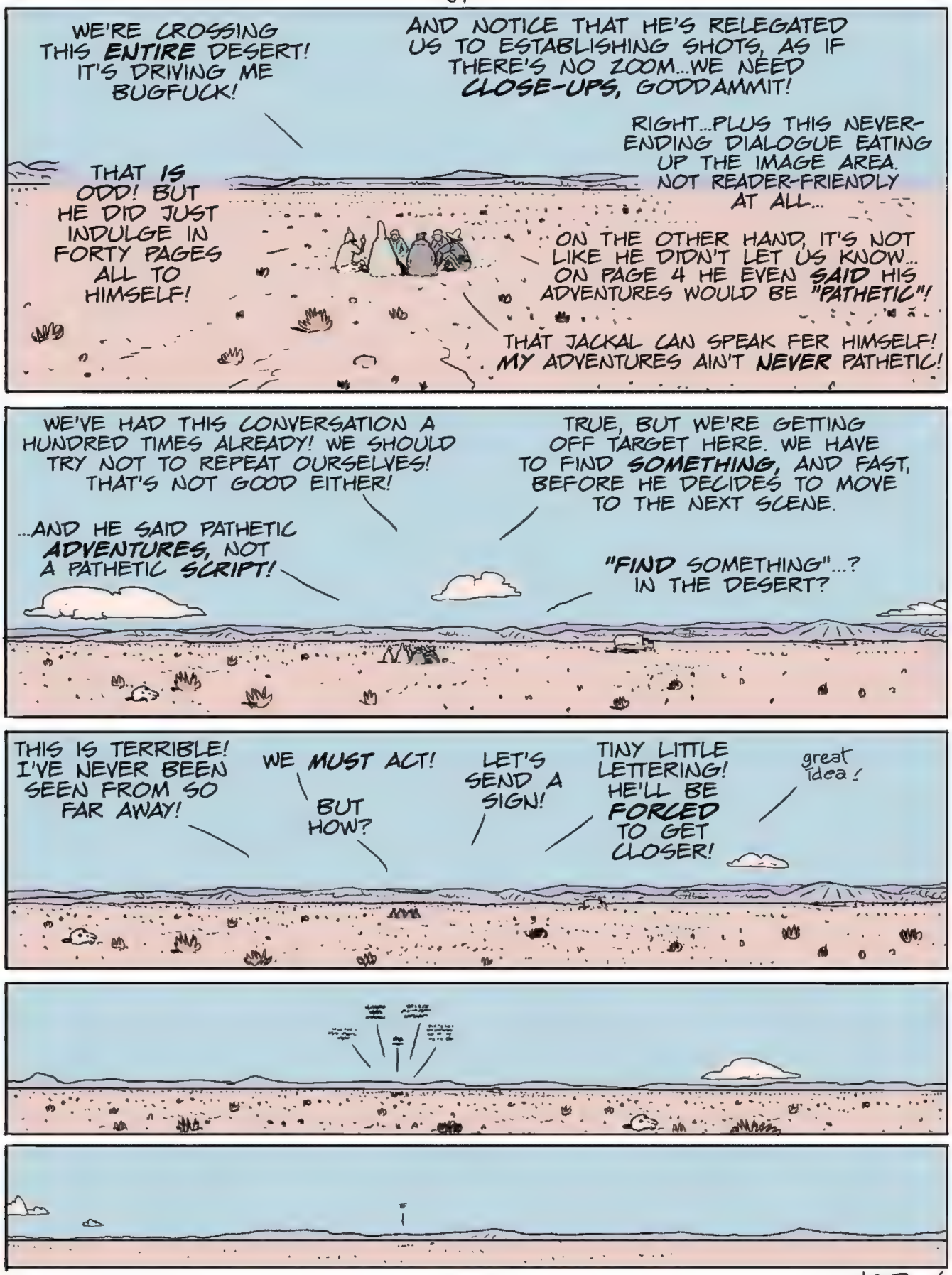

ZZZRKZZZ


ZZZRRZZ
ZZZZZ

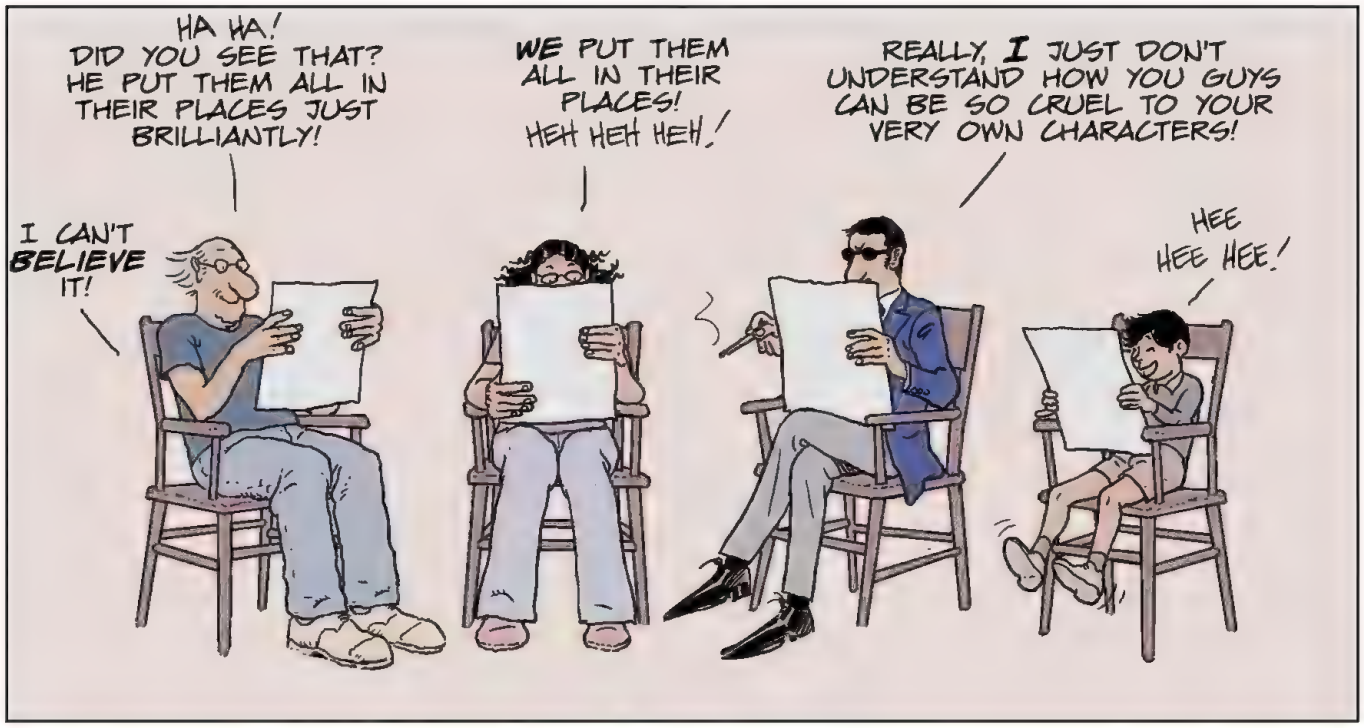

ME!
ME!
ME!
...AND ME!

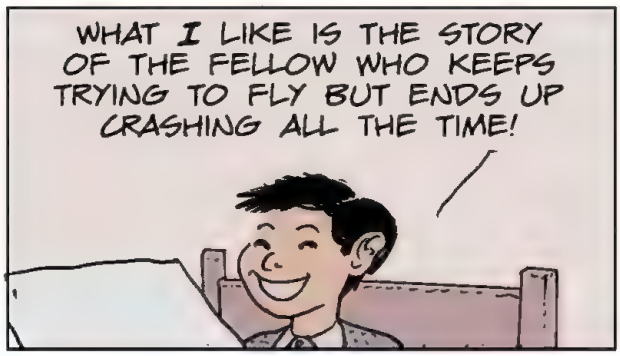

NO, BUT DID YOU SEE?
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH!
STOP!
WE'LL STOP THERE!
WE HAVE TO TALK!

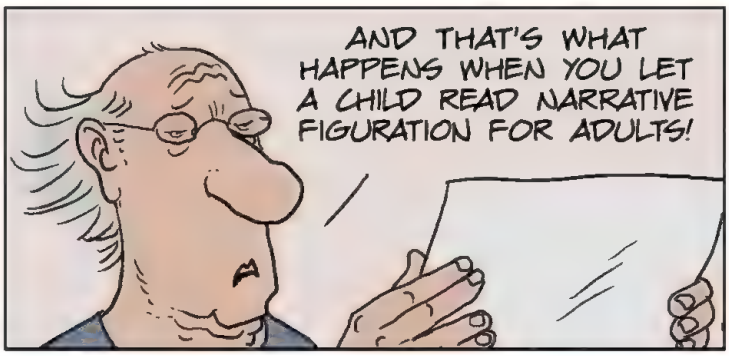

SO, HERE'S THE SITUATION: WE'RE ALREADY ON PAGE 83, AND YOU MIGHT SAY WE'VE BEEN TOTALLY OUSTED FROM THE STORY...
WHAT STORY? THERE IS NO STORY...
SINCE PAGE 40, TO BE PRECISE!
AS USUAL!
AND WHAT'S MORE, IT WAS ONLY AN OBSCURE BACKGROUND IMAGE.
ME! ME! ME! BLOODY HELL! WHAT'RE WE? CHOPPED LIVER?!

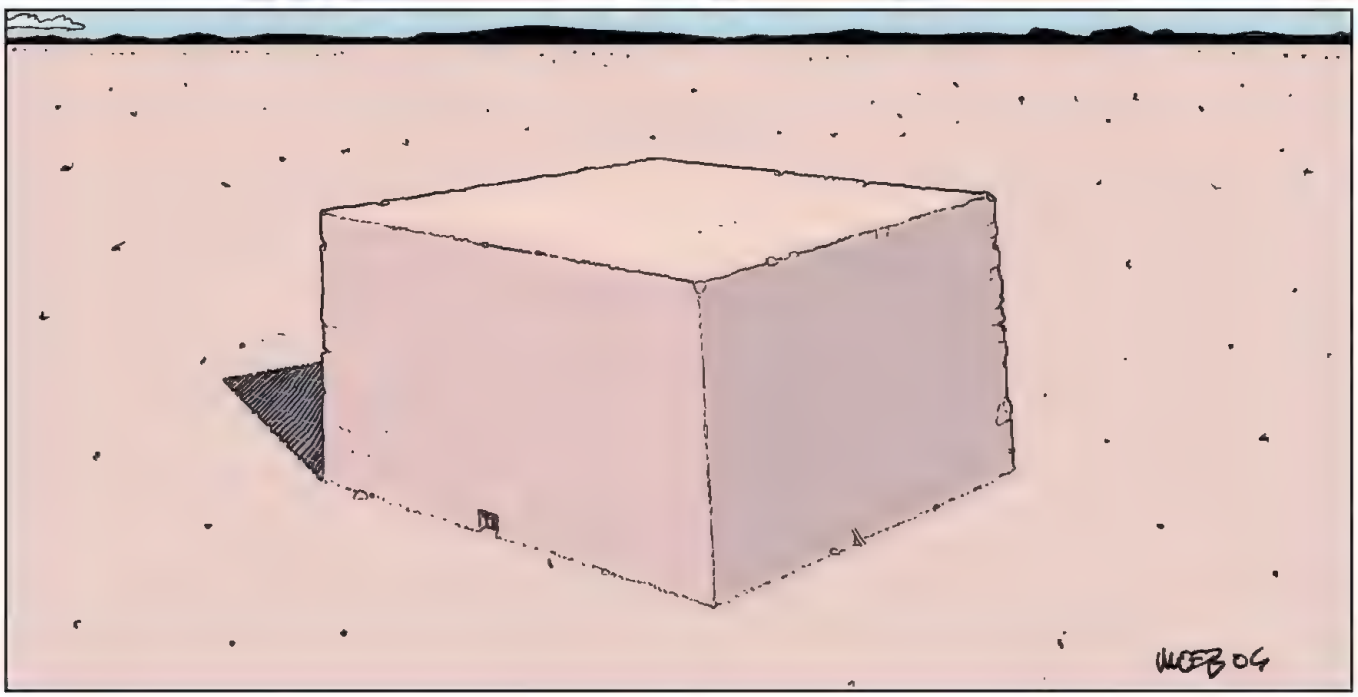

WE'RE CROSSING THIS ENTIRE DESERT! IT'S DRIVING ME BUGFUCK!
AND NOTICE THAT HE'S RELEGATED US TO ESTABLISHING SHOTS, AS IF THERE'S NO ZOOM...WE NEED CLOSE-UPS, GODDAMMIT!
RIGHT...PLUS THIS NEVER-ENDING DIALOGUE EATING UP THE IMAGE AREA. NOT READER-FRIENDLY AT ALL...
THAT IS ODD! BUT HE DID JUST INDULGE IN FORTY PAGES ALL TO HIMSELF!
ON THE OTHER HAND, IT'S NOT LIKE HE DIDN'T LET US KNOW... ON PAGE 4 HE EVEN SAID HIS ADVENTURES WOULD BE "PATHETIC"!
THAT JACKAL CAN SPEAK FER HIMSELF! MY ADVENTURES AIN'T NEVER PATHETIC!
WE'VE HAD THIS CONVERSATION A HUNDRED TIMES ALREADY! WE SHOULD TRY NOT TO REPEAT OURSELVES! THAT'S NOT GOOD EITHER!
TRUE, BUT WE'RE GETTING OFF TARGET HERE. WE HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING, AND FAST, BEFORE HE DECIDES TO MOVE TO THE NEXT SCENE.
...AND HE SAID PATHETIC ADVENTURES, NOT A PATHETIC SCRIPT!
"FIND SOMETHING"...? IN THE DESERT?
THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE NEVER BEEN SEEN FROM SO FAR AWAY!
WE MUST ACT!
BUT HOW?
LET'S SEND A SIGN!
TINY LITTLE LETTERING! HE'LL BE FORCED TO GET CLOSER!
great idea!

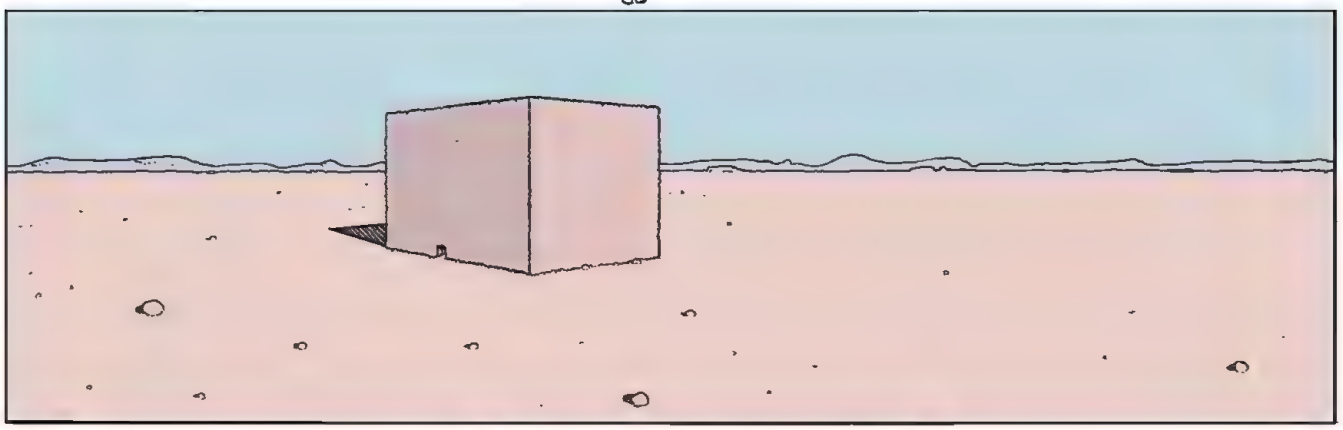
MOEBIUS

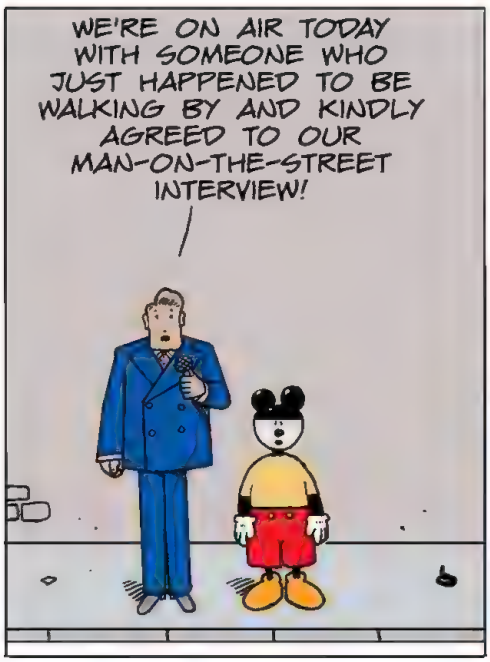

HA HA! DID YOU SEE THAT? HE PUT THEM ALL IN THEIR PLACES JUST BRILLIANTLY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WE PUT THEM ALL IN THEIR PLACES! HEH HEH HEH!
REALLY, I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU GUYS CAN BE SO CRUEL TO YOUR VERY OWN CHARACTERS!
HEE HEE HEE!

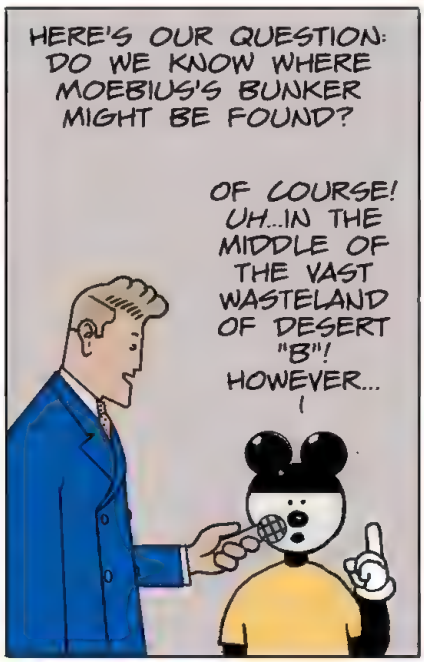

WHAT I LIKE IS THE STORY OF THE FELLOW WHO KEEPS TRYING TO FLY BUT ENDS UP CRASHING ALL THE TIME!

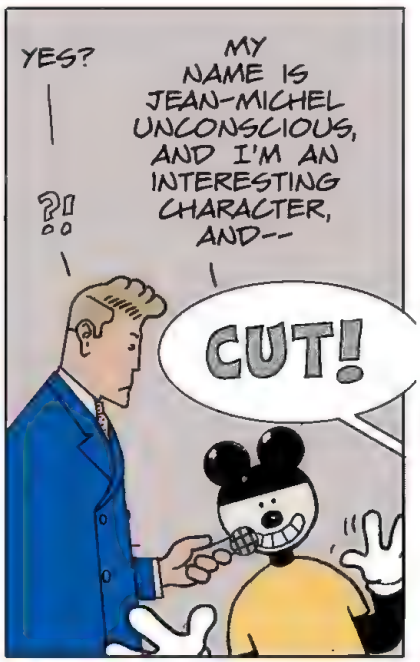

AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LET A CHILD READ NARRATIVE FIGURATION FOR ADULTS!

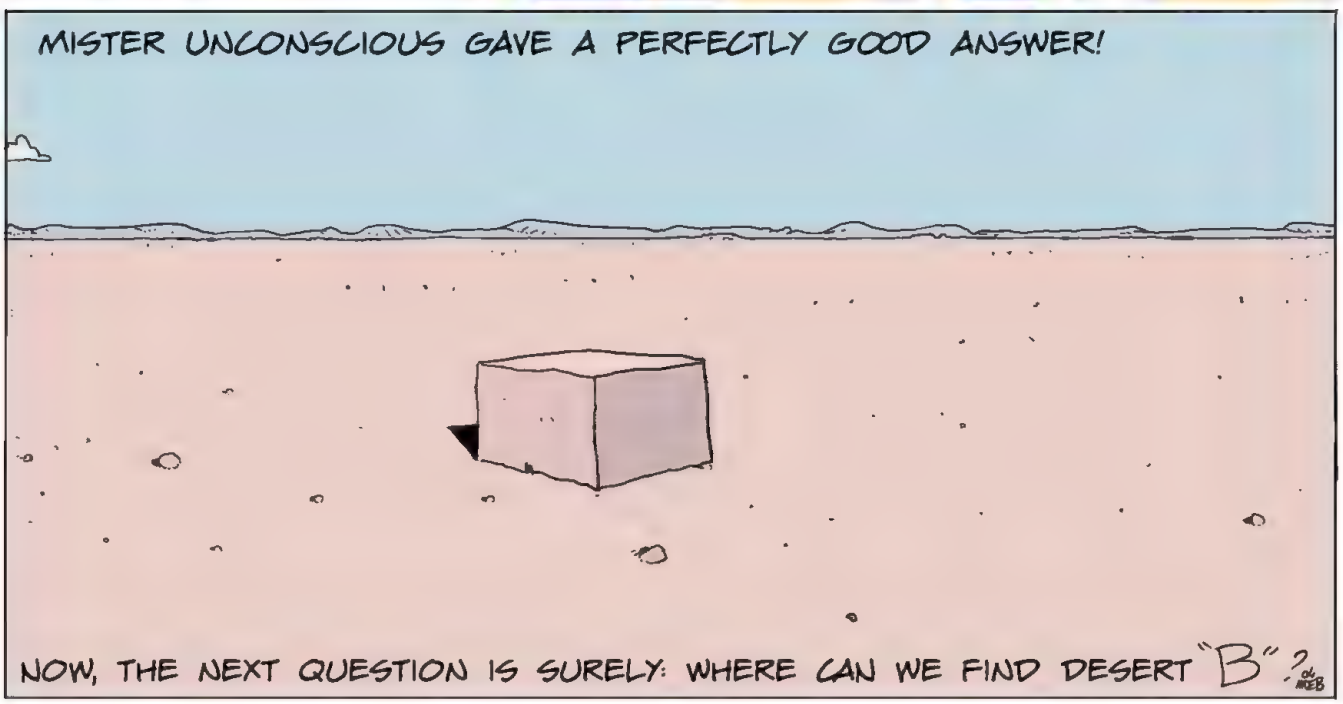

WEBDOG

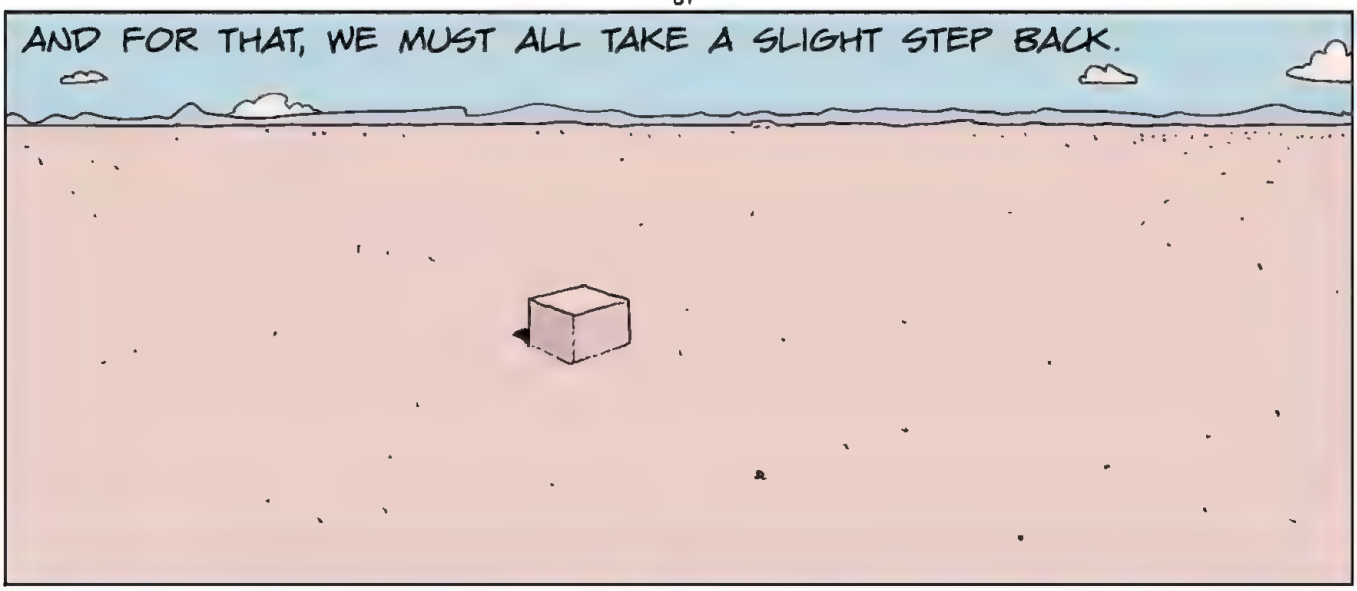


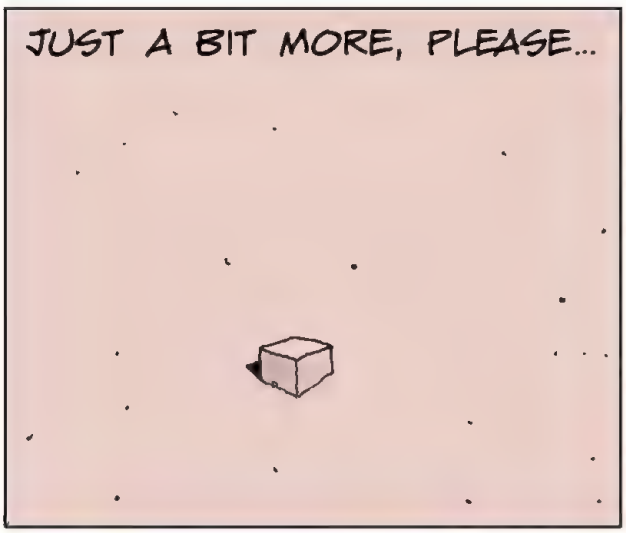

WE'RE ON AIR TODAY WITH SOMEONE WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE WALKING BY AND KINDLY AGREED TO OUR MAN-ON-THE-STREET INTERVIEW!


HERE'S OUR QUESTION: DO WE KNOW WHERE MOEBIUS'S BUNKER MIGHT BE FOUND?
OF COURSE! UH...IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VAST WASTELAND OF DESERT "B"! HOWEVER...

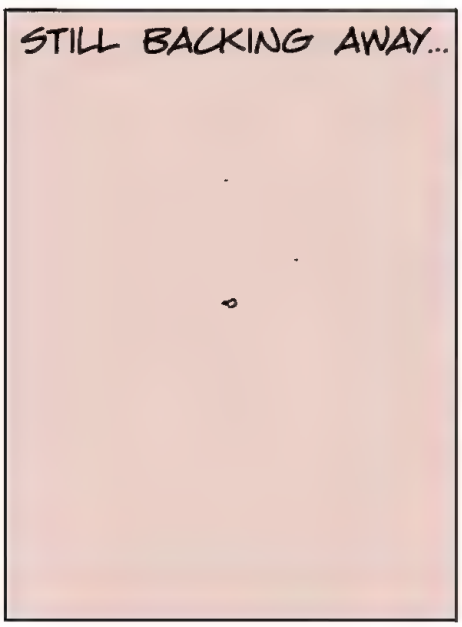

YES?
?!
MY NAME IS JEAN-MICHEL UNCONSCIOUS, AND I'M AN INTERESTING CHARACTER, AND--
CUT!

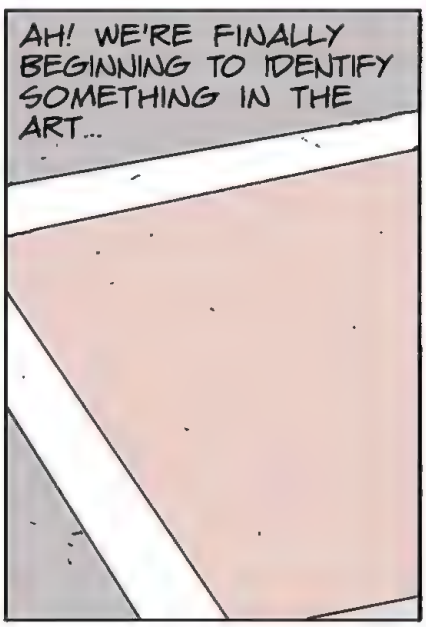

MISTER UNCONSCIOUS GAVE A PERFECTLY GOOD ANSWER!
NOW, THE NEXT QUESTION IS SURELY: WHERE CAN WE FIND DESERT "B"?

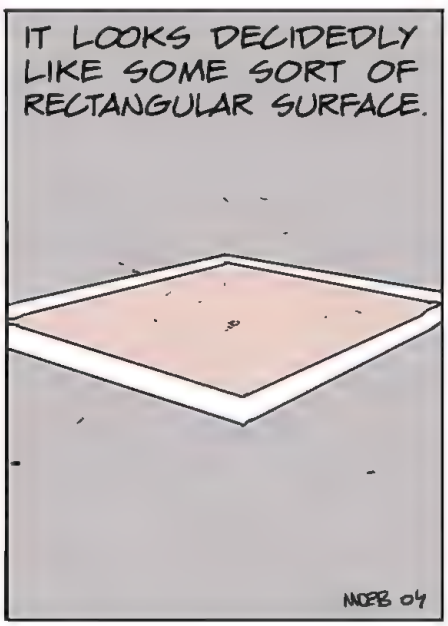

AND FOR THAT, WE MUST ALL TAKE A SLIGHT STEP BACK.

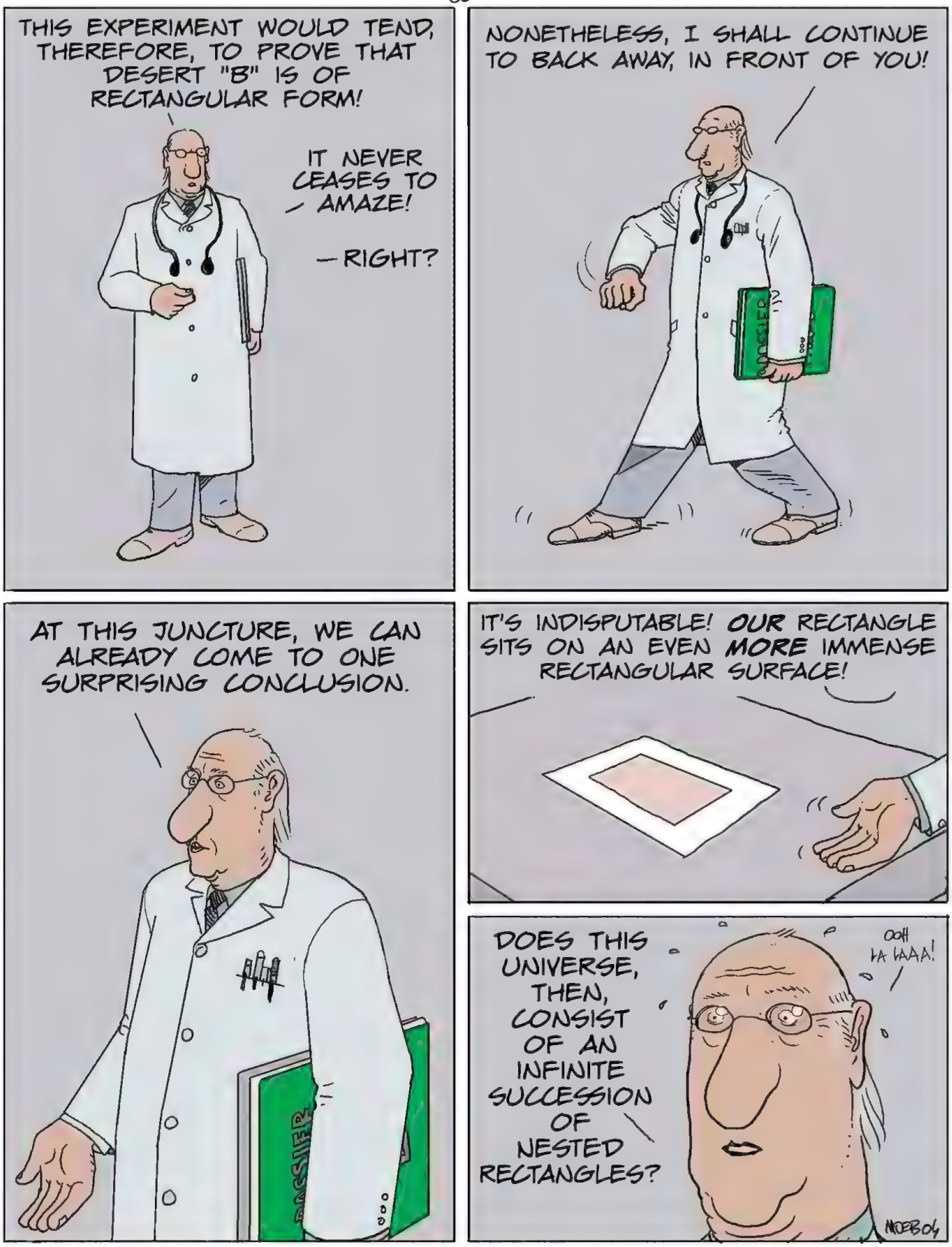

JUST A BIT MORE, PLEASE...

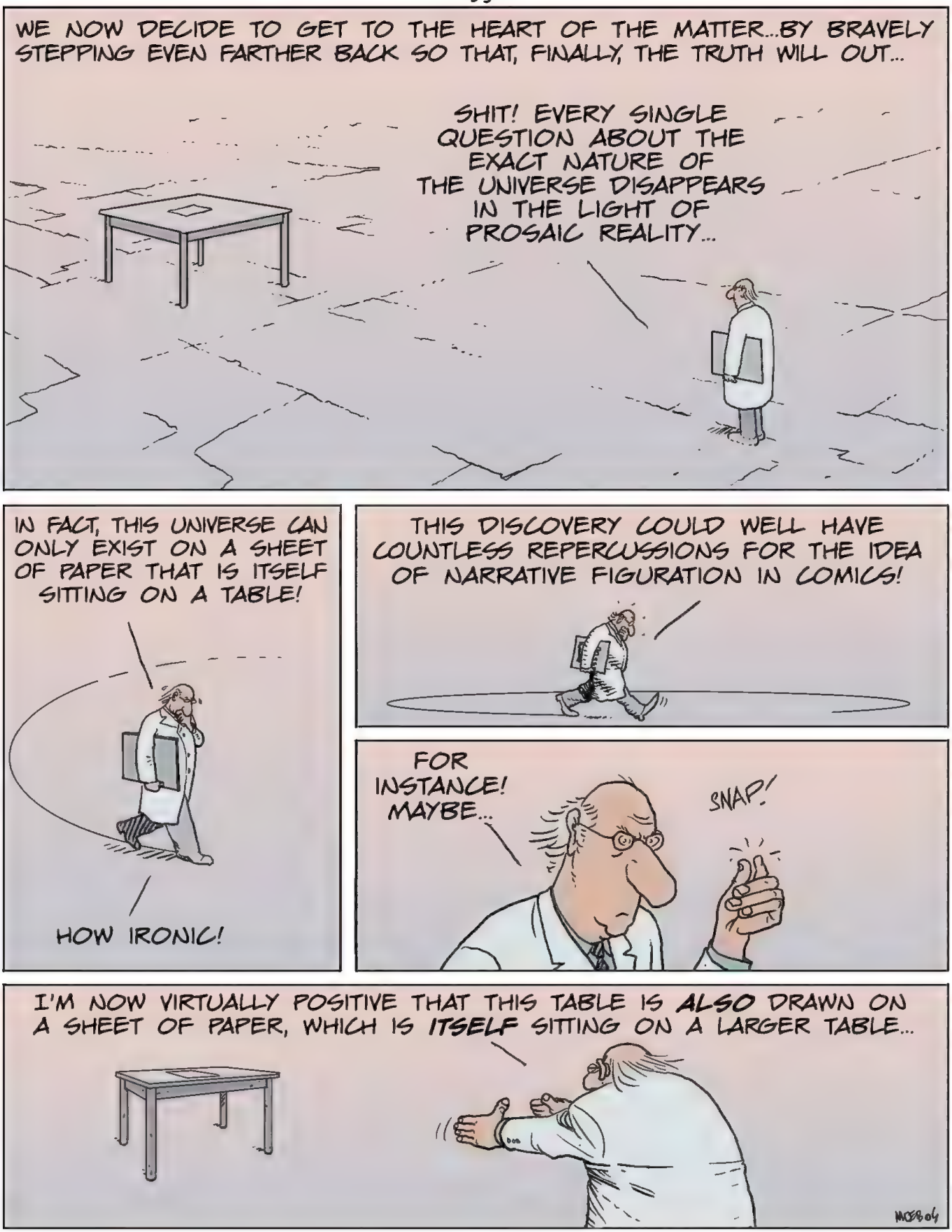
MORE! GO ON! BACK AWAY!

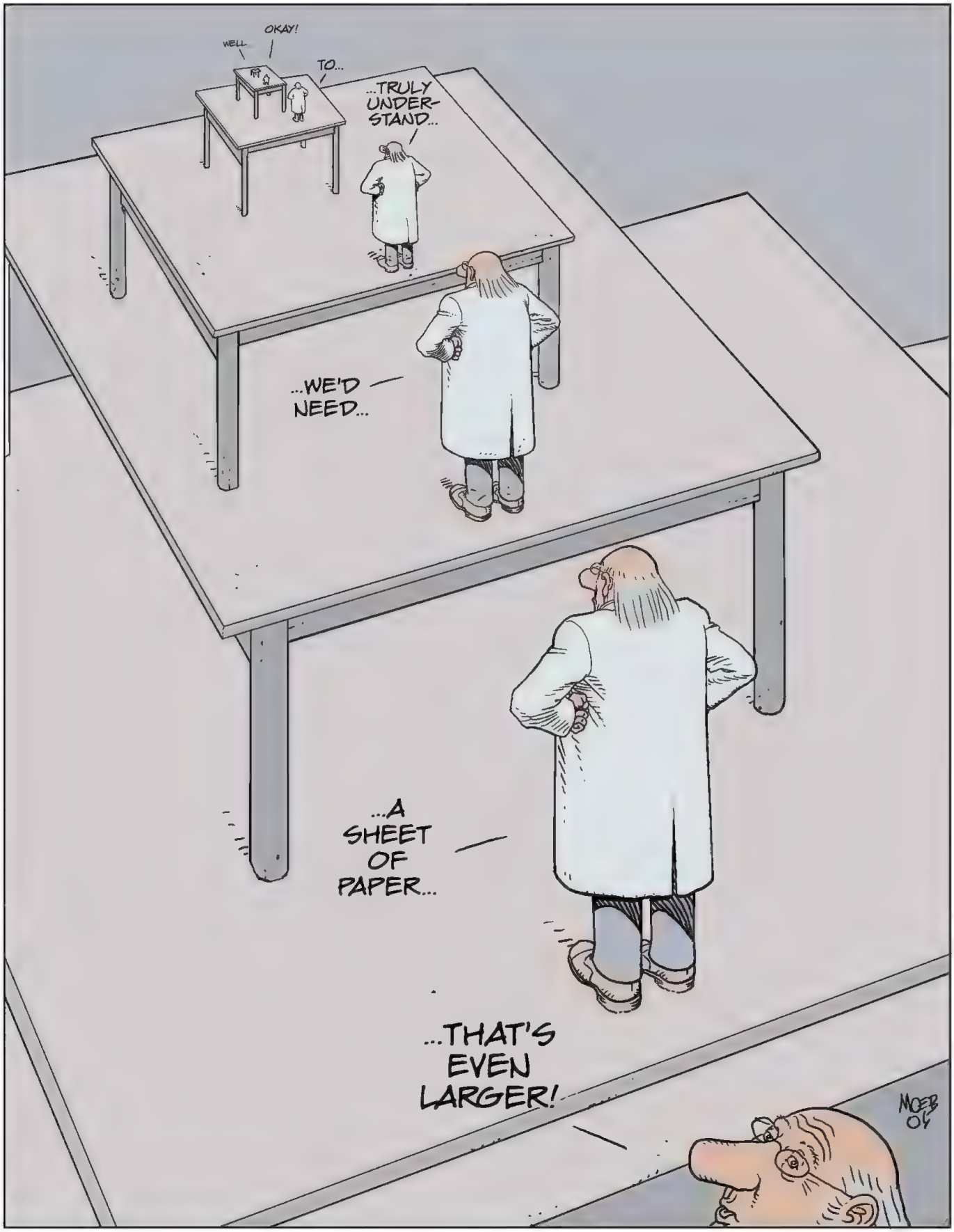

STILL BACKING AWAY...

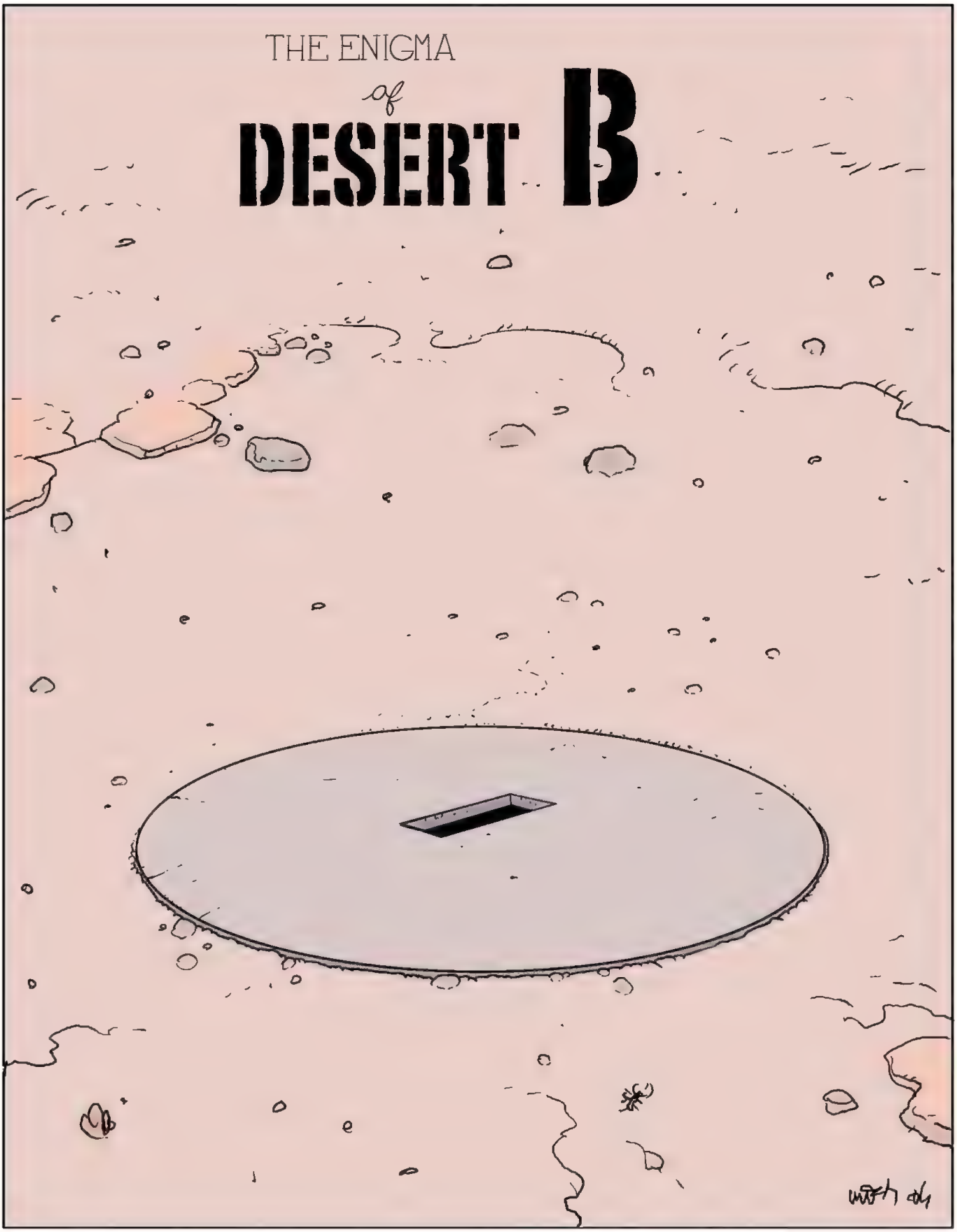

AH! WE'RE FINALLY BEGINNING TO IDENTIFY SOMETHING IN THE ART...

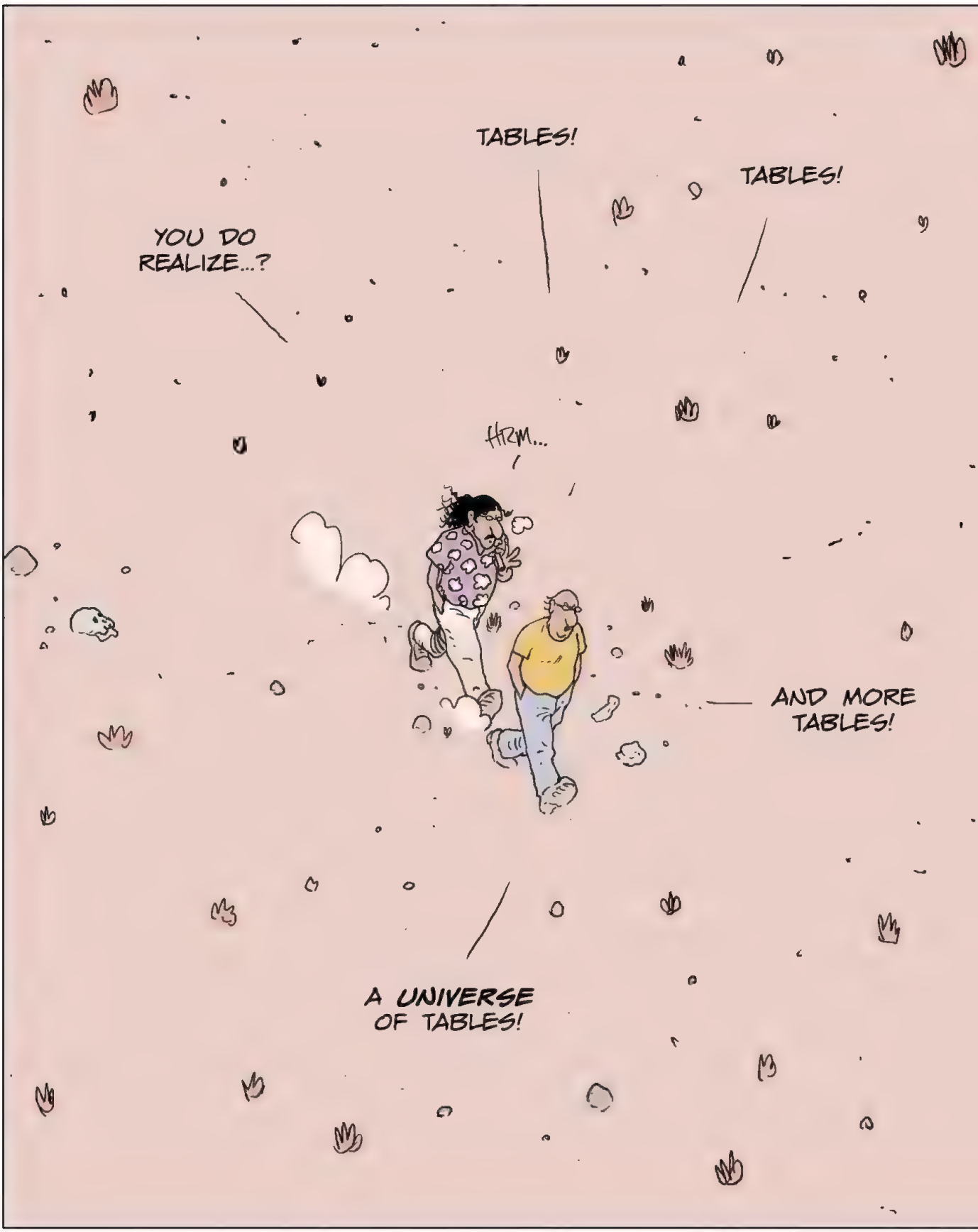

IT LOOKS DECIDEDLY LIKE SOME SORT OF RECTANGULAR SURFACE.
MOBB 04

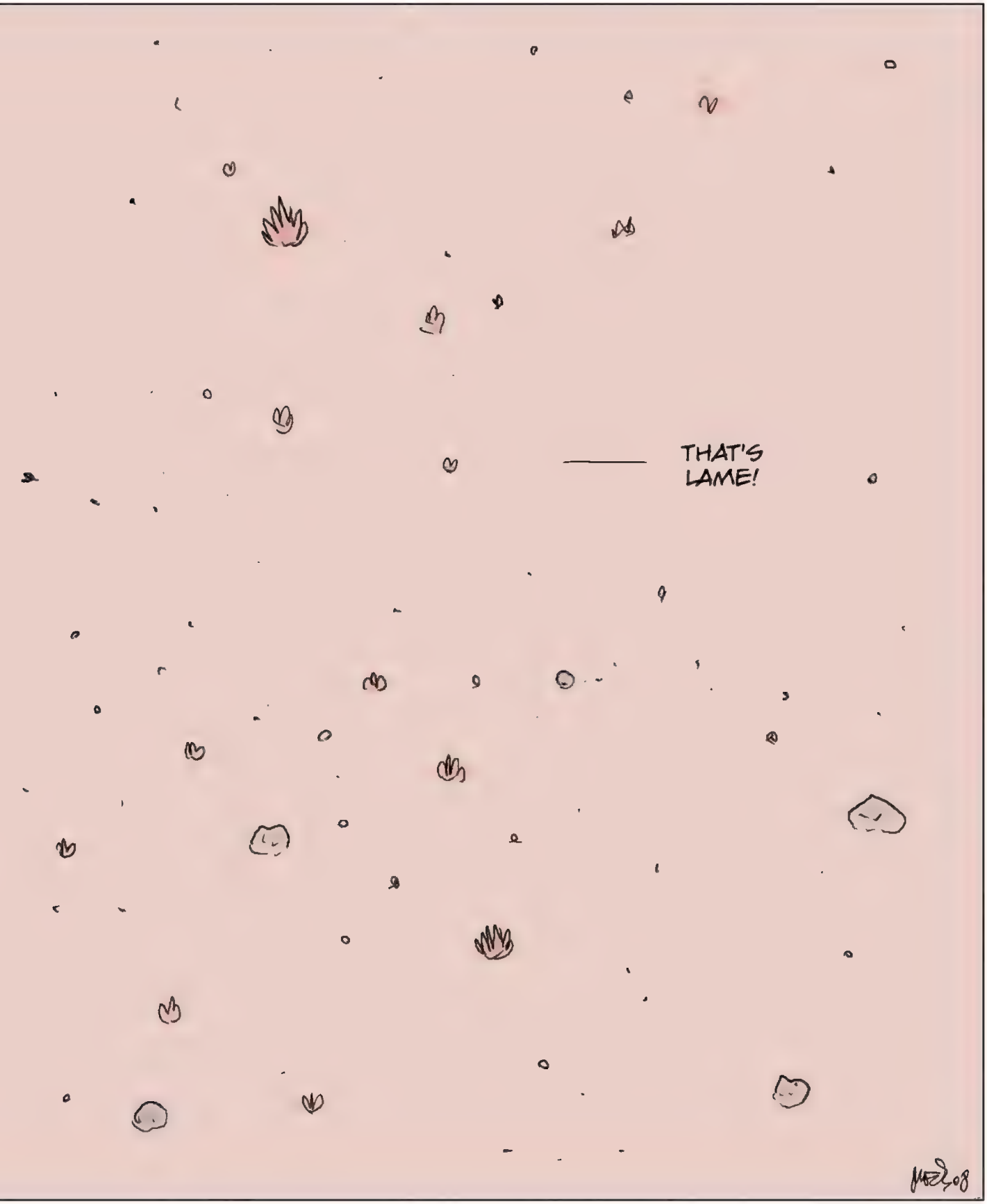

THIS EXPERIMENT WOULD TEND, THEREFORE, TO PROVE THAT DESERT "B" IS OF RECTANGULAR FORM!
IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE!
— RIGHT?
NONETHELESS, I SHALL CONTINUE TO BACK AWAY, IN FRONT OF YOU!
DOSSIER
AT THIS JUNCTURE, WE CAN ALREADY COME TO ONE SURPRISING CONCLUSION.
DOSSIER
IT'S INDISPUTABLE! OUR RECTANGLE SITS ON AN EVEN MORE IMMENSE RECTANGULAR SURFACE!
DOES THIS UNIVERSE, THEN, CONSIST OF AN INFINITE SUCCESSION OF NESTED RECTANGLES?
OOH LA LAAA!
MOEBIUS

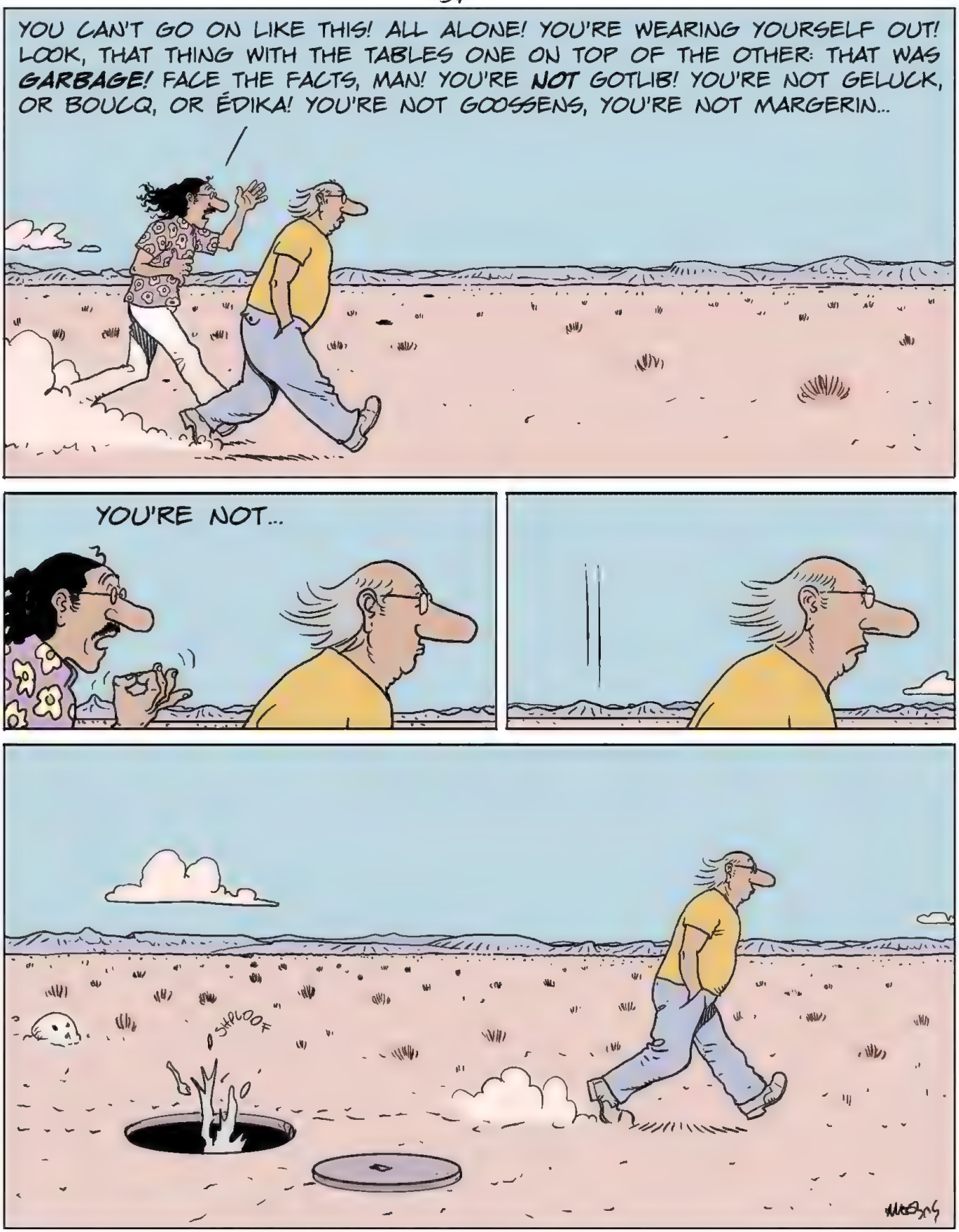

WE NOW DECIDE TO GET TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER...BY BRAVELY STEPPING EVEN FARTHER BACK SO THAT, FINALLY, THE TRUTH WILL OUT...
SHIT! EVERY SINGLE QUESTION ABOUT THE EXACT NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE DISAPPEARS IN THE LIGHT OF PROSAIC REALITY...
IN FACT, THIS UNIVERSE CAN ONLY EXIST ON A SHEET OF PAPER THAT IS ITSELF SITTING ON A TABLE!
HOW IRONIC!
THIS DISCOVERY COULD WELL HAVE COUNTLESS REPERCUSSIONS FOR THE IDEA OF NARRATIVE FIGURATION IN COMICS!
FOR INSTANCE! MAYBE...
SNAP!
I'M NOW VIRTUALLY POSITIVE THAT THIS TABLE IS ALSO DRAWN ON A SHEET OF PAPER, WHICH IS ITSELF SITTING ON A LARGER TABLE...


WELL
OKAY!
TO...
...TRULY UNDER-STAND...
...WE'D NEED...
...A SHEET OF PAPER...
...THAT'S EVEN LARGER!
MOEB 04

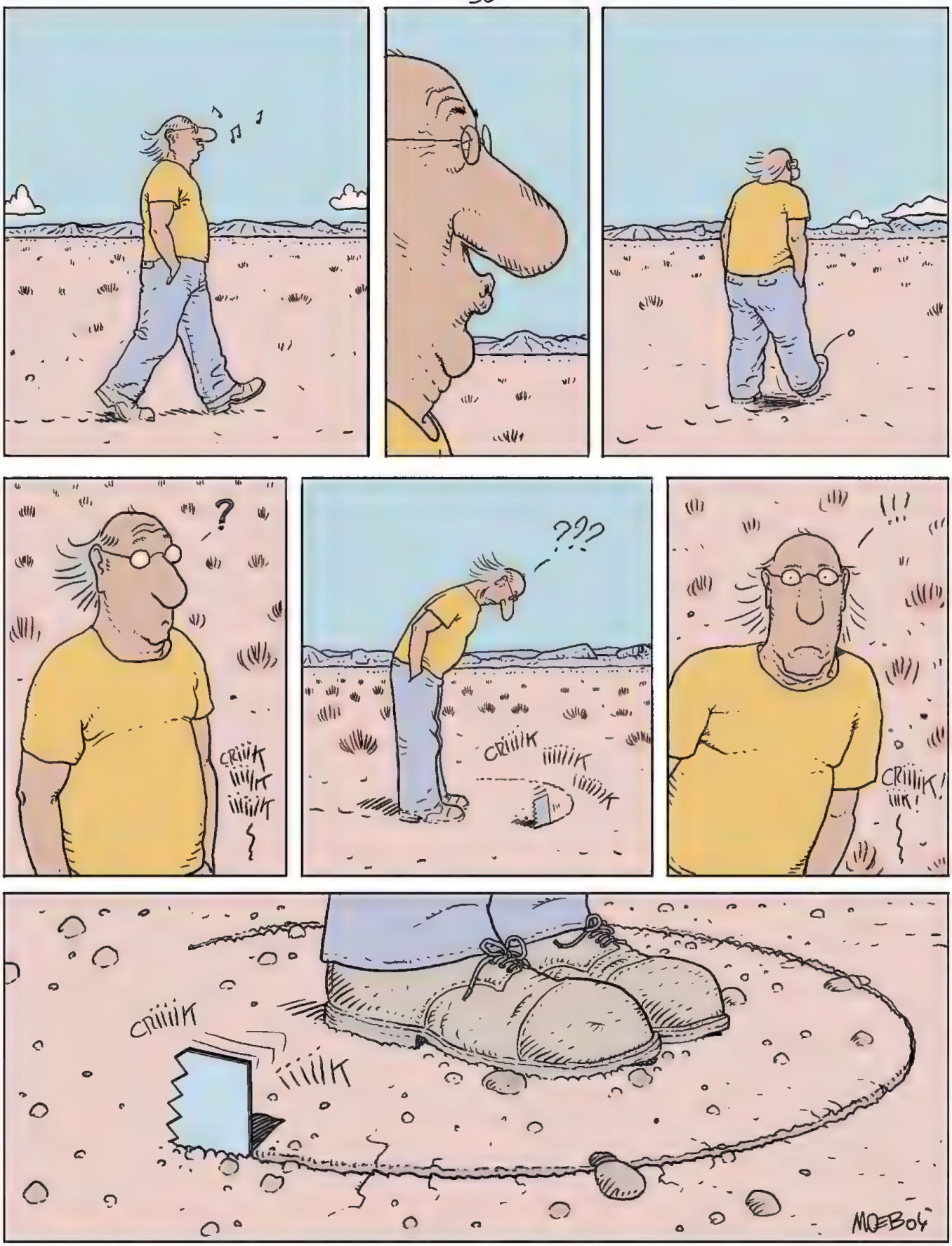

THE ENIGMA
of
DESERT B

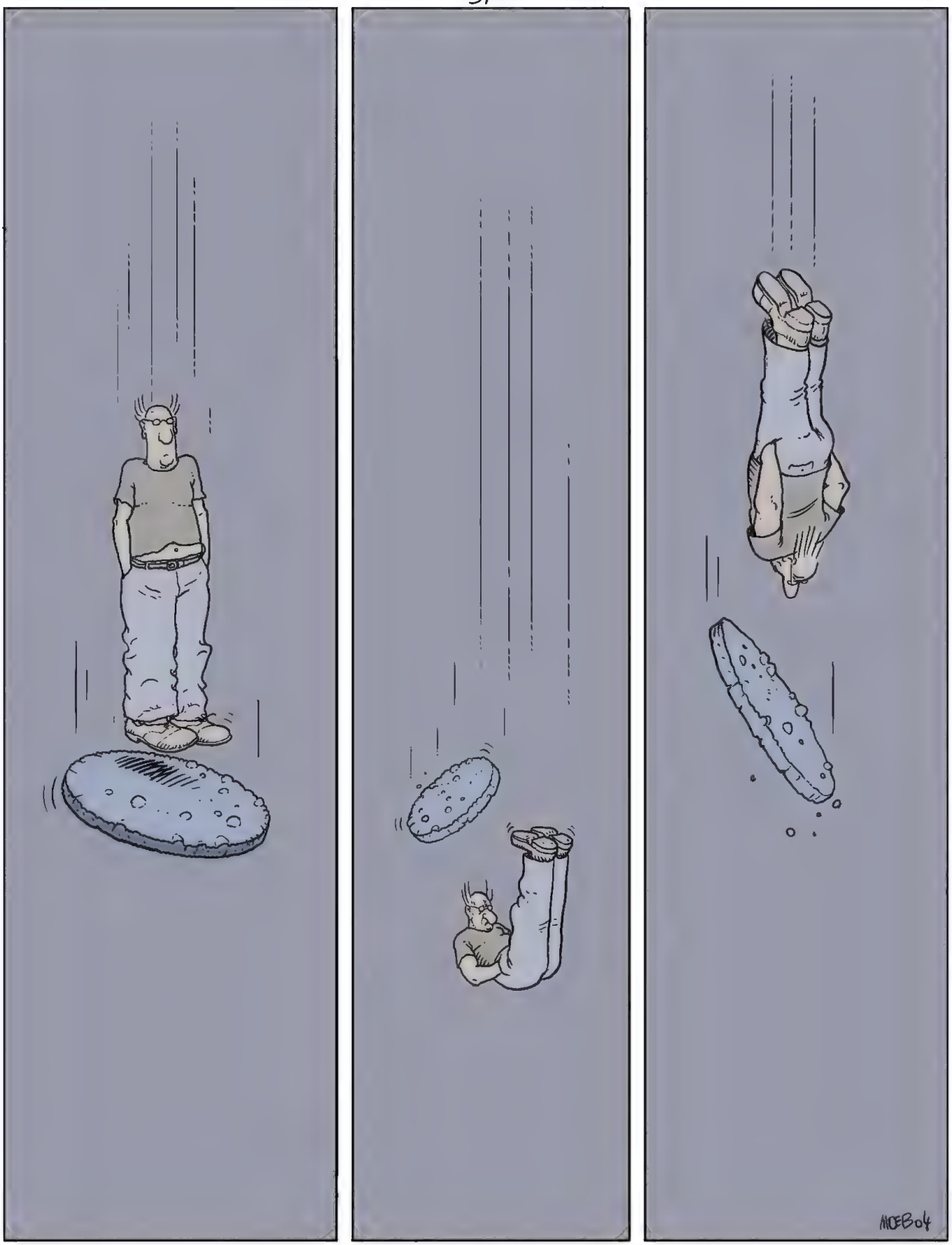

TABLES!
TABLES!
YOU DO REALIZE...?
HRM...
AND MORE TABLES!
A UNIVERSE OF TABLES!


THAT'S LAME!

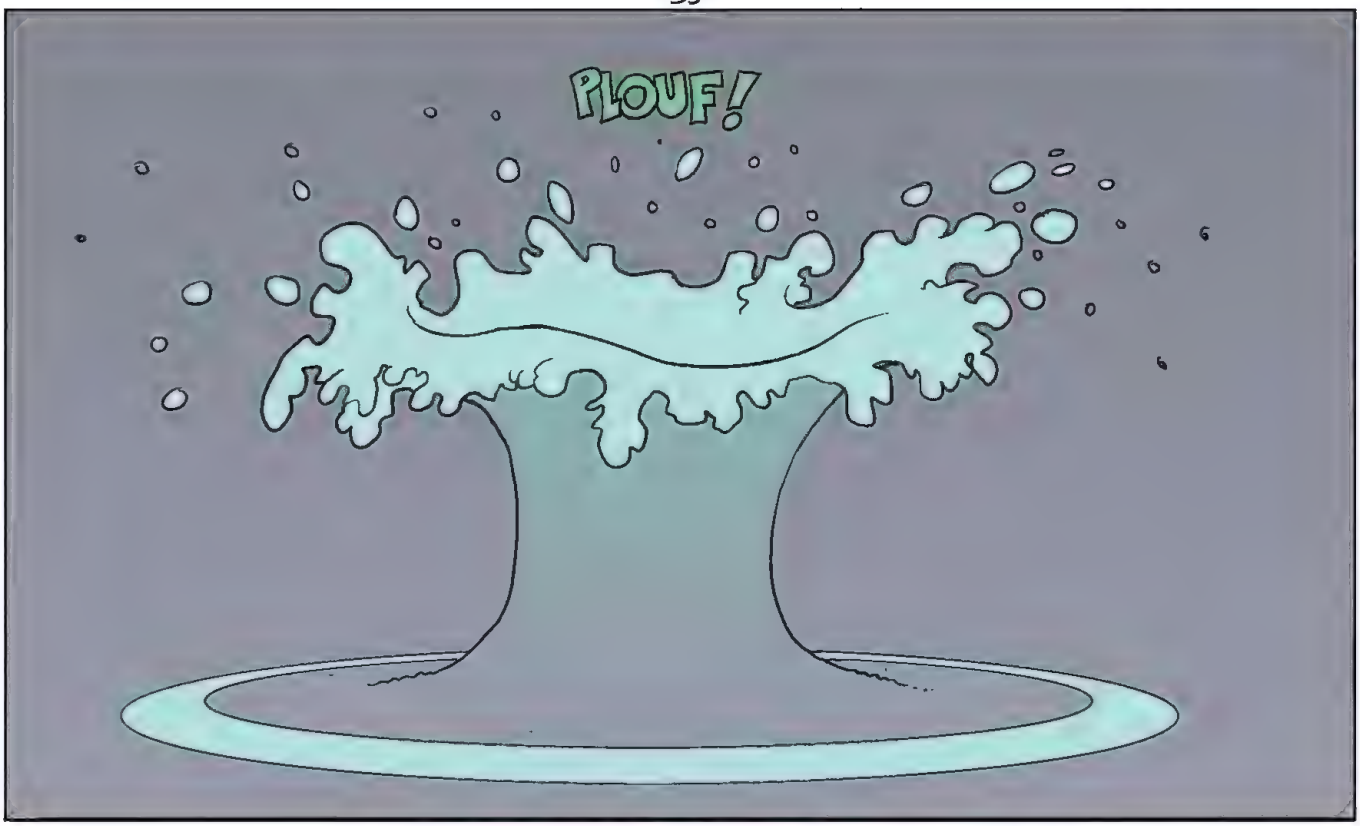

YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! ALL ALONE! YOU'RE WEARING YOURSELF OUT! LOOK, THAT THING WITH THE TABLES ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER: THAT WAS GARBAGE! FACE THE FACTS, MAN! YOU'RE NOT GOTLIB! YOU'RE NOT GELUCK, OR BOUCQ, OR ÉDIKA! YOU'RE NOT GOOSSENS, YOU'RE NOT MARGERIN...
YOU'RE NOT...
SHPLOOF

YOU'RE NOT FUNNY!
MOEBOY

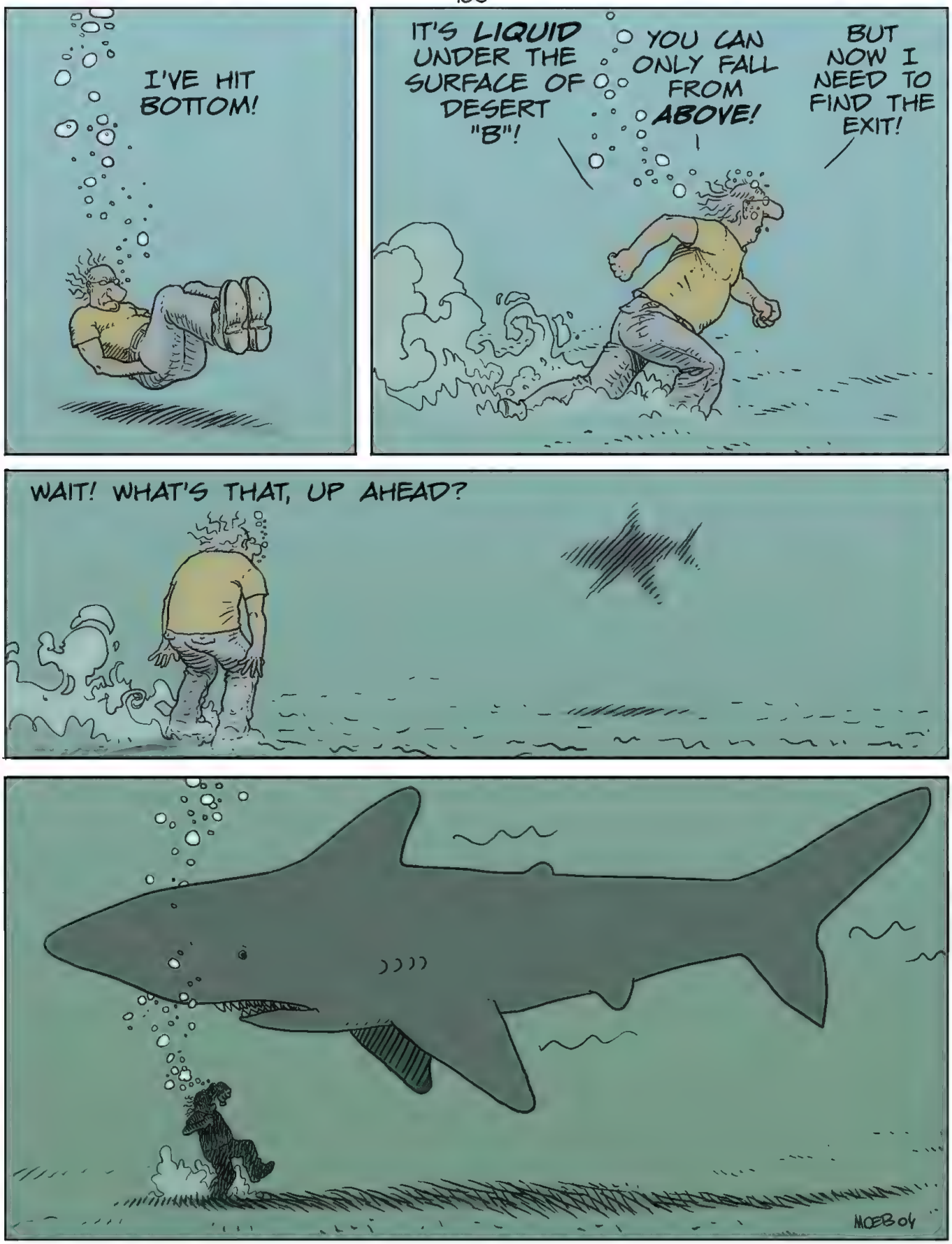

?
CRIIIK
IIIIK
IIIIK
?!?
CRIIIK
IIIIK
IIIIK
!!!
CRIIIK!
IIIK!
CRIIIK
IIIIK
MOEBIUS

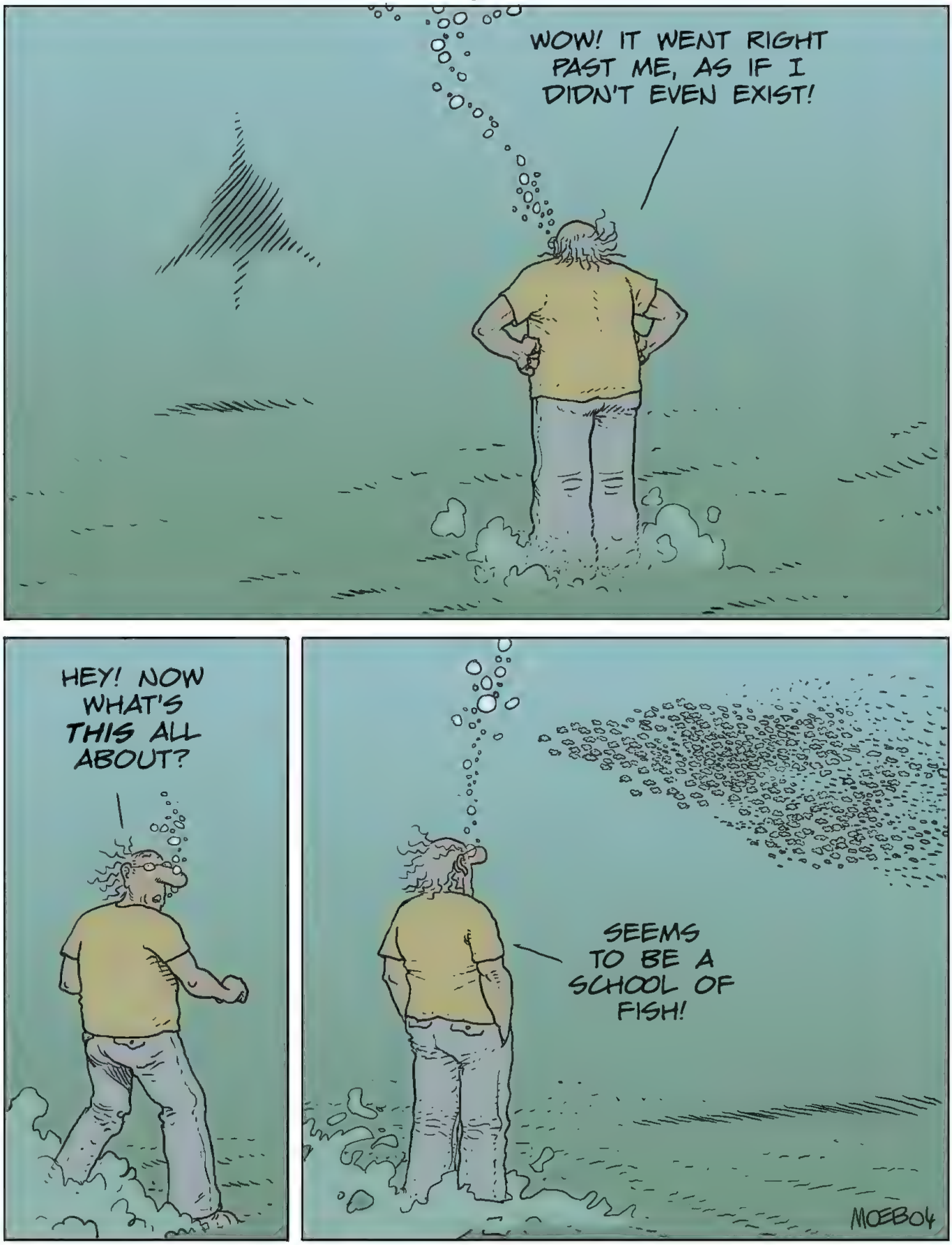

MOEBIUS

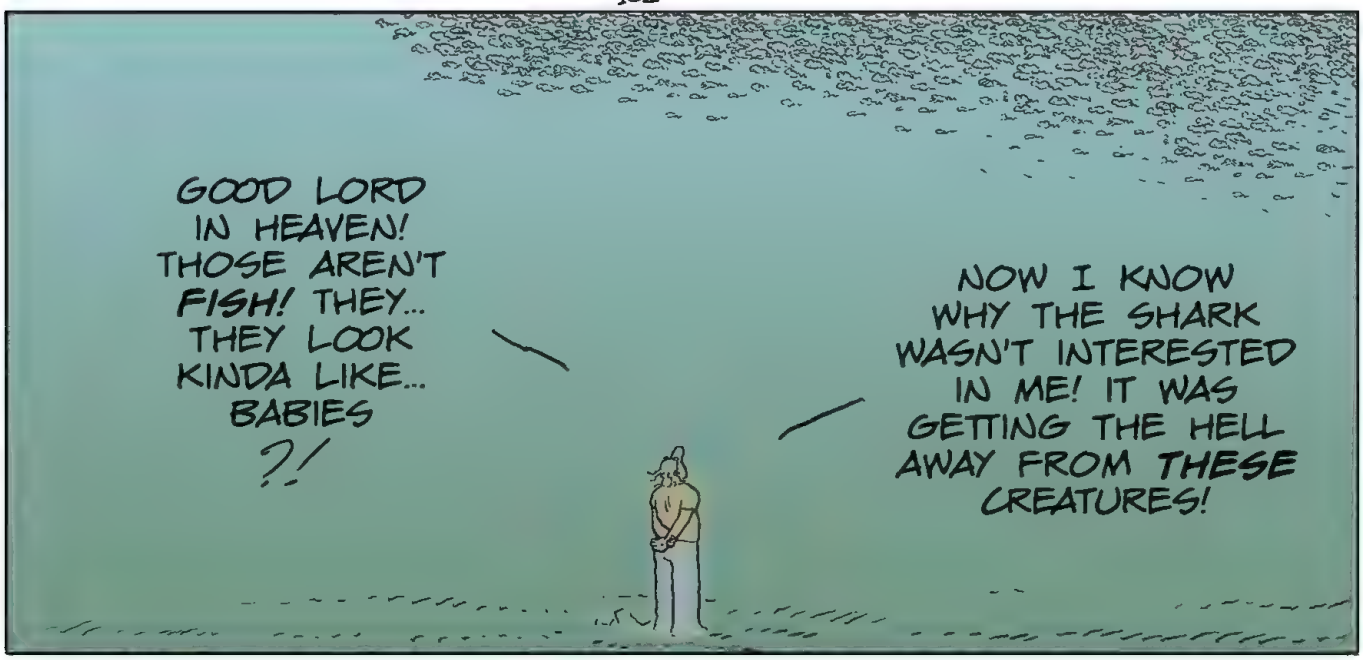
...NOT FUNNY AT ALL!
MOEBIUS

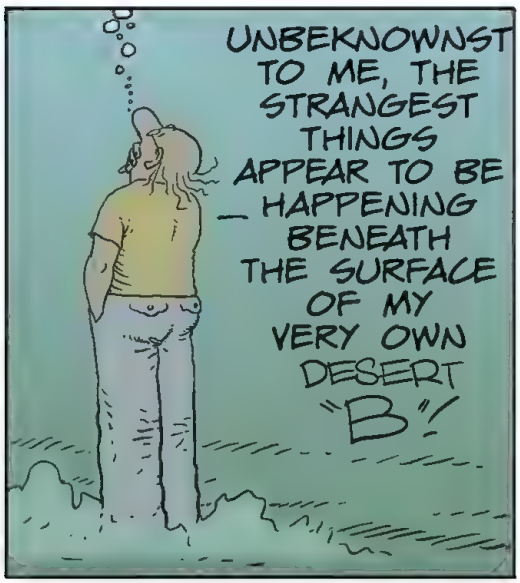

PLOUF!

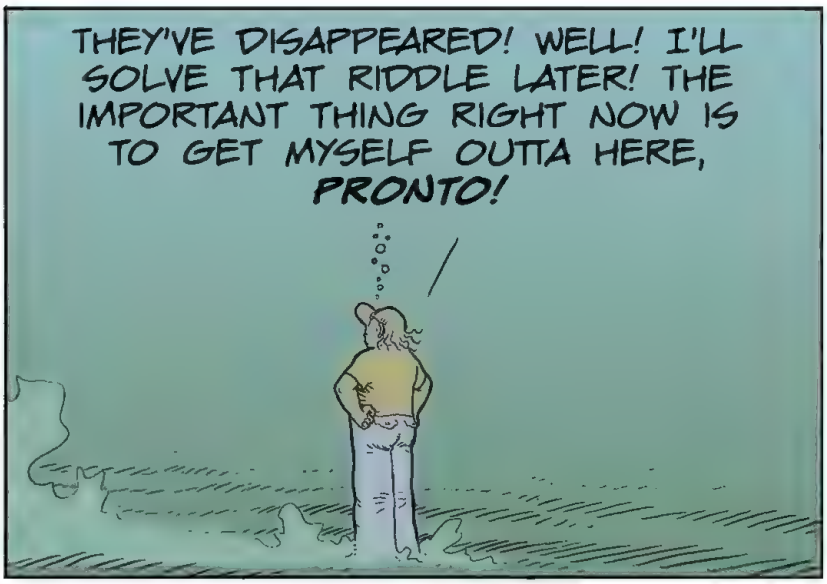
THAT'S IT!
I'M SUNK.
MOEB 04


I'VE HIT BOTTOM!
IT'S LIQUID UNDER THE SURFACE OF DESERT "B"!
YOU CAN ONLY FALL FROM ABOVE!
BUT NOW I NEED TO FIND THE EXIT!
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT, UP AHEAD?
MOEBIUS

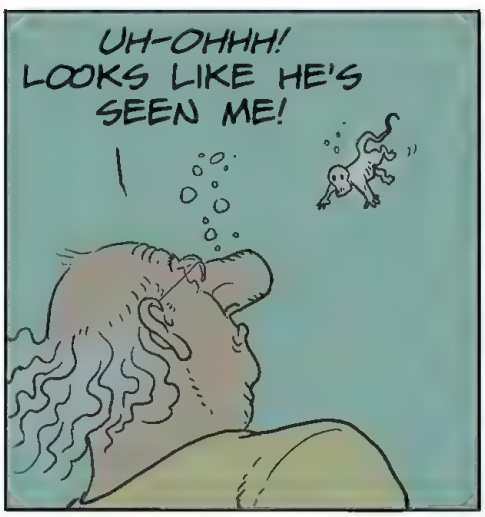

WOW! IT WENT RIGHT PAST ME, AS IF I DIDN'T EVEN EXIST!
HEY! NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
SEEMS TO BE A SCHOOL OF FISH!
MOEBIUS


GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN! THOSE AREN'T FISH! THEY... THEY LOOK KINDA LIKE... BABIES ?!
NOW I KNOW WHY THE SHARK WASN'T INTERESTED IN ME! IT WAS GETTING THE HELL AWAY FROM THESE CREATURES!

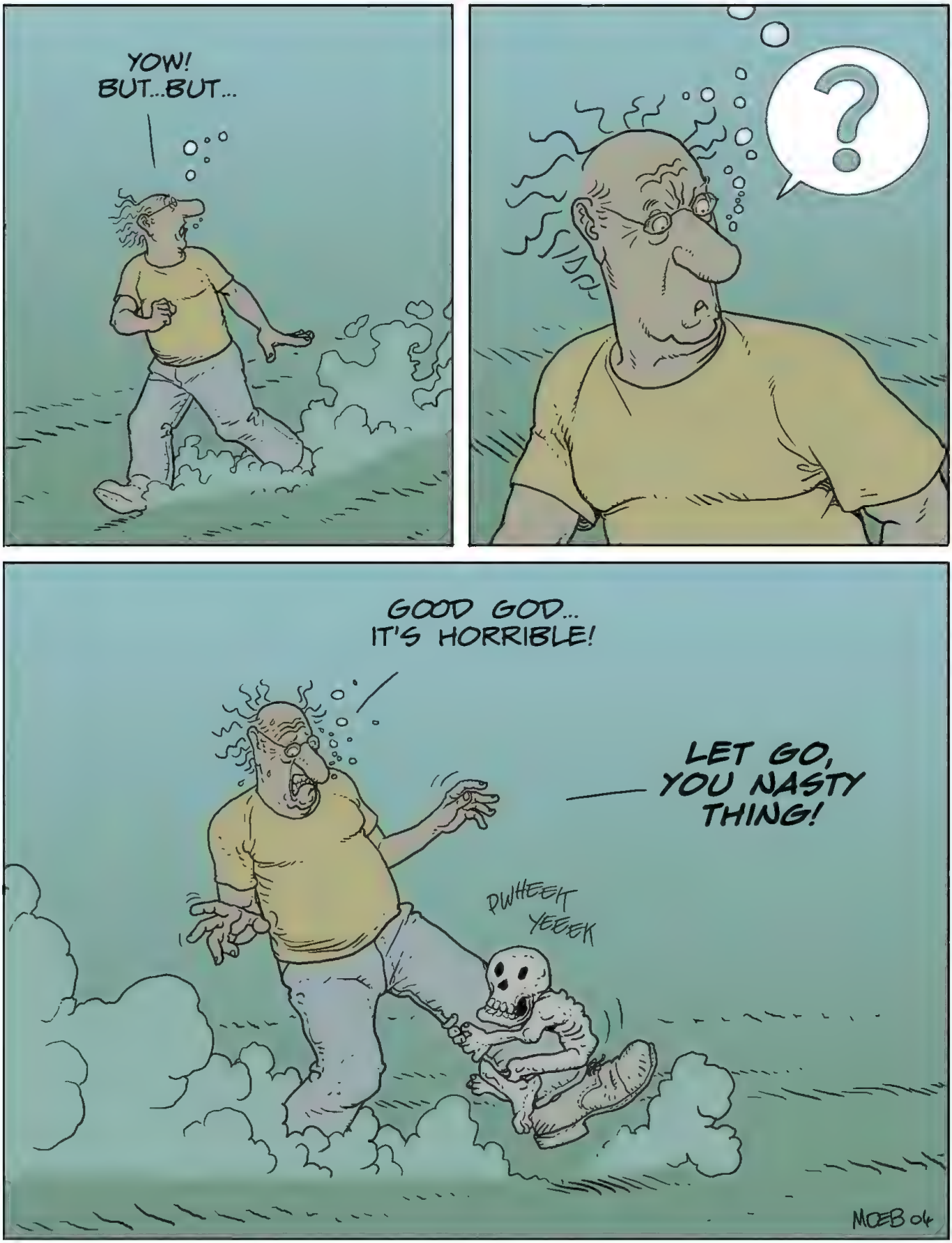

UNBEKNOWNST TO ME, THE STRANGEST THINGS APPEAR TO BE HAPPENING BENEATH THE SURFACE OF MY VERY OWN DESERT "B"!


THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! WELL! I'LL SOLVE THAT RIDDLE LATER! THE IMPORTANT THING RIGHT NOW IS TO GET MYSELF OUTTA HERE, PRONTO!

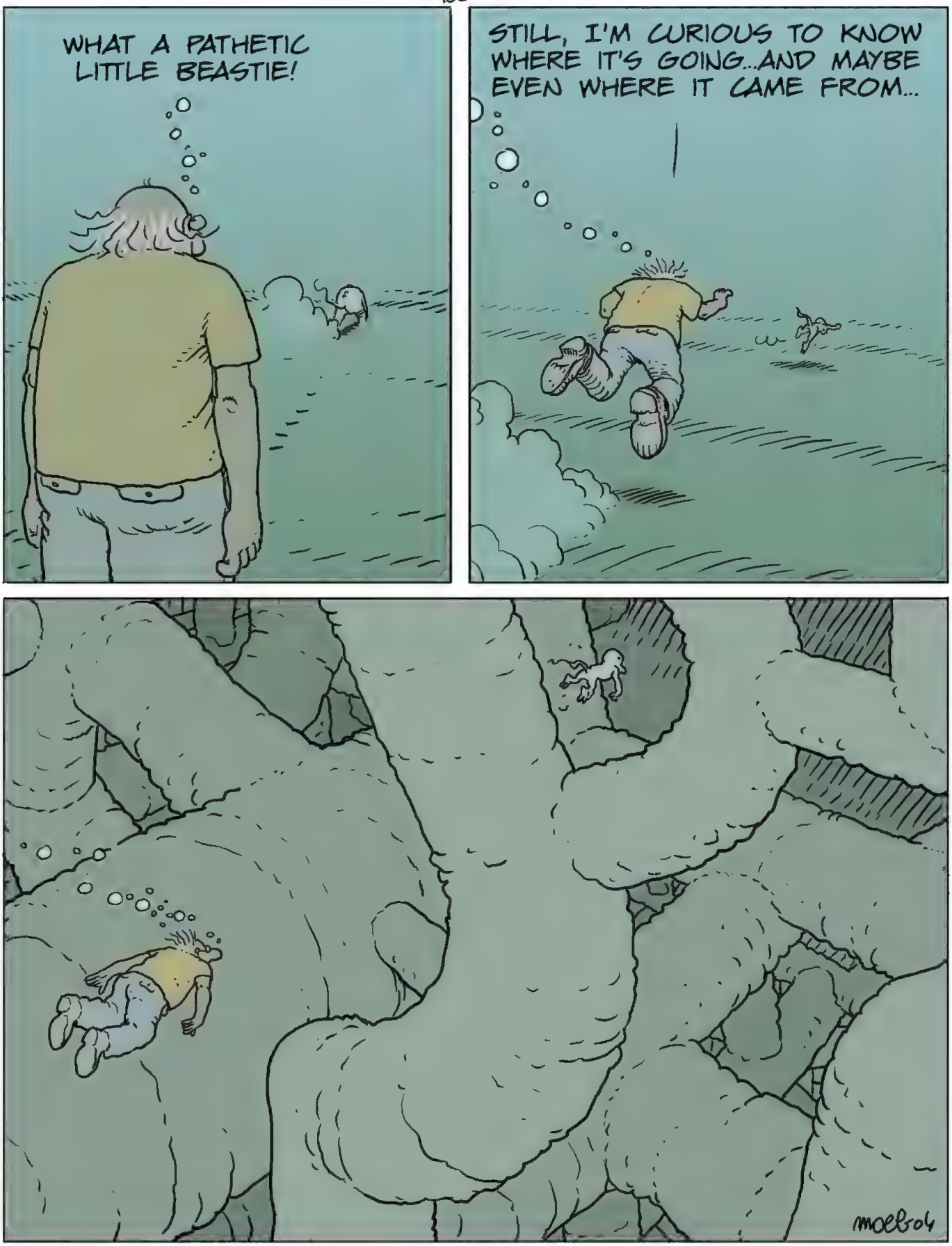
OH! THERE'S A STRAGGLER!

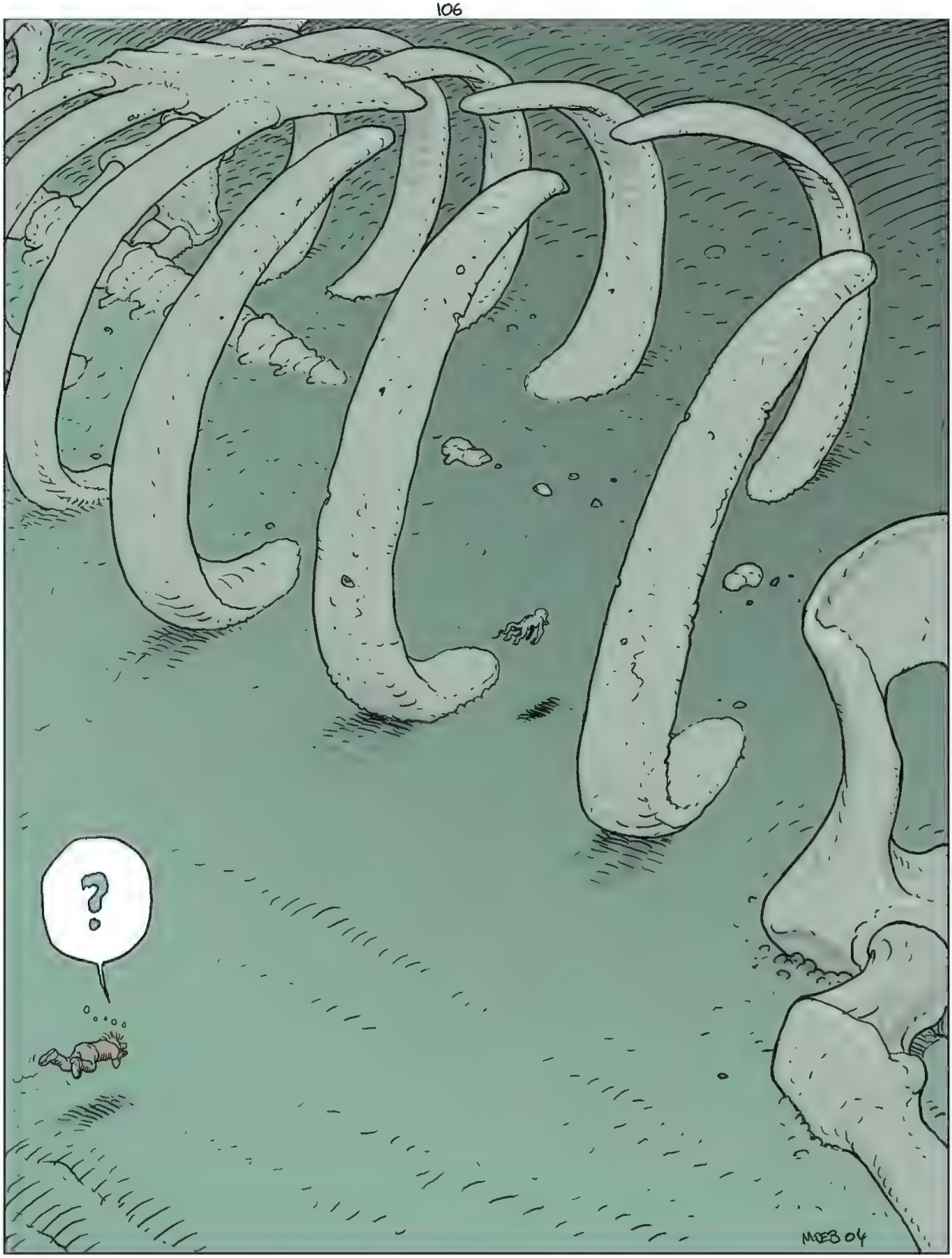

UH-OHHH! LOOKS LIKE HE'S SEEN ME!

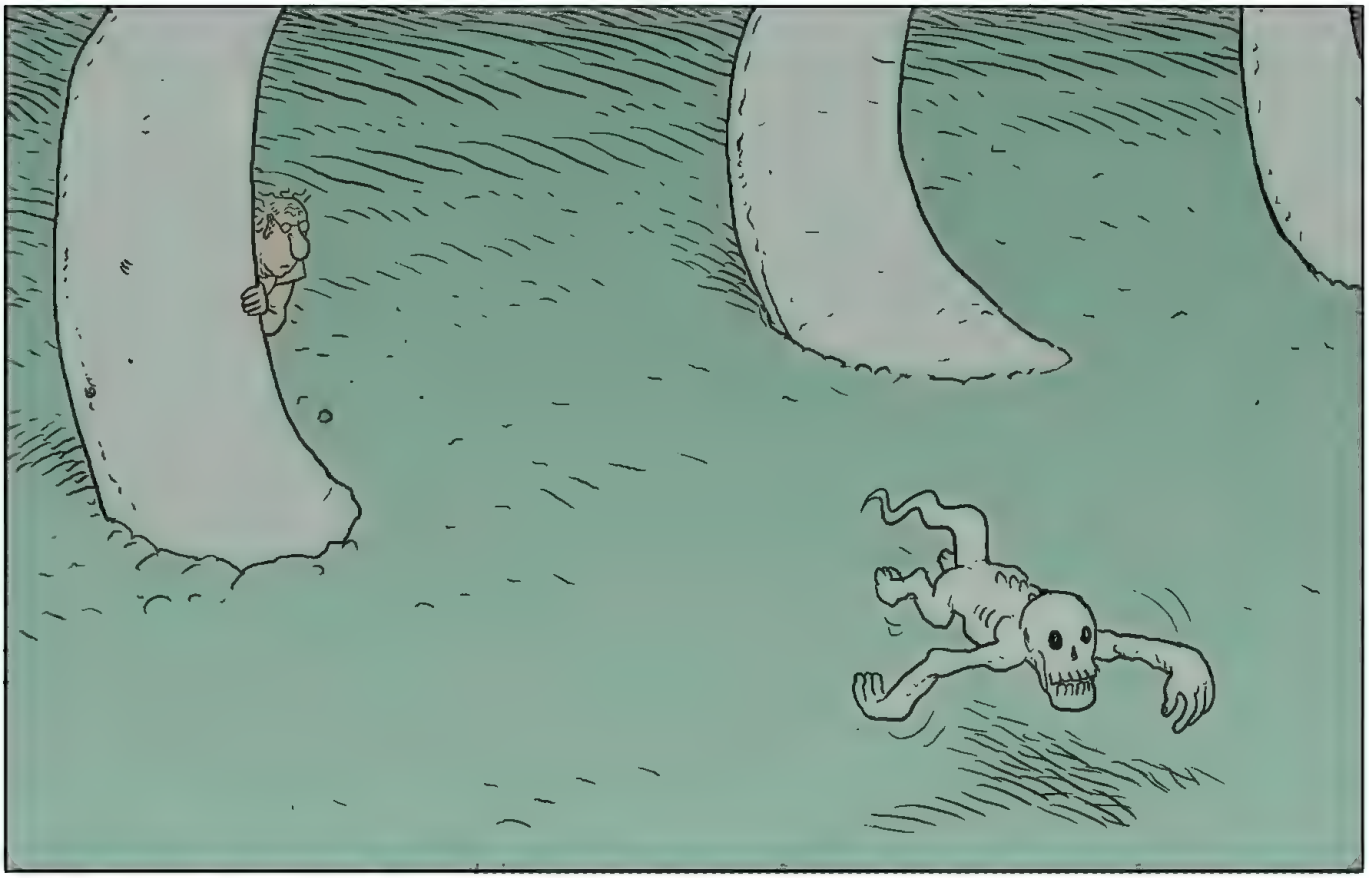
?
YEEK
WHEEEK
MCBB04


YOW!
BUT...BUT...
?
GOOD GOD...
IT'S HORRIBLE!
LET GO,
YOU NASTY
THING!
DWHEEEK
YEEEEK
MOEB 04

OW! IT BIT ME!
GNAH!
UNBELIEVABLE! WHERE COULD SUCH A DISGUSTING CHARACTER HAVE COME FROM?
UIIIIK
GET LOST! YOU'RE TOO UGLY!
HUP!
BOOT
YEEEEEK
GO ON!
SCRAM!
Wheeeeeek
MOEBOG


WHAT A PATHETIC LITTLE BEASTIE!
STILL, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHERE IT'S GOING...AND MAYBE EVEN WHERE IT CAME FROM...
moebius


?
MOEB 04



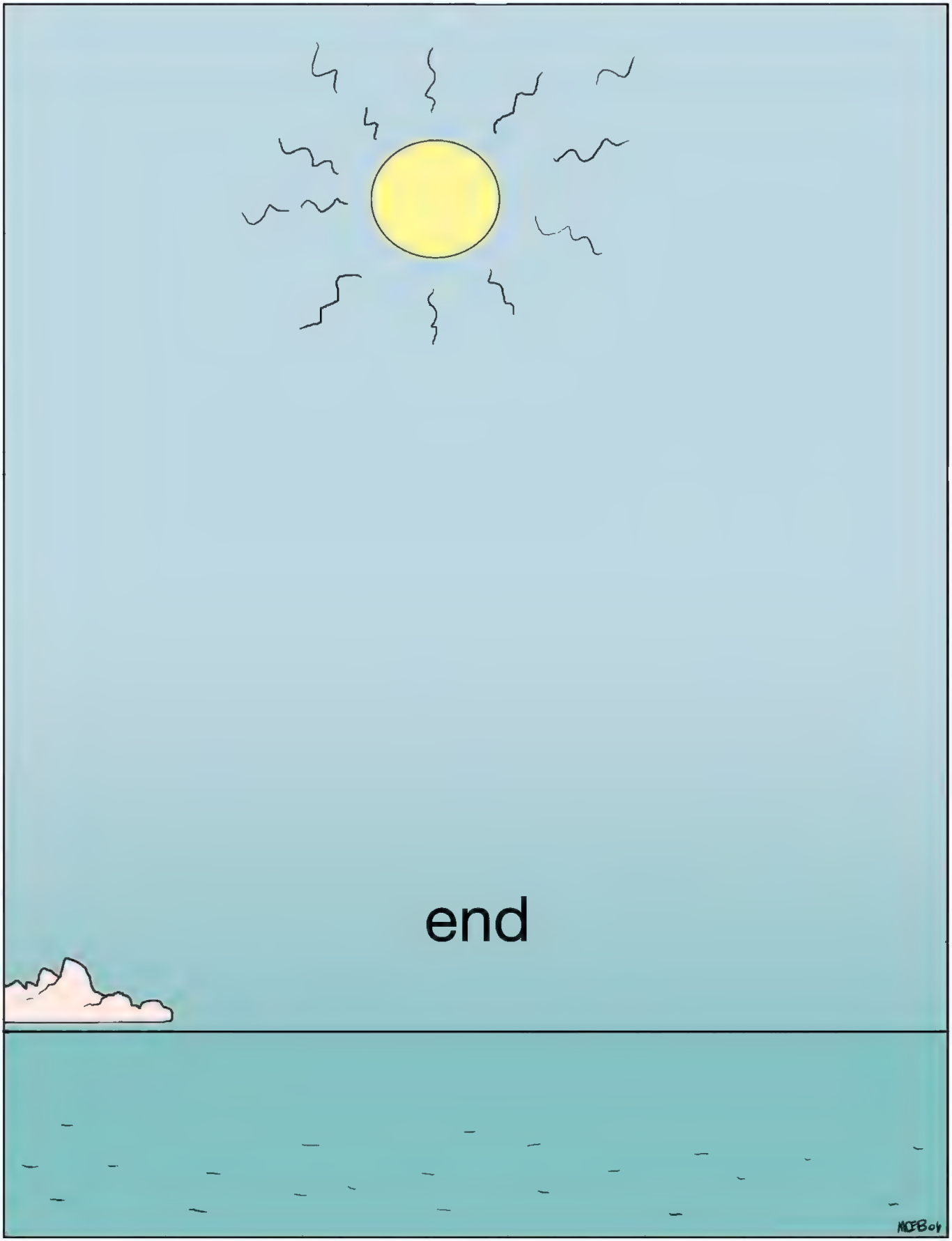
MOEBOY

macbog

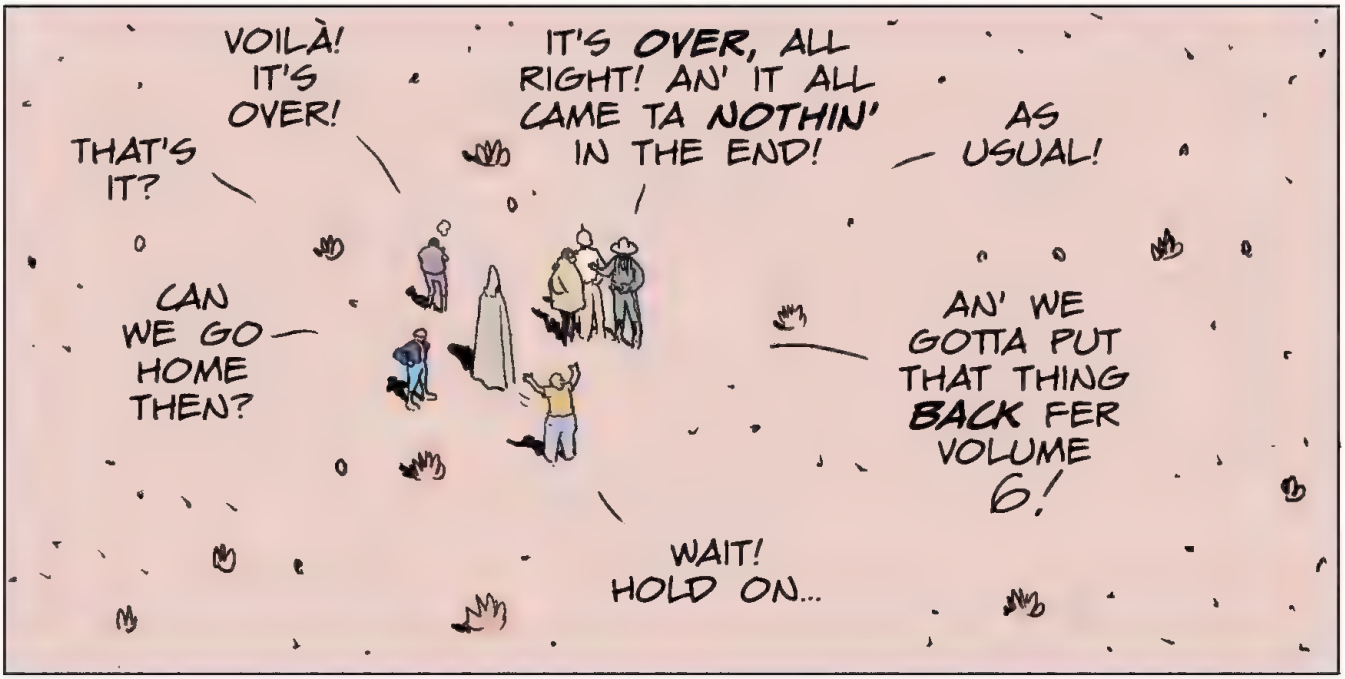
MOEB 04

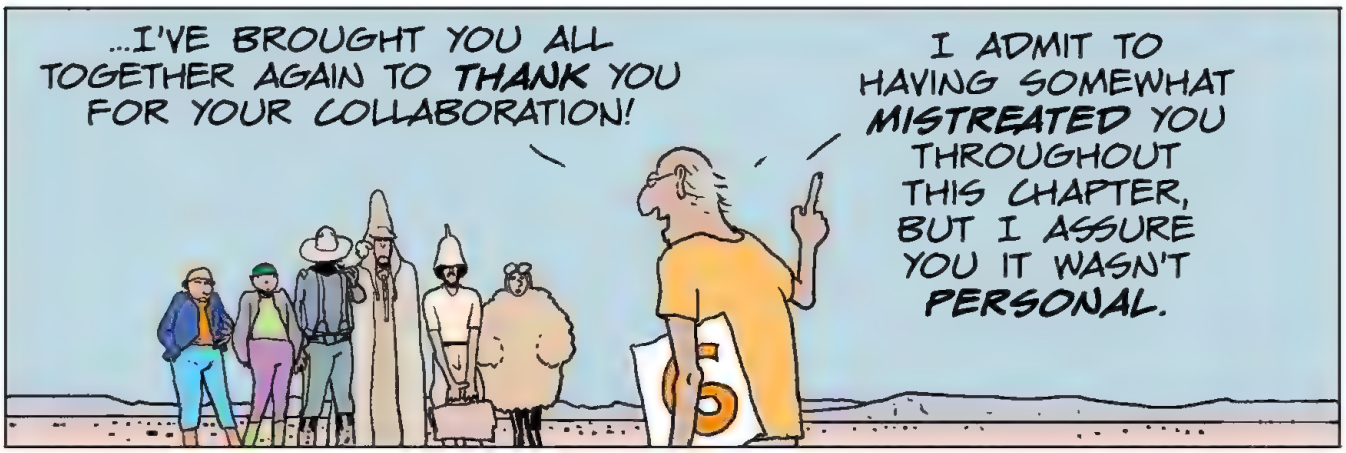
MOEB 04

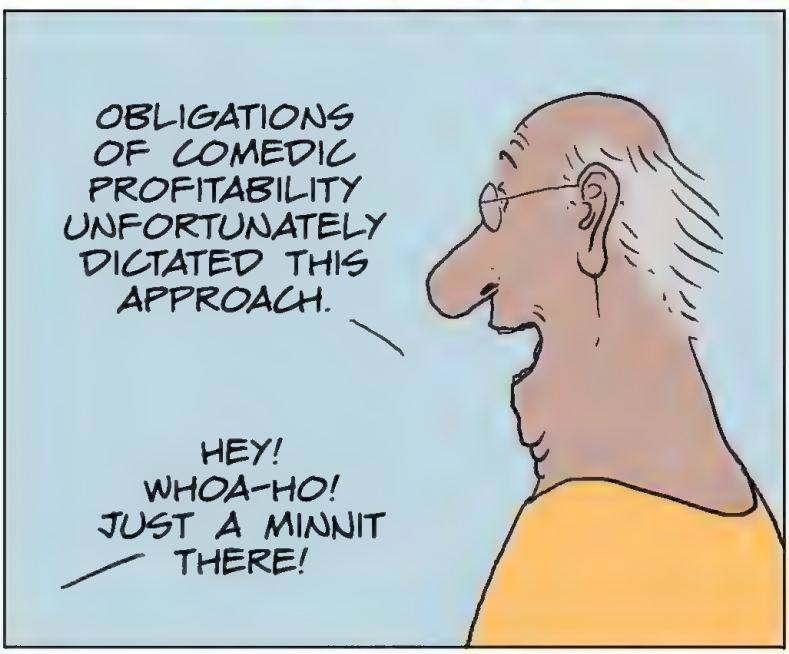
MOEBIUS

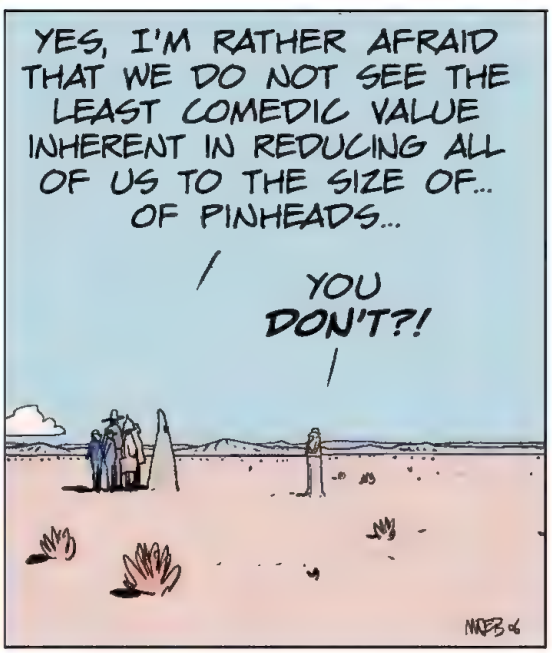

end

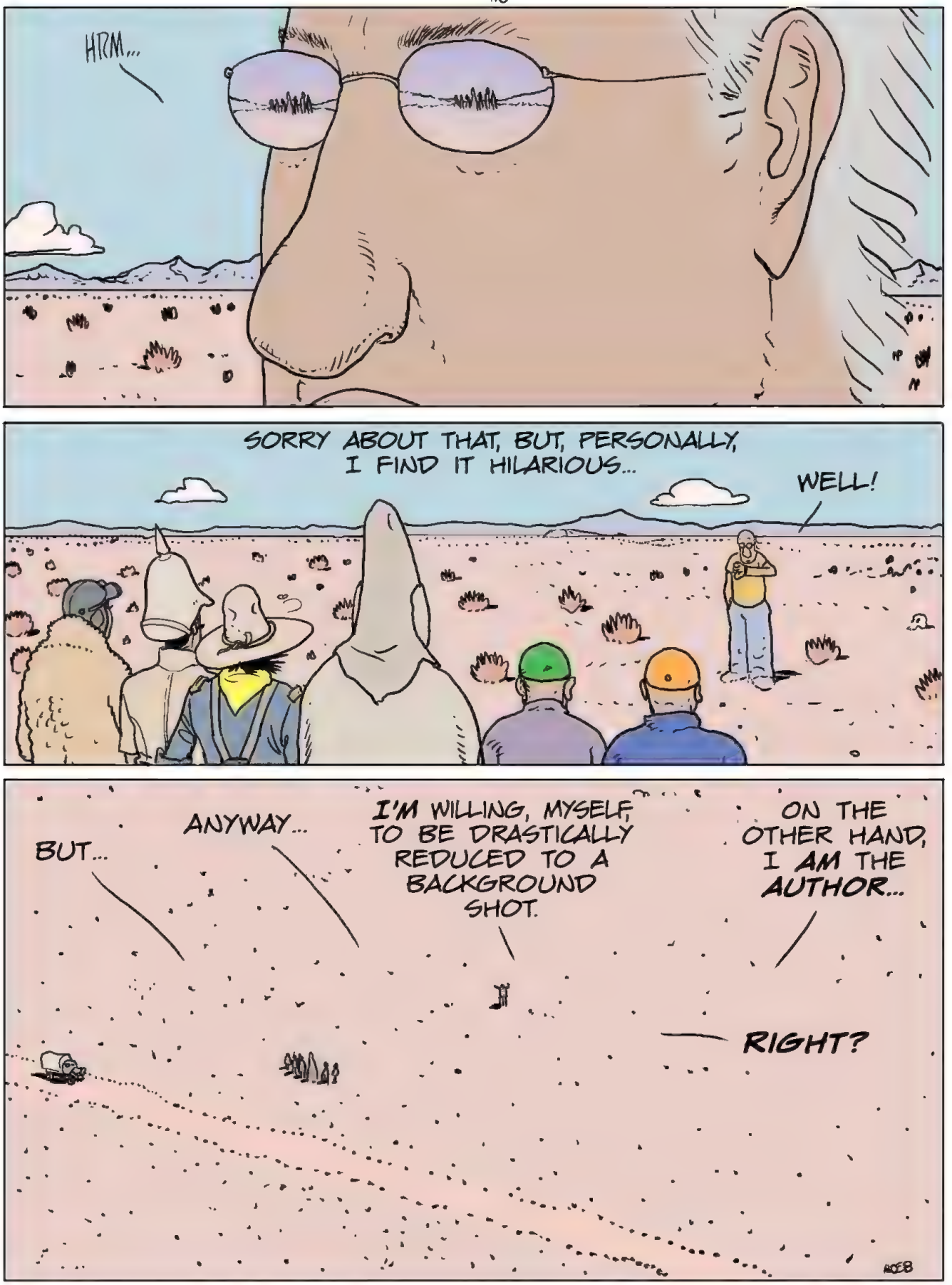
6
MOEBIUS

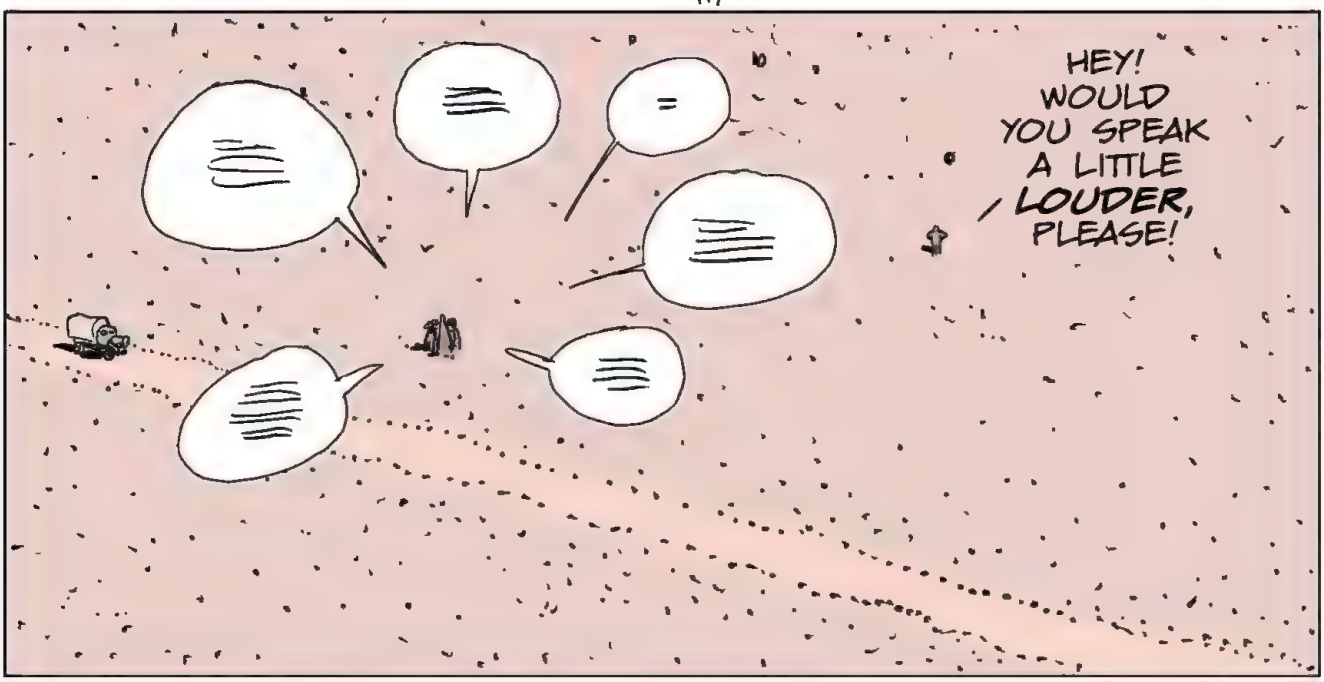

VOILÀ! IT'S OVER!
IT'S OVER, ALL RIGHT! AN' IT ALL CAME TA NOTHIN' IN THE END!
AS USUAL!
THAT'S IT?
CAN WE GO HOME THEN?
AN' WE GOTTA PUT THAT THING BACK FER VOLUME 6!
WAIT! HOLD ON...

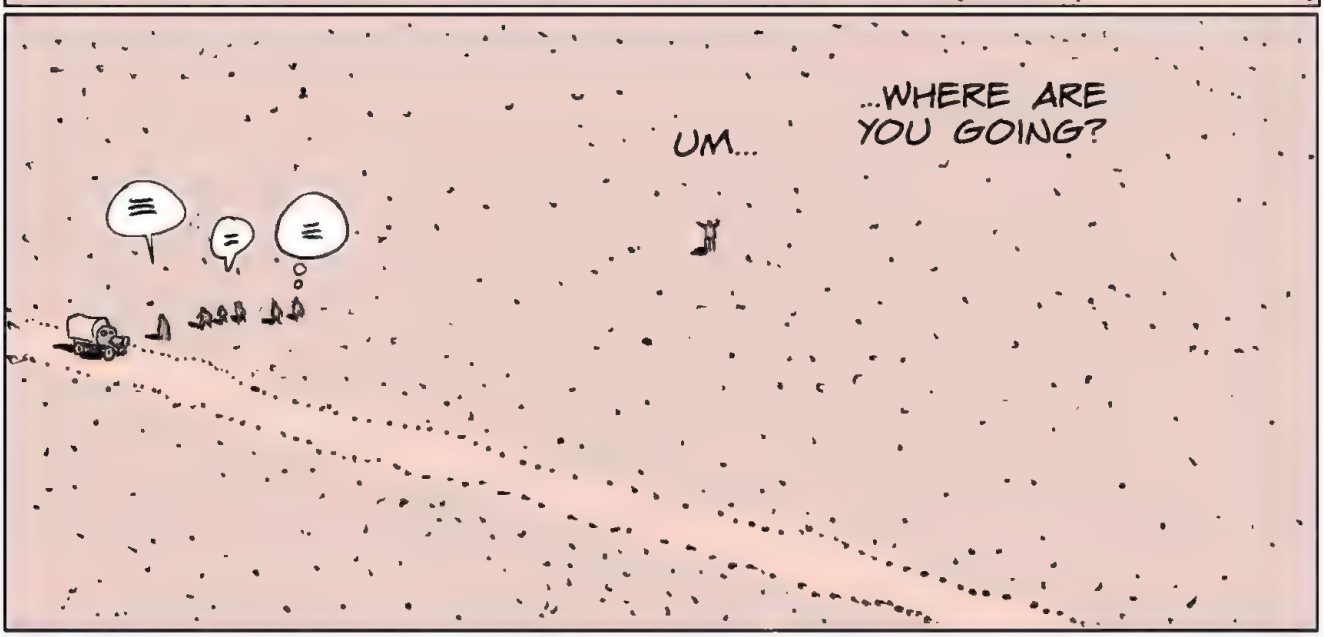

...I'VE BROUGHT YOU ALL TOGETHER AGAIN TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR COLLABORATION!
I ADMIT TO HAVING SOMEWHAT MISTREATED YOU THROUGHOUT THIS CHAPTER, BUT I ASSURE YOU IT WASN'T PERSONAL.

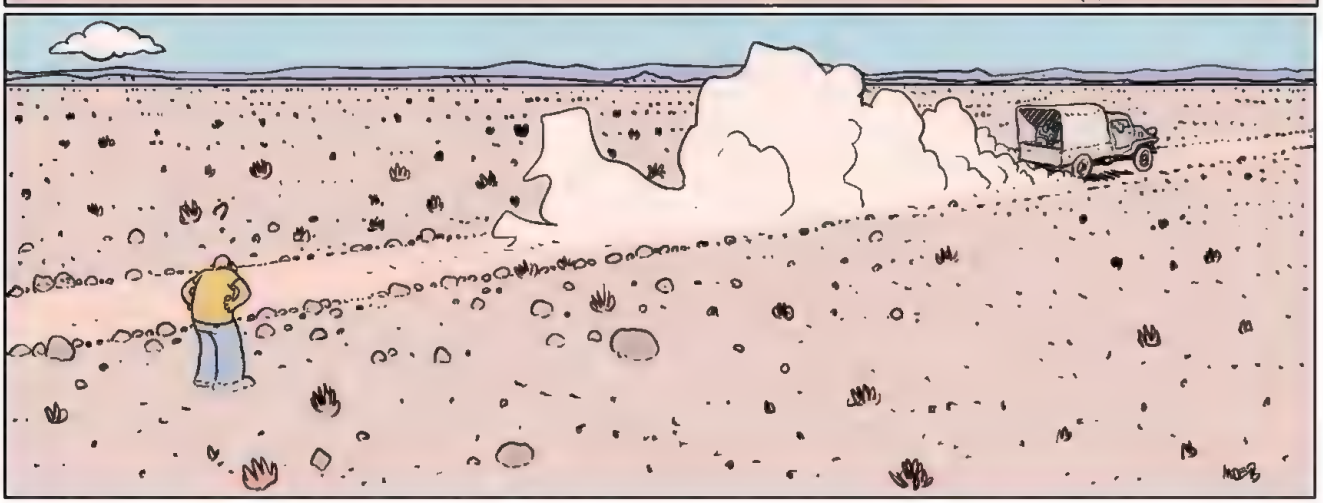

OBLIGATIONS OF COMEDIC PROFITABILITY UNFORTUNATELY DICTATED THIS APPROACH.
HEY! WHOA-HO! JUST A MINNIT THERE!

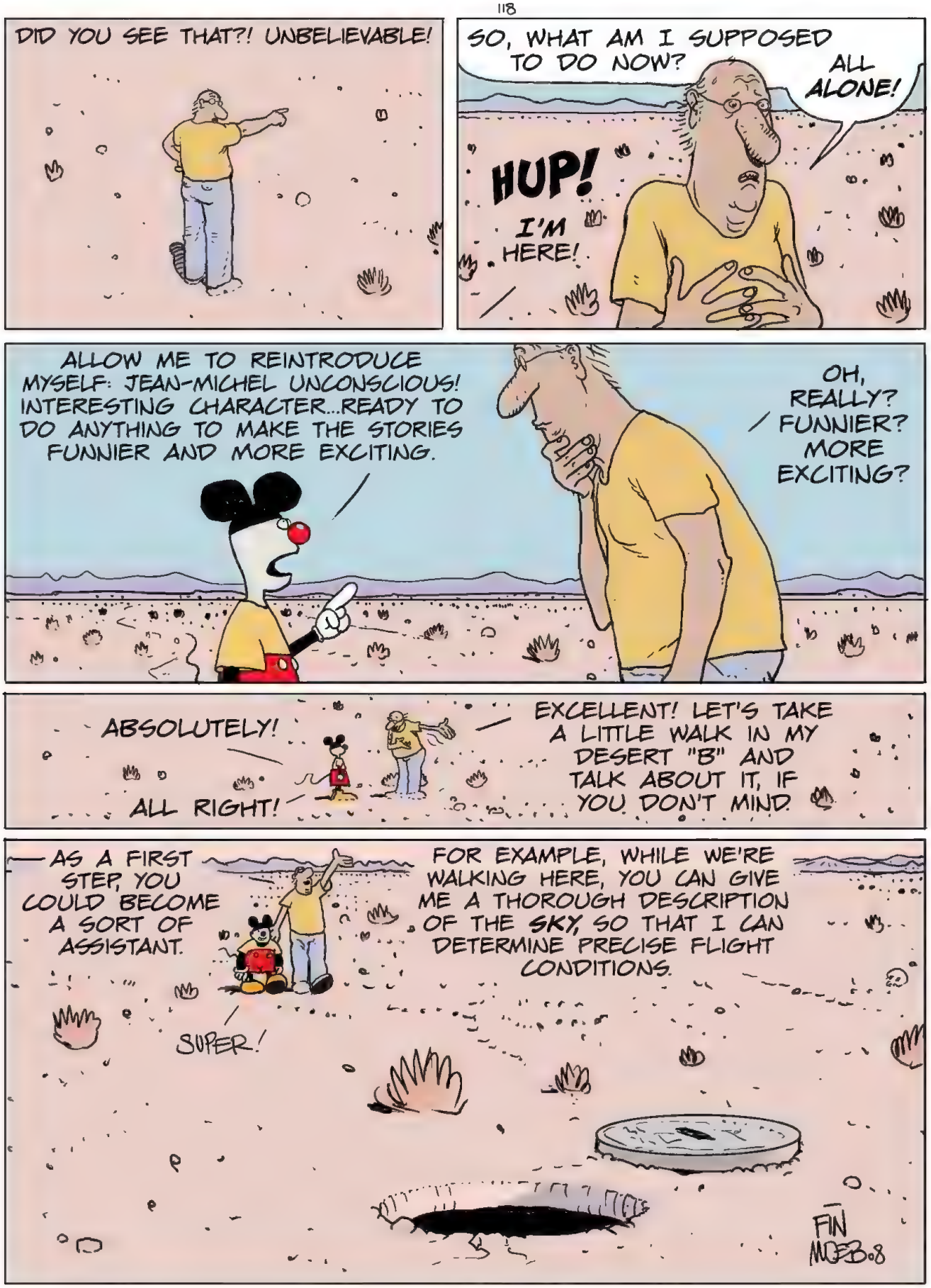

YES, I'M RATHER AFRAID THAT WE DO NOT SEE THE LEAST COMEDIC VALUE INHERENT IN REDUCING ALL OF US TO THE SIZE OF... OF PINHEADS...
YOU DON'T?!


HRM...
SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT, PERSONALLY, I FIND IT HILARIOUS...
WELL!
BUT...
ANYWAY...
I'M WILLING, MYSELF, TO BE DRASTICALLY REDUCED TO A BACKGROUND SHOT.
ON THE OTHER HAND, I AM THE AUTHOR...
RIGHT?
ACEB


HEY! WOULD YOU SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER, PLEASE!


UM...
...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?




DID YOU SEE THAT?! UNBELIEVABLE!
SO, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?
ALL ALONE!
HUP!
I'M HERE!
ALLOW ME TO REINTRODUCE MYSELF: JEAN-MICHEL UNCONSCIOUS! INTERESTING CHARACTER...READY TO DO ANYTHING TO MAKE THE STORIES FUNNIER AND MORE EXCITING.
OH, REALLY? FUNNIER? MORE EXCITING?
ABSOLUTELY!
ALL RIGHT!
EXCELLENT! LET'S TAKE A LITTLE WALK IN MY DESERT "B" AND TALK ABOUT IT, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
AS A FIRST STEP, YOU COULD BECOME A SORT OF ASSISTANT.
SUPER!
FOR EXAMPLE, WHILE WE'RE WALKING HERE, YOU CAN GIVE ME A THOROUGH DESCRIPTION OF THE SKY, SO THAT I CAN DETERMINE PRECISE FLIGHT CONDITIONS.
FIN
MOEBIUS

MŒB BY MŒB

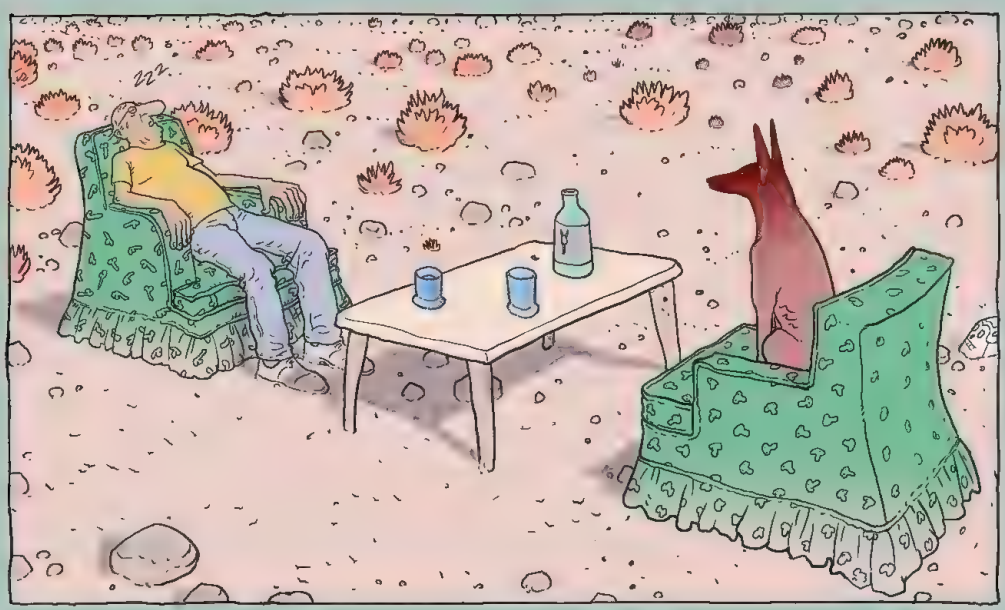
INSIDE MŒBIUS SKETCHBOOK

N° 6

FIRST SECTION

INSIDE MOEBIUS

VOLUME 6

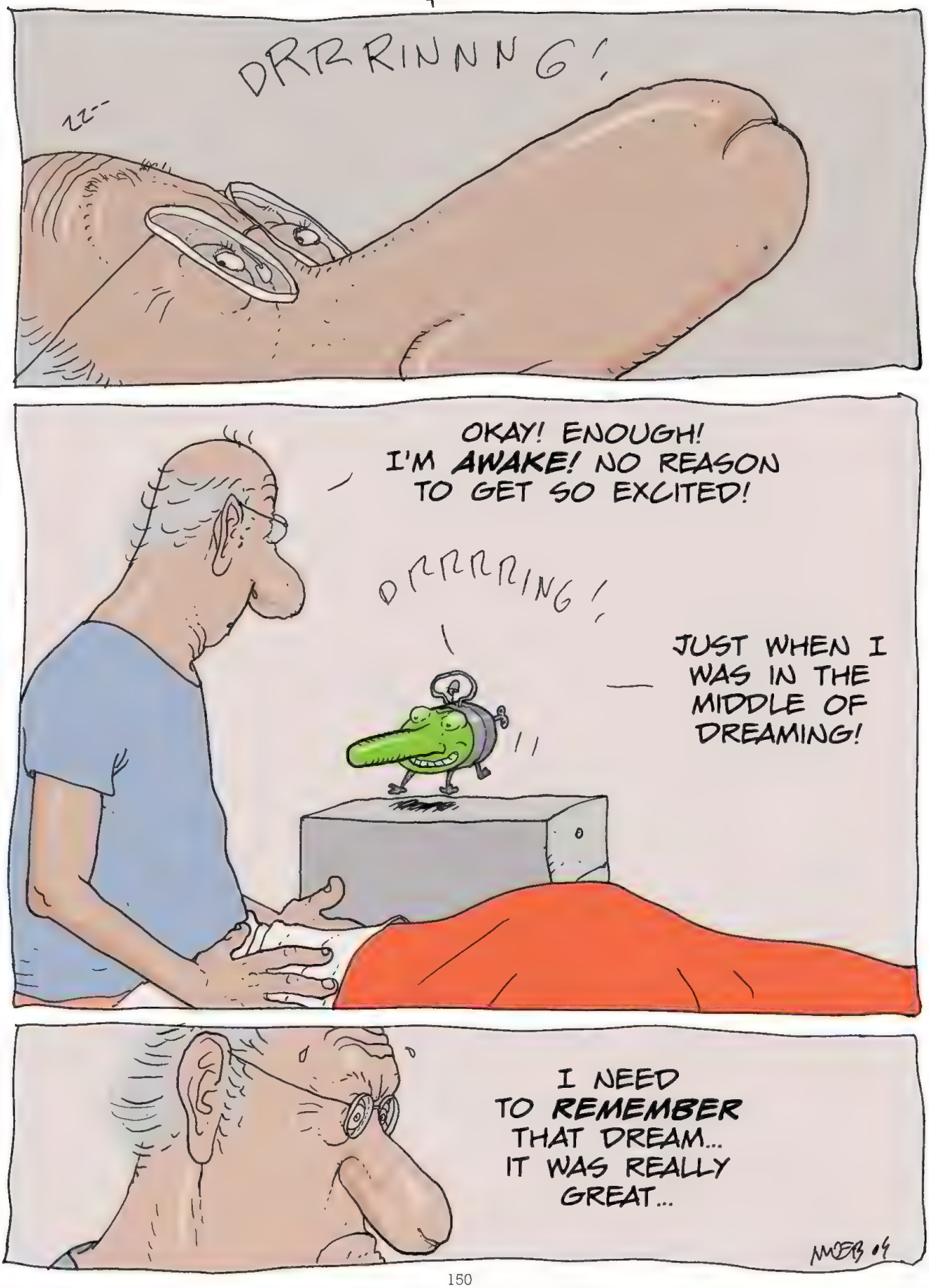


6

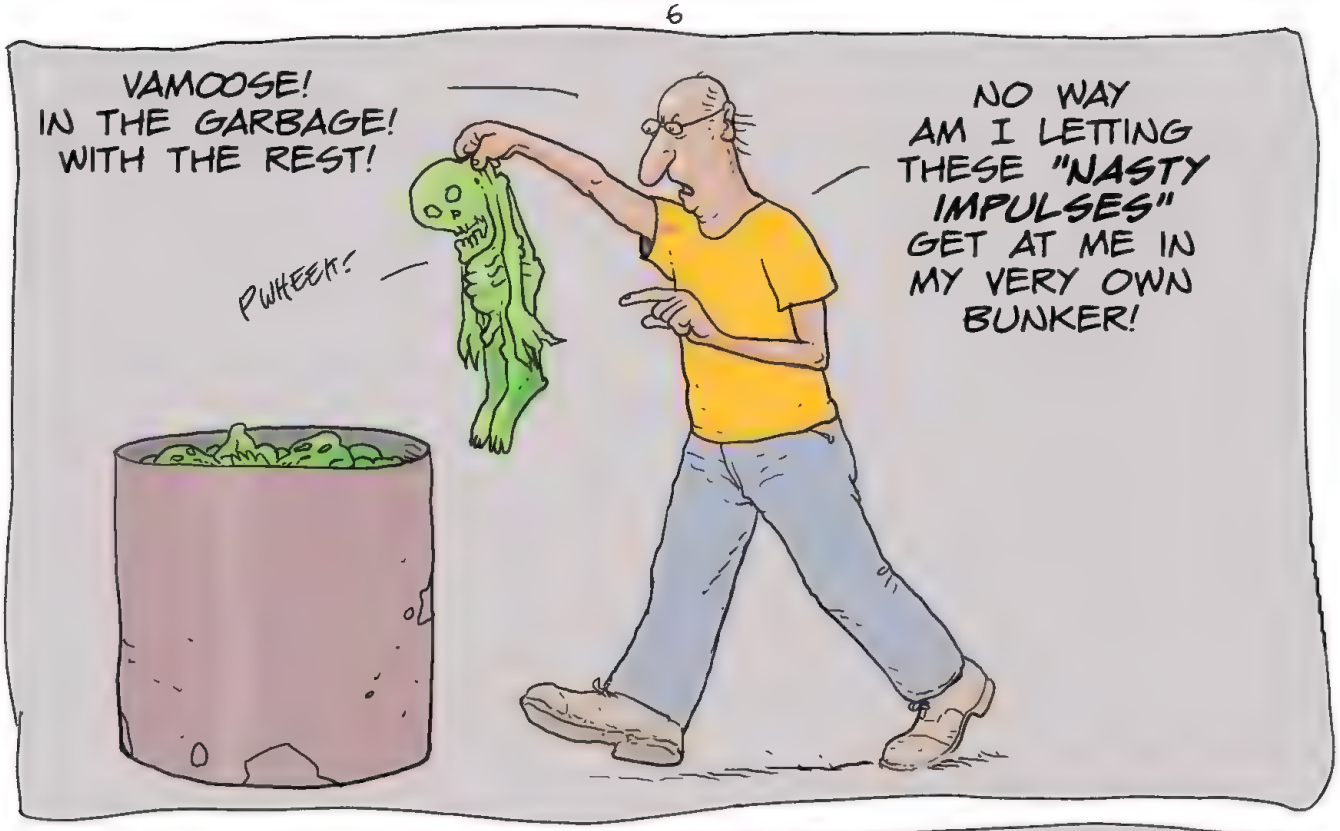
EXHAUSTED BY A SERIES OF ***PATHETIC ADVENTURES,*** MOEB BY MOEB TRIES TO RECOUP HIS ENERGY WITH A WELL-DESERVED REST IN HIS SINGLE BED AT THE CENTER OF THE SECRET BUNKER HE BUILT IN THE MOST ***DESERTED*** REGION OF DESERT "B."

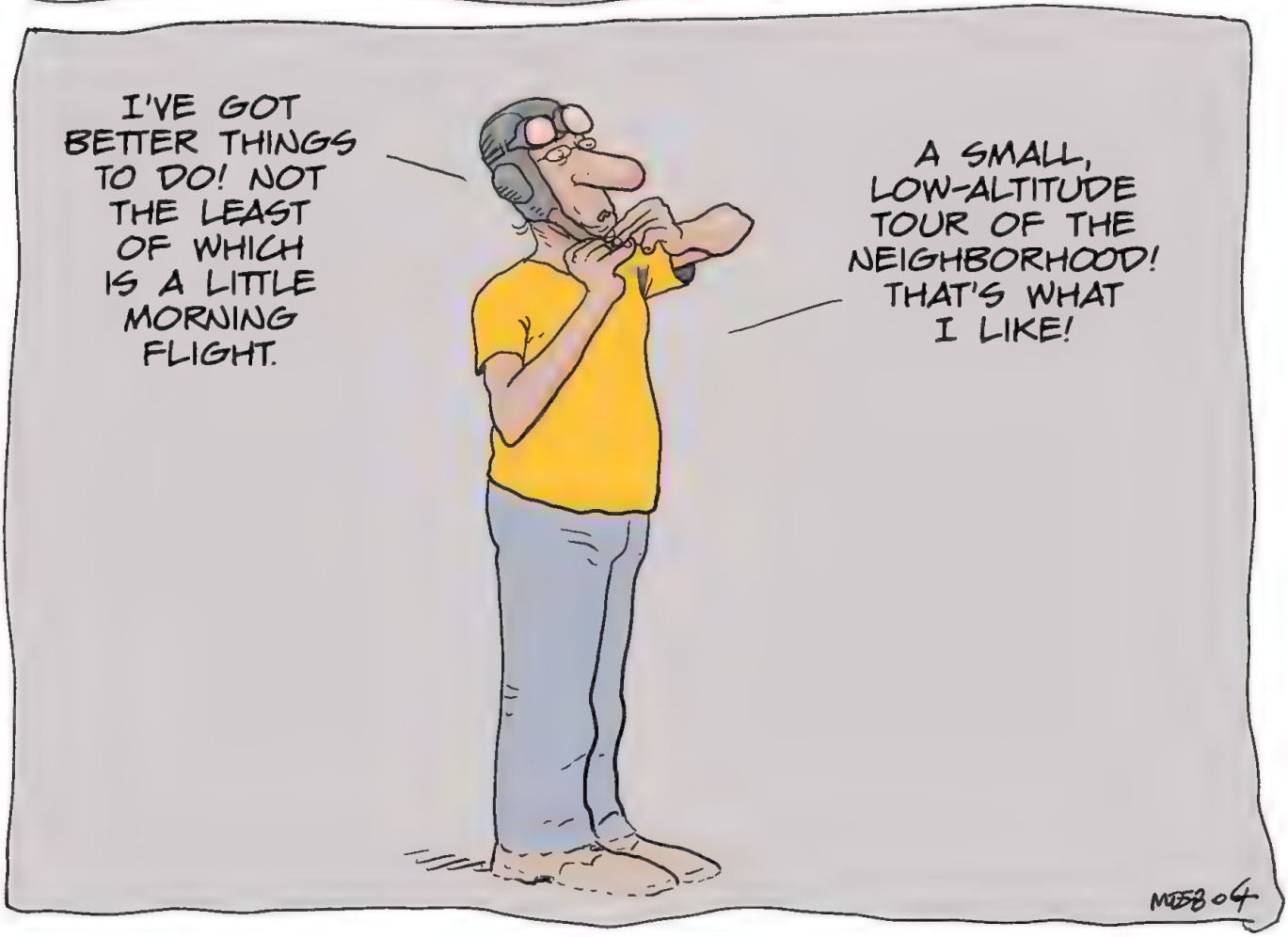
BUT OBSESSIVE ***DREAMS*** RUN RELENTLESSLY THROUGH HIS CONSCIOUSNESS...
LIKE DARK STORM CLOUDS IN A SERENE SKY...

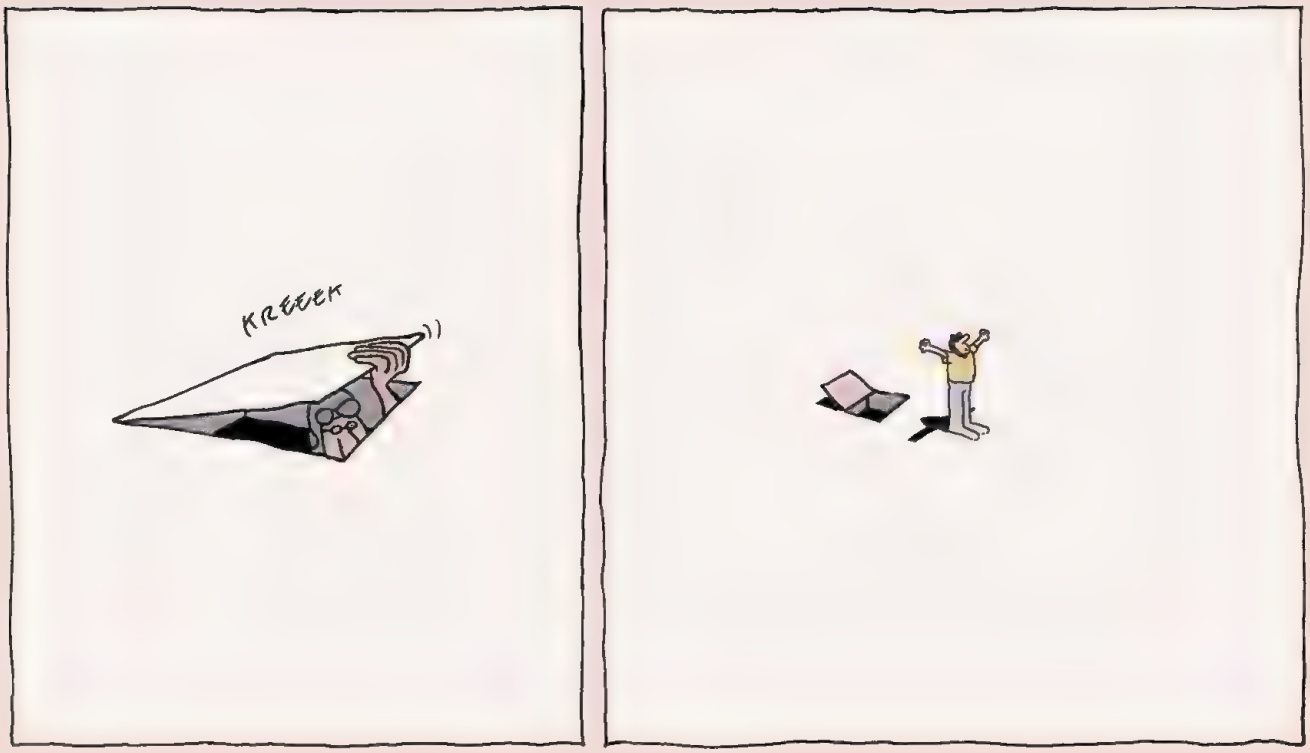
...OR LIKE HEAVY ROGUE WAVES ON A SMOOTH SEA...
...OR EVEN LIKE HUGE SEMI-TRAILER TRUCKS RUMBLING IN HIGH GEAR DOWN A TINY ROAD IN THE CHAMONIX VALLEY...
...OR MAYBE EVEN LITTLE BLACK ANTS ON THE BABY'S GOOEY MASH, WITH HIS MOTHER BEHIND HIM, BY THE DINING-ROOM DOOR, SUDDENLY SCREAMING OUT, "OH, NO! MY GOD! ANYTHING BUT THAT!"

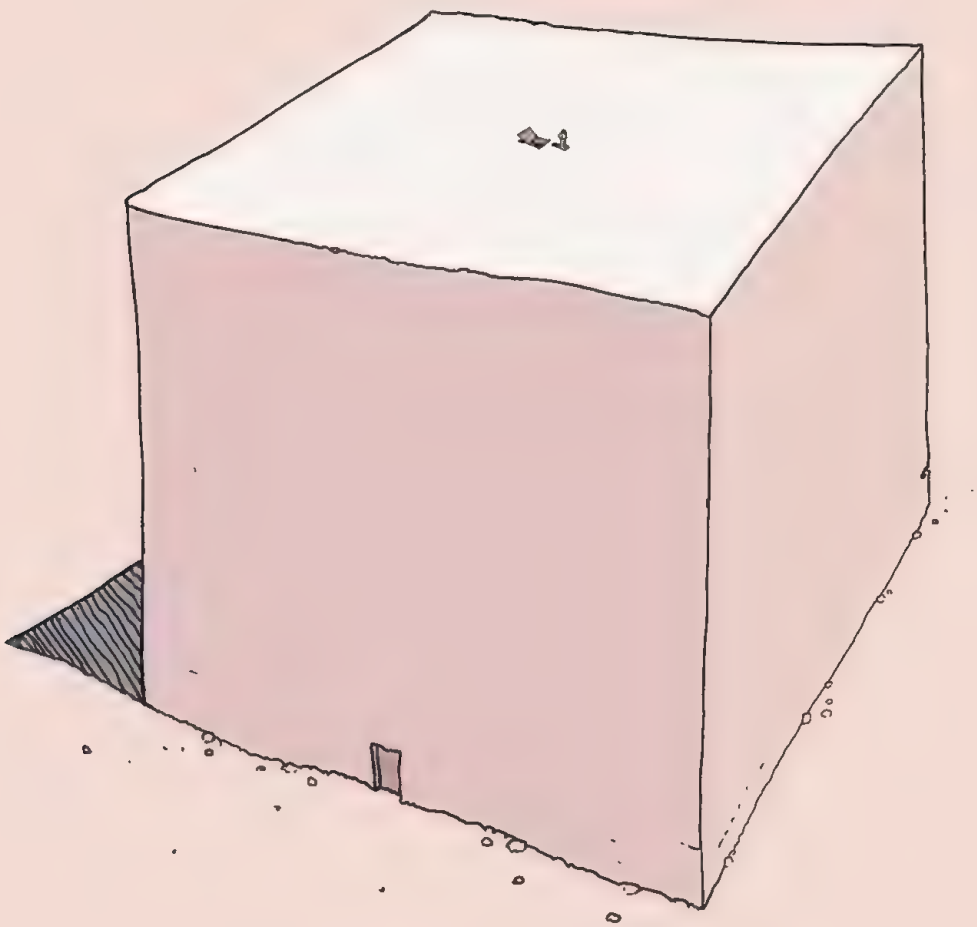

DRRRINNNG!
zz--
OKAY! ENOUGH! I'M AWAKE! NO REASON TO GET SO EXCITED!
DRRRRRING!
JUST WHEN I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF DREAMING!
I NEED TO REMEMBER THAT DREAM... IT WAS REALLY GREAT...
MOEB 04

PWHEEK!
?
BUT...
NOT AGAIN!
PWHEEK!
LET GO! YOU PEST!
PWHEEK -YEEEK
UNBELIEVABLE! EVERY MORNING ONE OF THESE LITTLE NASTIES IS CLAWING AT MY ANKLE.
MOEB 04

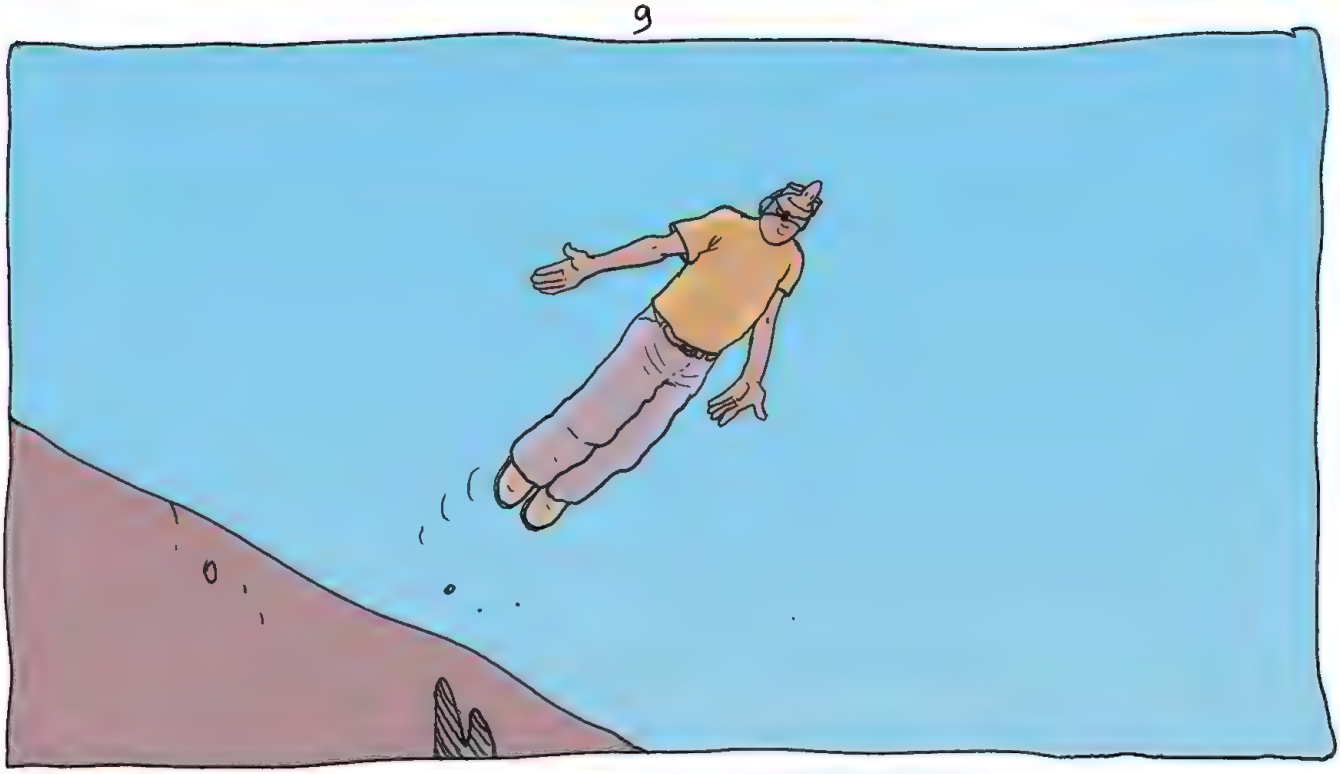

VAMOOSE! IN THE GARBAGE! WITH THE REST!
PWHEEK!
NO WAY AM I LETTING THESE "NASTY IMPULSES" GET AT ME IN MY VERY OWN BUNKER!


I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO! NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS A LITTLE MORNING FLIGHT.
A SMALL, LOW-ALTITUDE TOUR OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE!
MJSB04


KREEEK

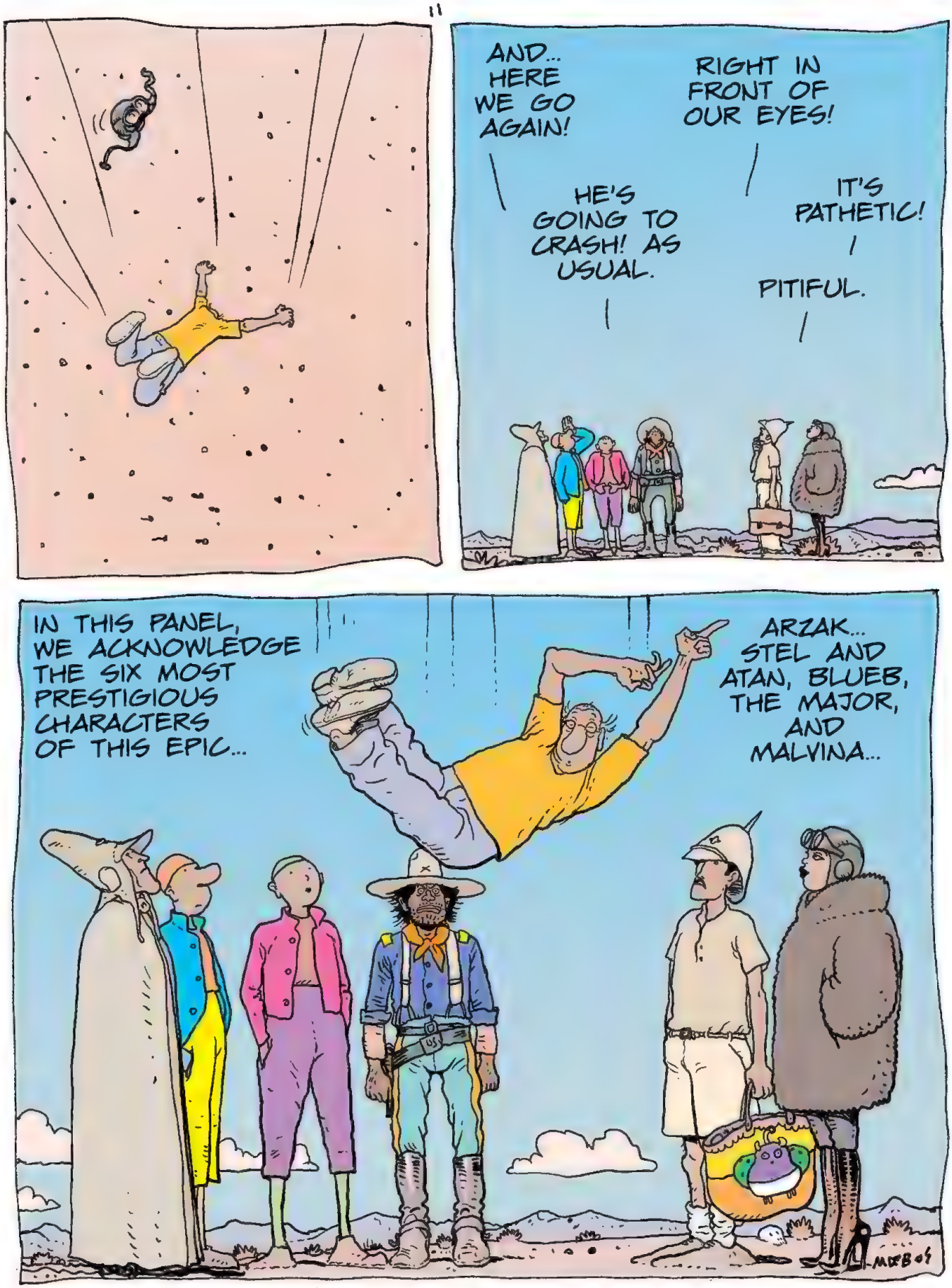


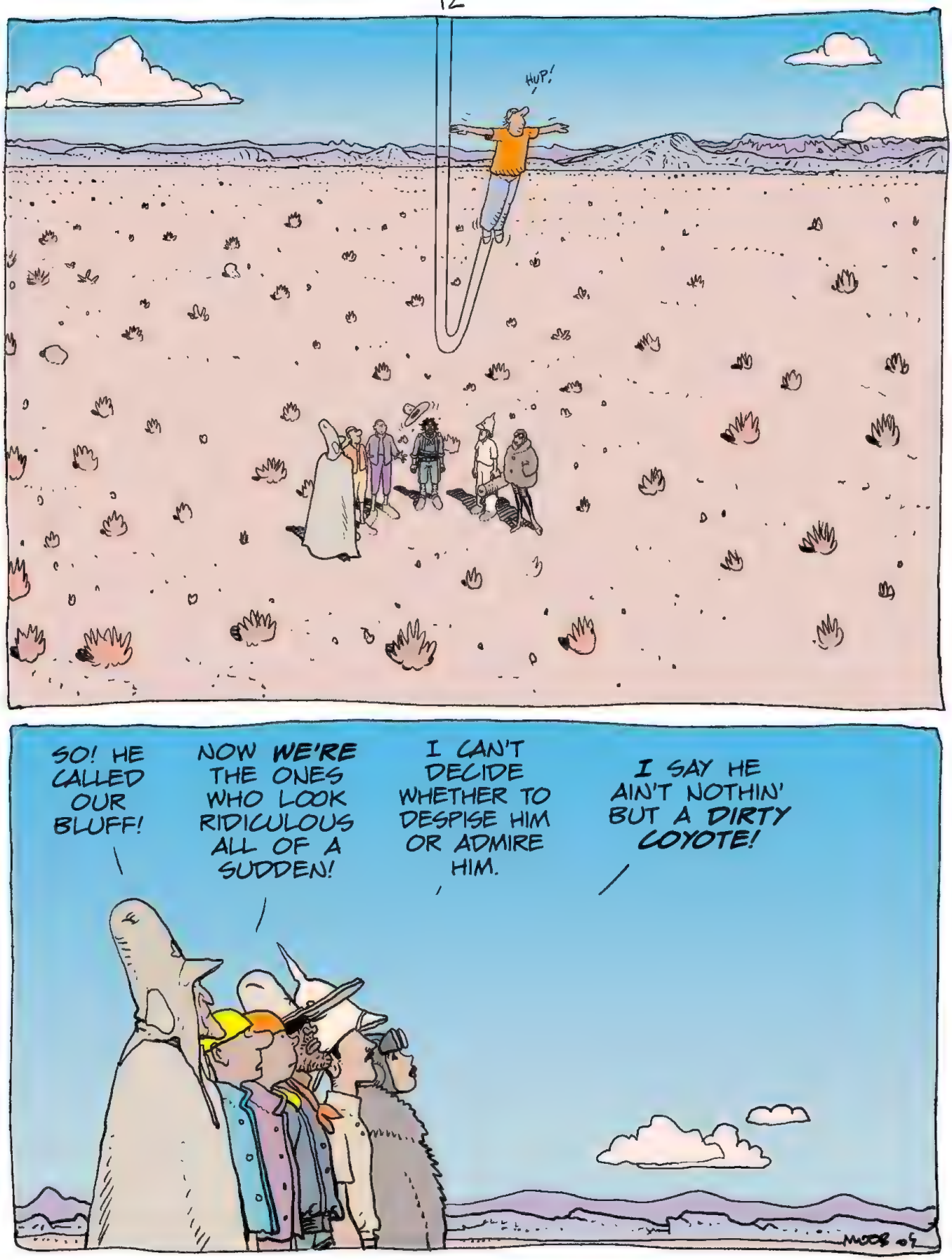
VVRRRRRRR
VRRRRRRRR
VRRRMMM
MOEB04

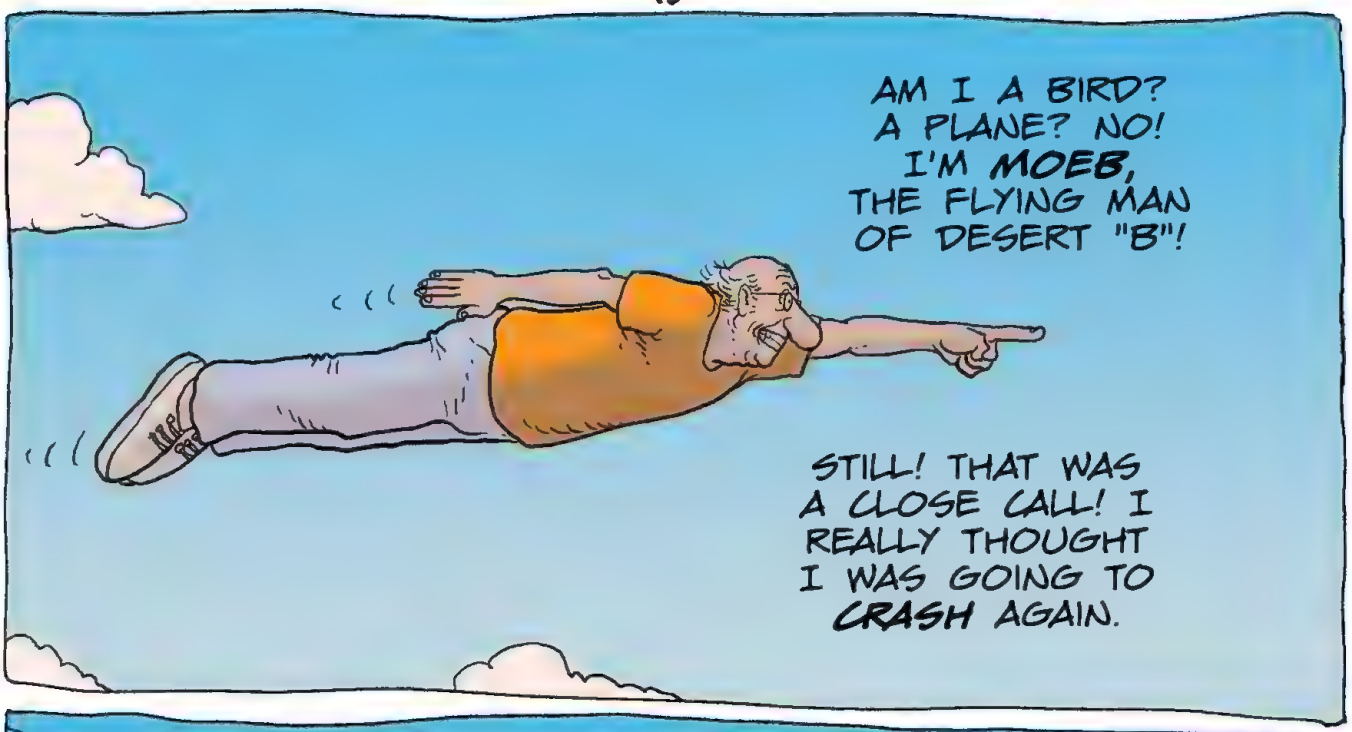


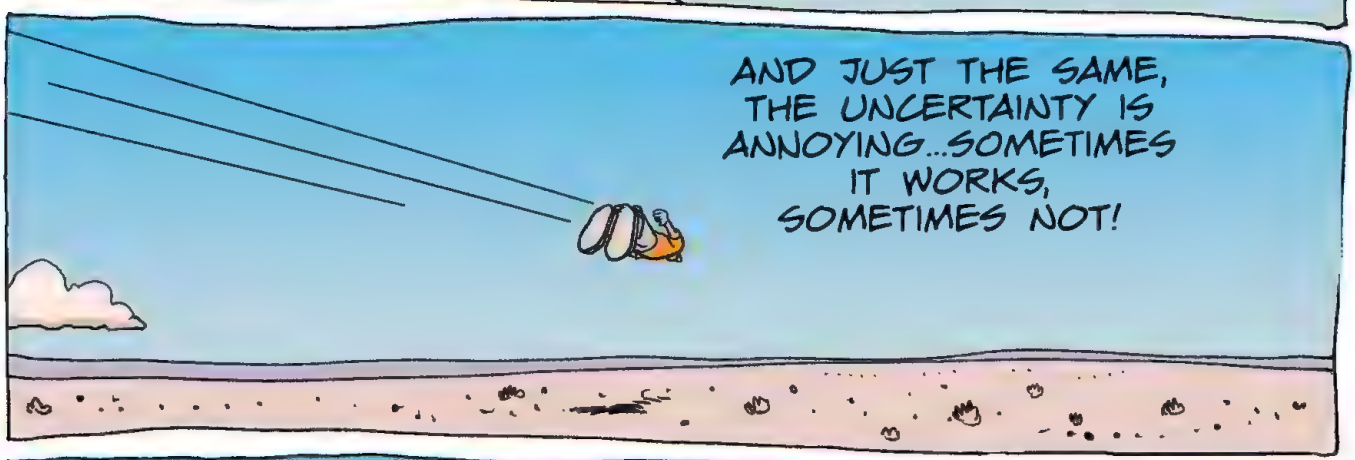
MOEBIUS

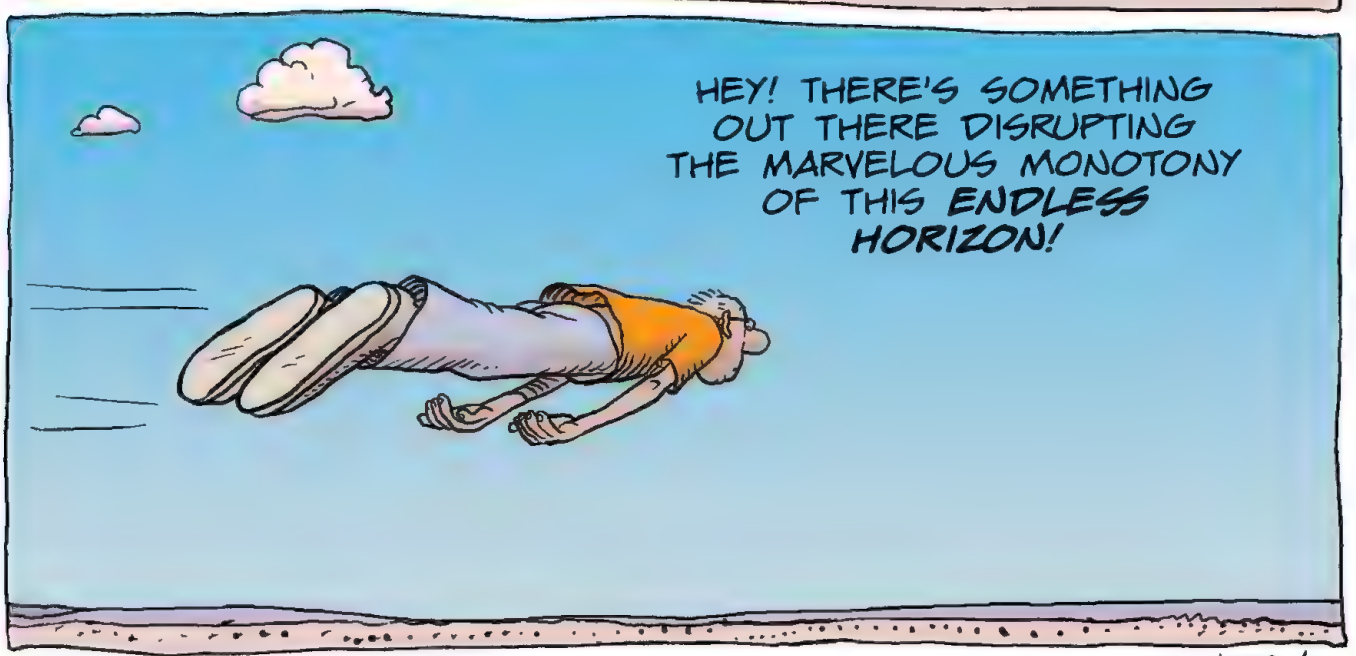
ZHOOOP
MŒBIUS

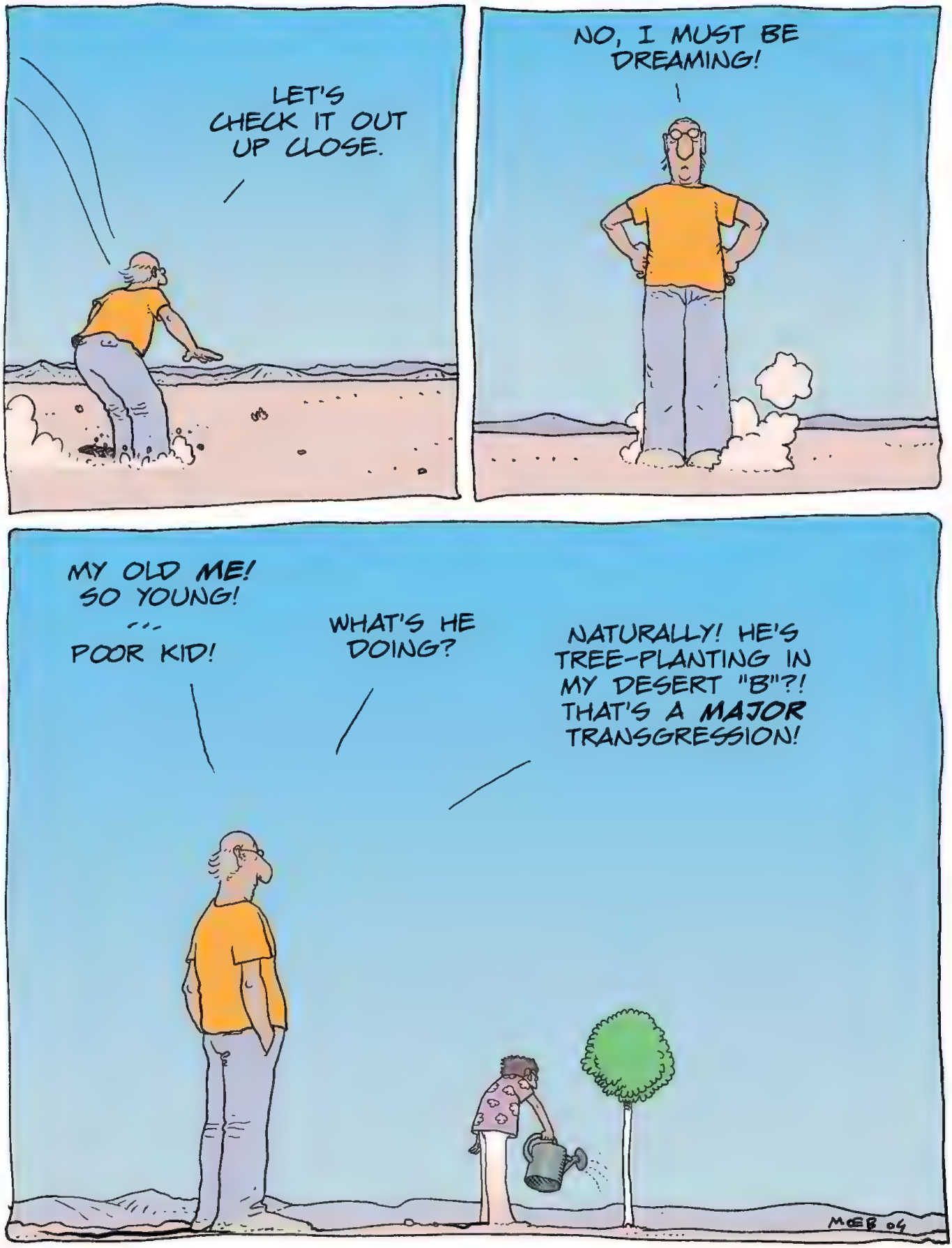

AND... HERE WE GO AGAIN!
RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!
HE'S GOING TO CRASH! AS USUAL.
IT'S PATHETIC!
PITIFUL.
IN THIS PANEL, WE ACKNOWLEDGE THE SIX MOST PRESTIGIOUS CHARACTERS OF THIS EPIC...
ARZAK... STEL AND ATAN, BLUEB, THE MAJOR, AND MALVINA...

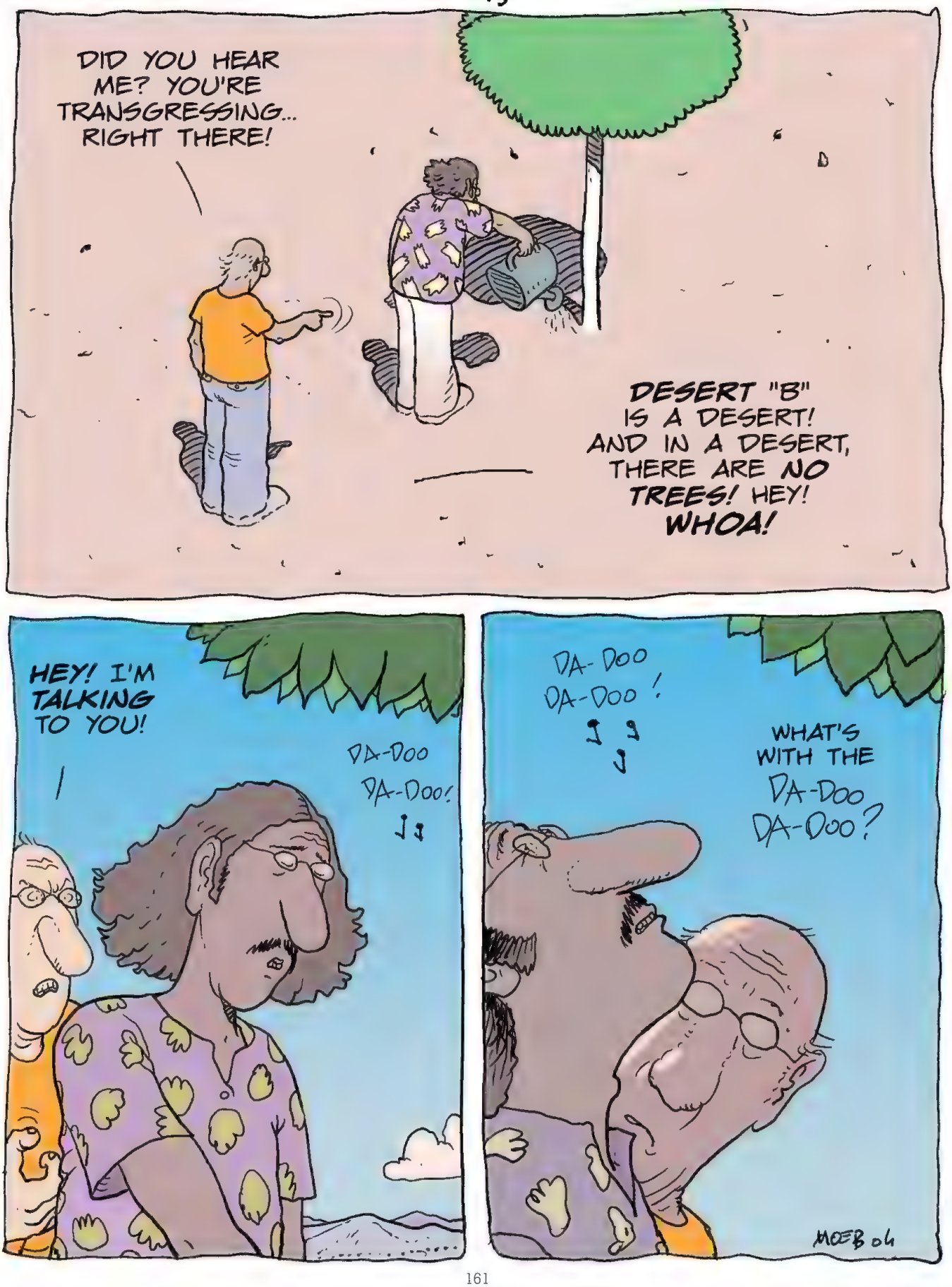

HUP!
SO! HE CALLED OUR BLUFF!
NOW WE'RE THE ONES WHO LOOK RIDICULOUS ALL OF A SUDDEN!
I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO DESPISE HIM OR ADMIRE HIM.
I SAY HE AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A DIRTY COYOTE!
MOOR

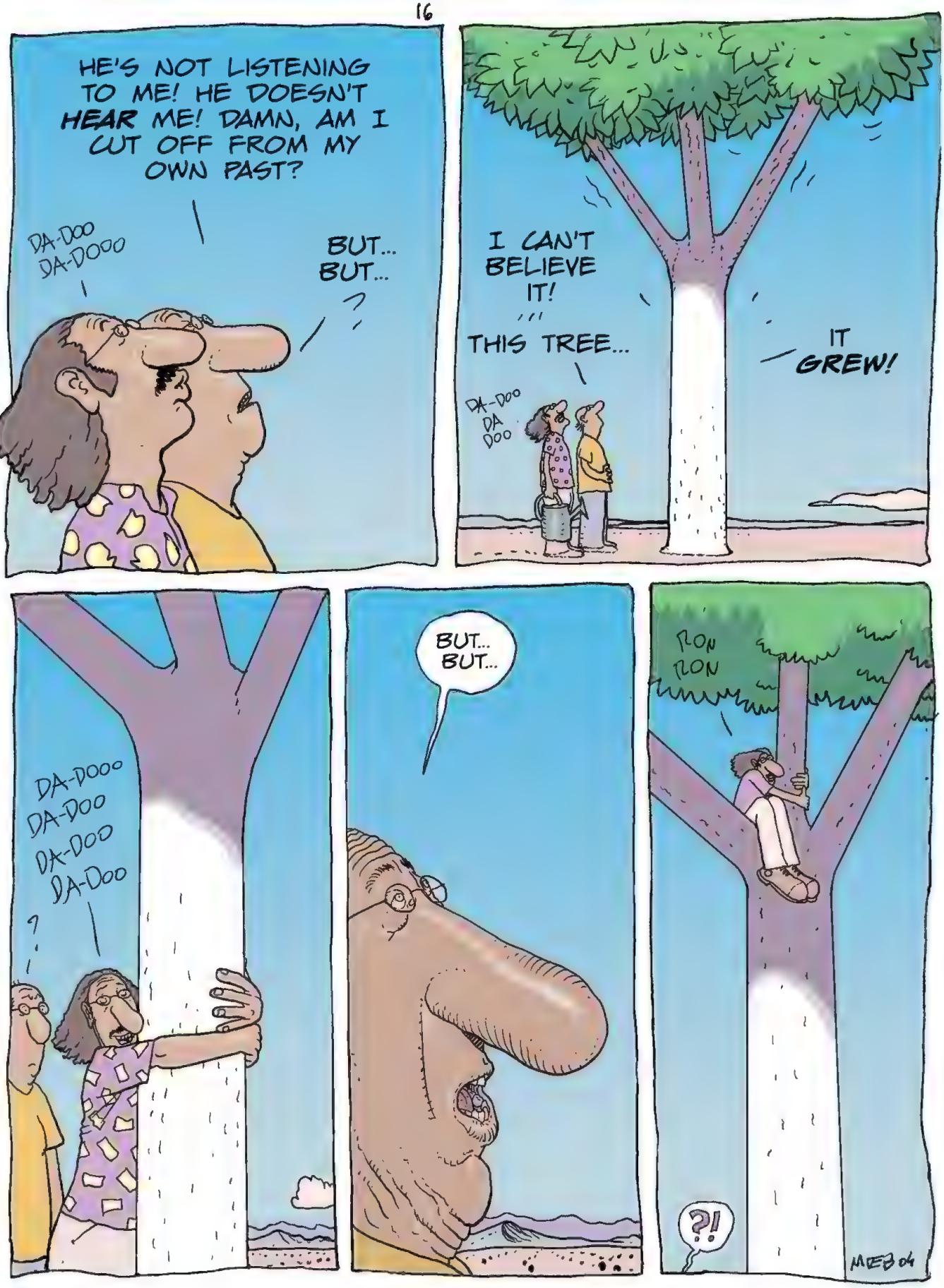

AM I A BIRD? A PLANE? NO! I'M MOEB, THE FLYING MAN OF DESERT "B"!
STILL! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! I REALLY THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO CRASH AGAIN.

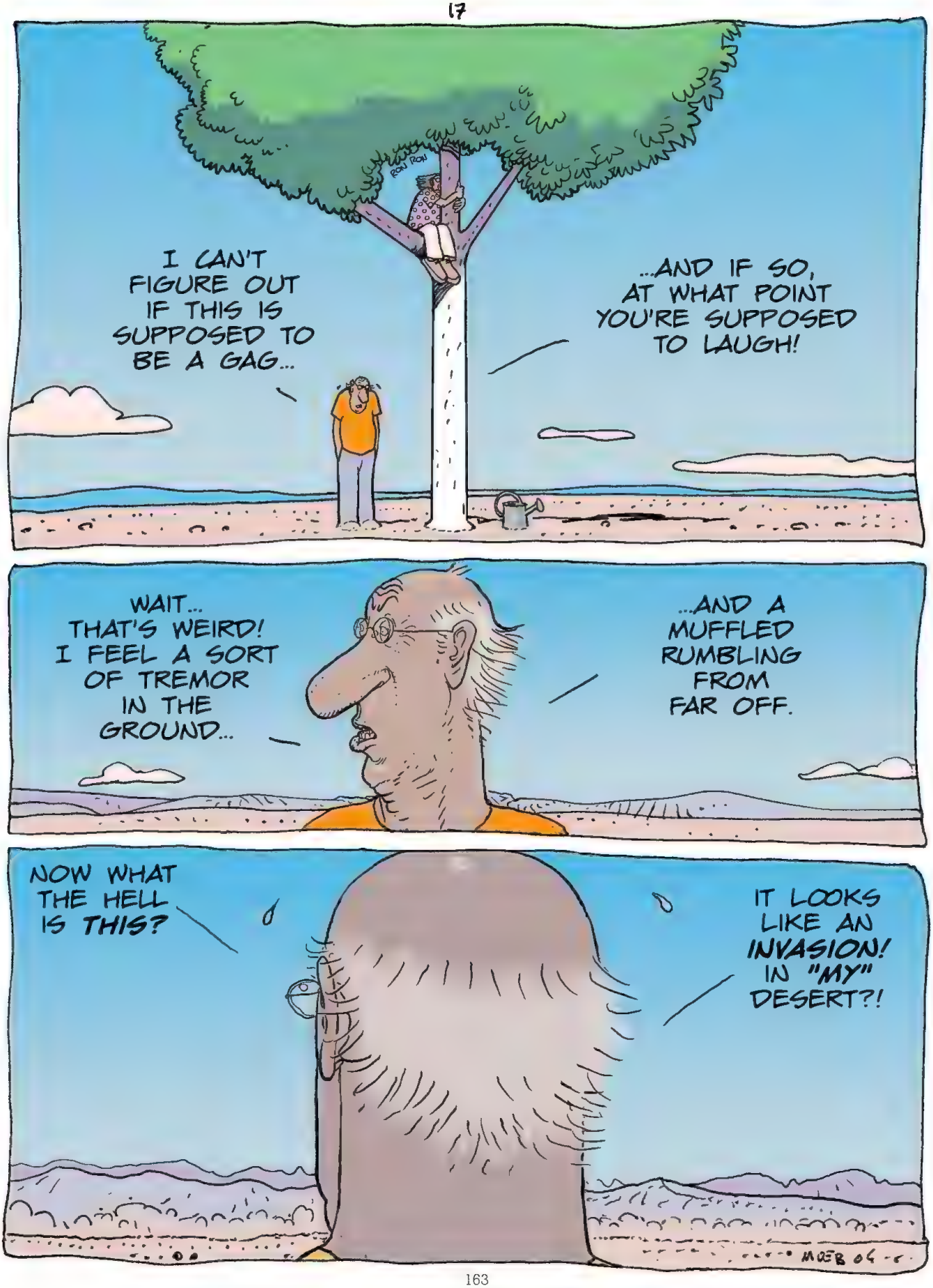

AND JUST THE SAME, THE UNCERTAINTY IS ANNOYING...SOMETIMES IT WORKS, SOMETIMES NOT!

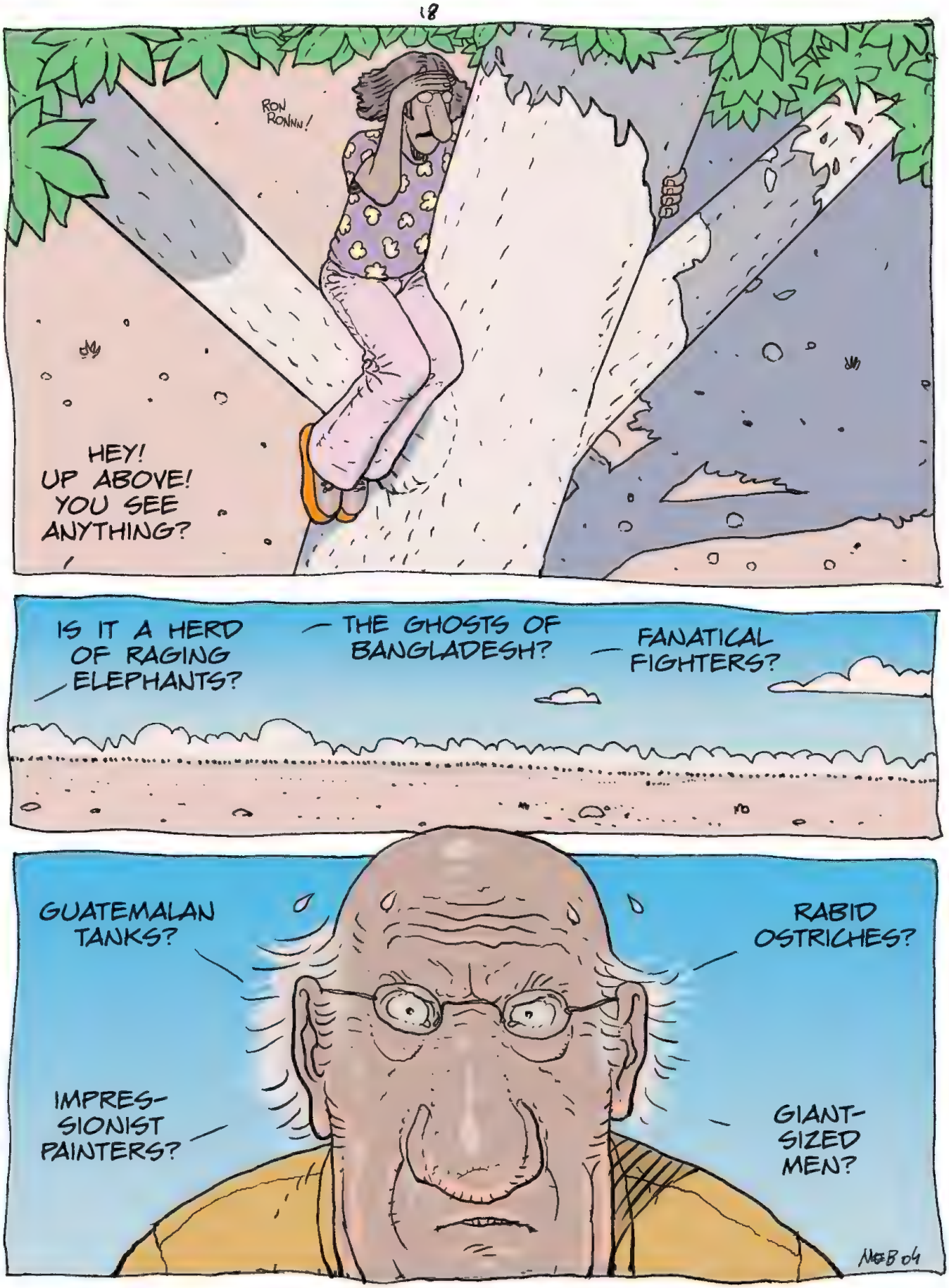

HEY! THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE DISRUPTING THE MARVELOUS MONOTONY OF THIS ENDLESS HORIZON!
MOEB 04

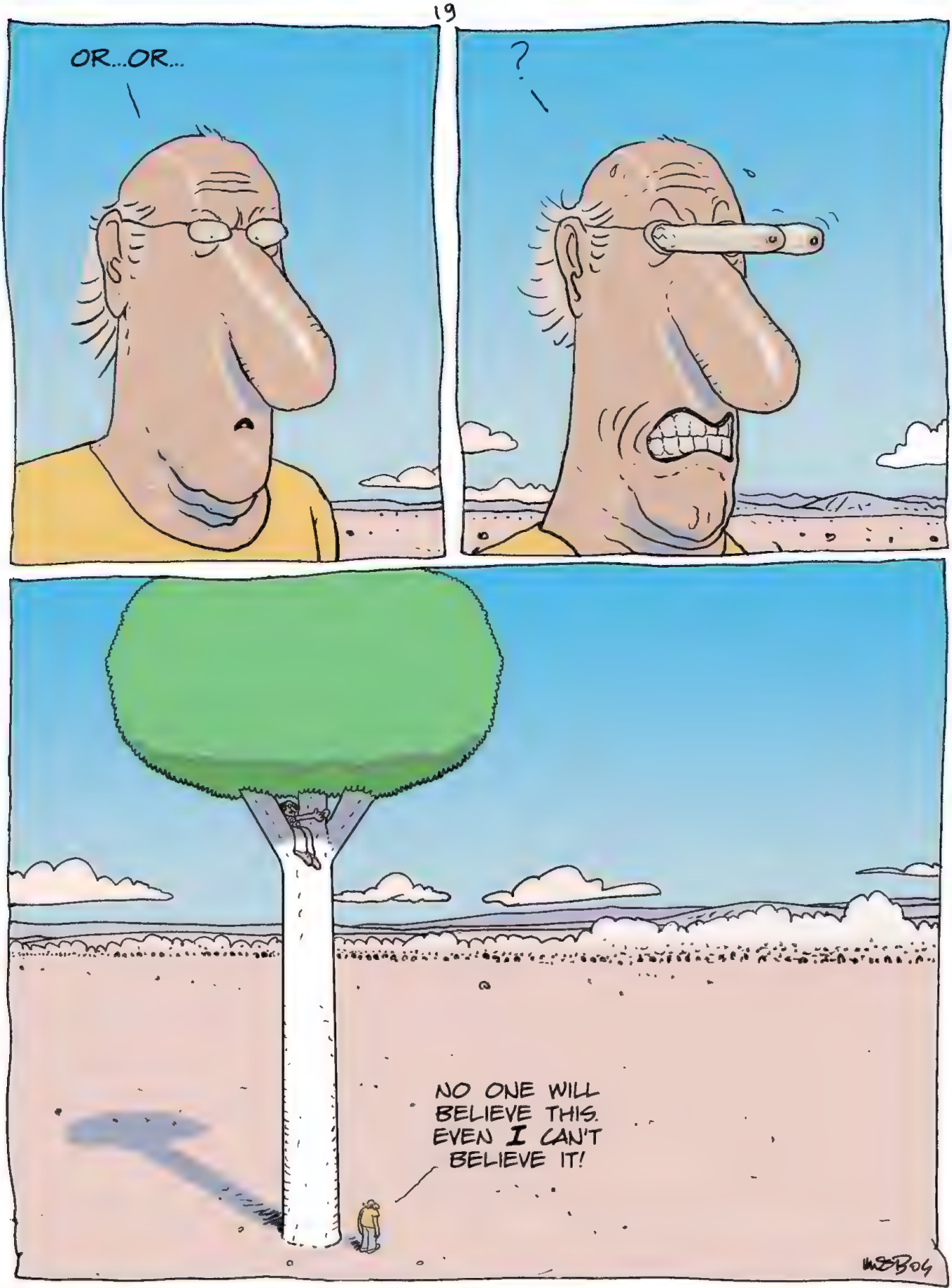

LET'S CHECK IT OUT UP CLOSE.
NO, I MUST BE DREAMING!
MY OLD ME! SO YOUNG! ... POOR KID!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
NATURALLY! HE'S TREE-PLANTING IN MY DESERT "B"?! THAT'S A MAJOR TRANSGRESSION!
MOEB 04

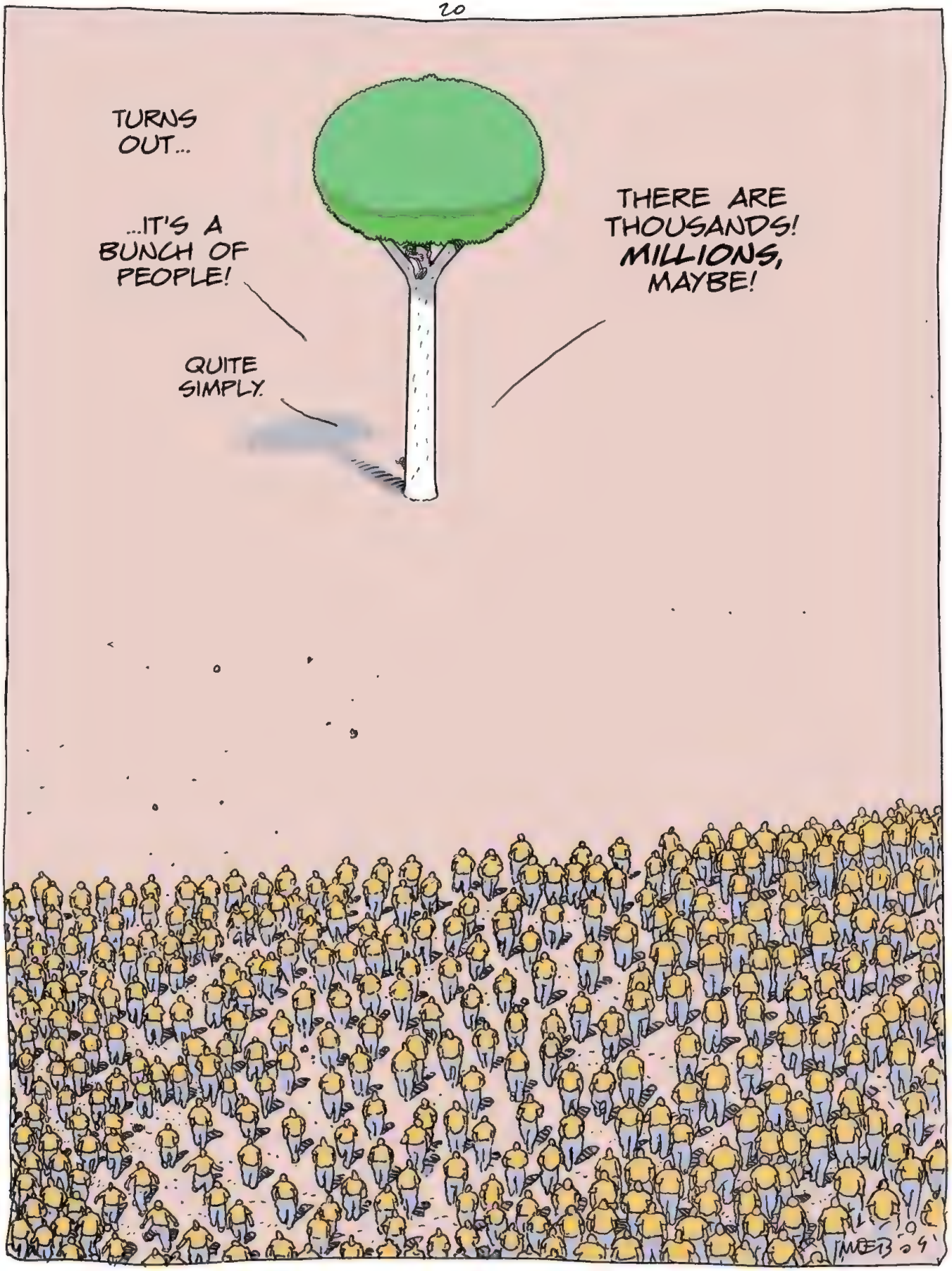

DID YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE TRANSGRESSING... RIGHT THERE!
DESERT "B" IS A DESERT! AND IN A DESERT, THERE ARE NO TREES! HEY! WHOA!
HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!
DA-DOO DA-DOO!
DA-DOO DA-DOO!
WHAT'S WITH THE DA-DOO DA-DOO?
MOEB 04


HE'S NOT LISTENING TO ME! HE DOESN'T HEAR ME! DAMN, AM I CUT OFF FROM MY OWN PAST?
DA-DOO DA-DOOO
BUT... BUT...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
THIS TREE...
DA-DOO DA DOO
IT GREW!
DA-DOOO DA-DOO DA-DOO DA-DOO
BUT... BUT...
RON RON
?!
MEB 04


I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IF THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A GAG...
...AND IF SO, AT WHAT POINT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LAUGH!
WAIT... THAT'S WEIRD! I FEEL A SORT OF TREMOR IN THE GROUND...
...AND A MUFFLED RUMBLING FROM FAR OFF.
NOW WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS?*
IT LOOKS LIKE AN *INVASION!* IN "MY" DESERT?!

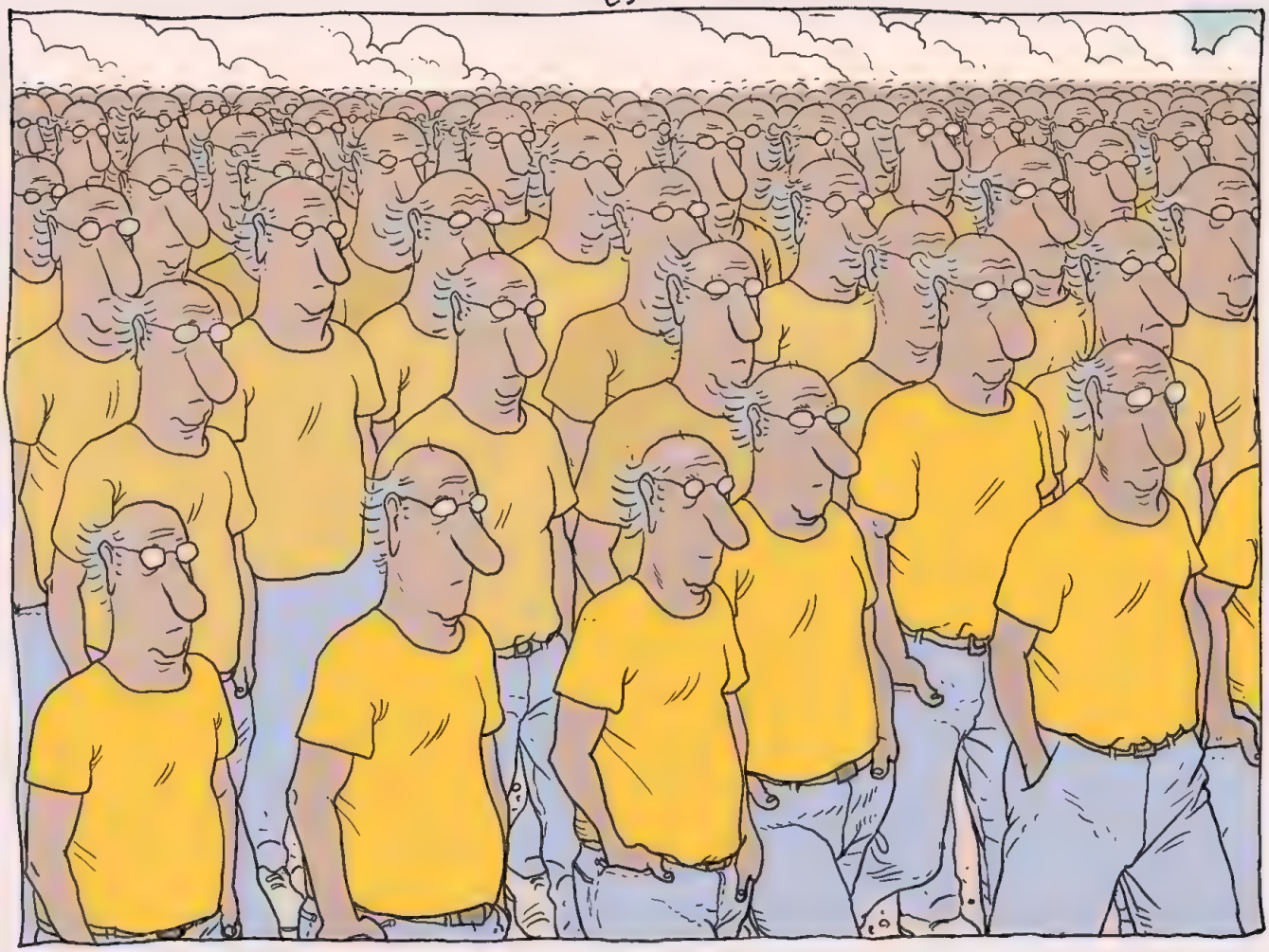

RON RONNN!
HEY! UP ABOVE! YOU SEE ANYTHING?
IS IT A HERD OF RAGING ELEPHANTS?
THE GHOSTS OF BANGLADESH?
FANATICAL FIGHTERS?
GUATEMALAN TANKS?
RABID OSTRICHES?
IMPRES-SIONIST PAINTERS?
GIANT-SIZED MEN?
MEB 04

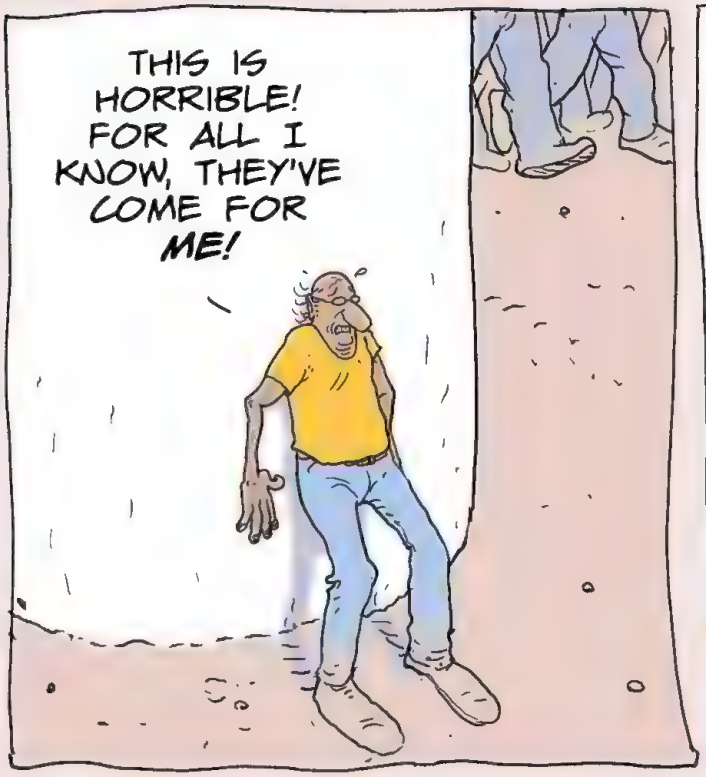

OR...OR...
?
NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THIS. EVEN I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

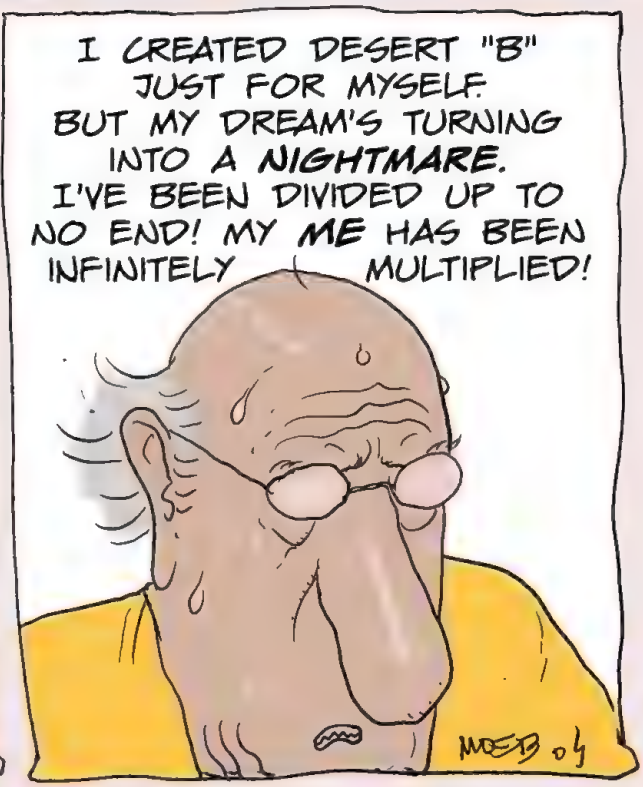

TURNS OUT...
...IT'S A BUNCH OF PEOPLE!
QUITE SIMPLY.
THERE ARE THOUSANDS! MILLIONS, MAYBE!

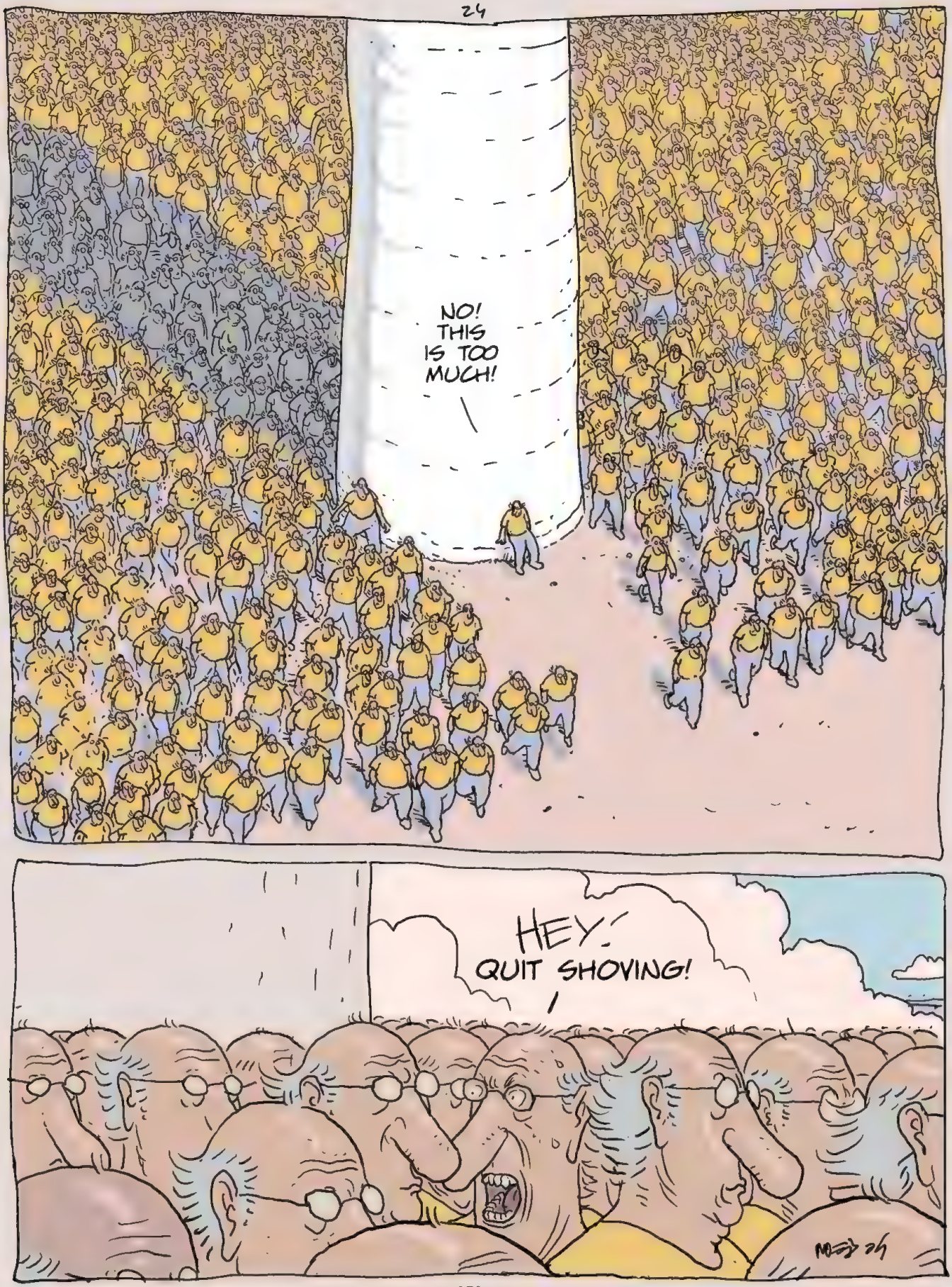
BUT...
BUT...
SHIT! THOSE AREN'T PEOPLE! THEY'RE ALL ME!
THOUSANDS! MILLIONS OF MEs! HOW ON EARTH DID THE ARTIST HAVE THE PATIENCE TO DRAW...

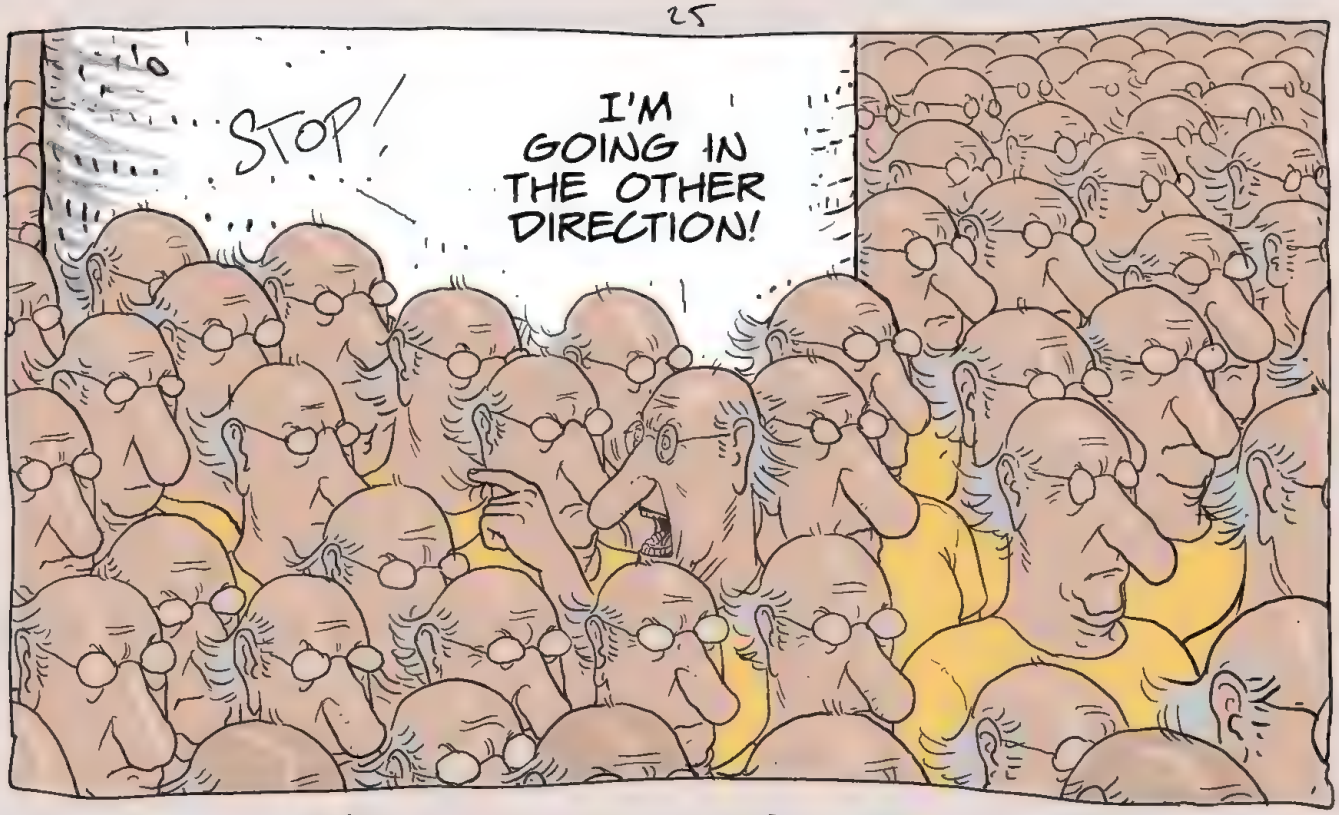
I SHALL BE
AVENGED!



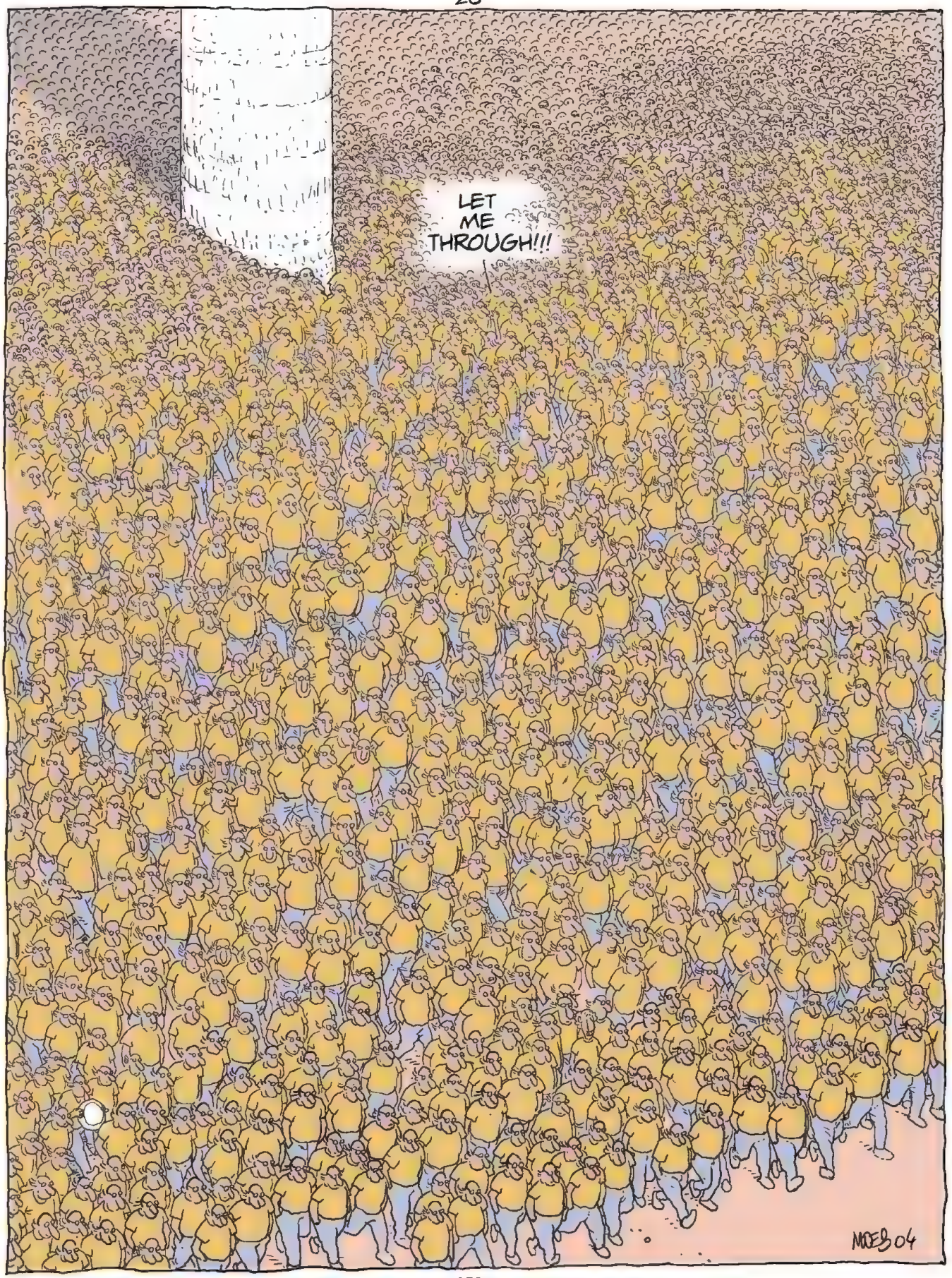

THIS IS HORRIBLE! FOR ALL I KNOW, THEY'VE COME FOR ME!

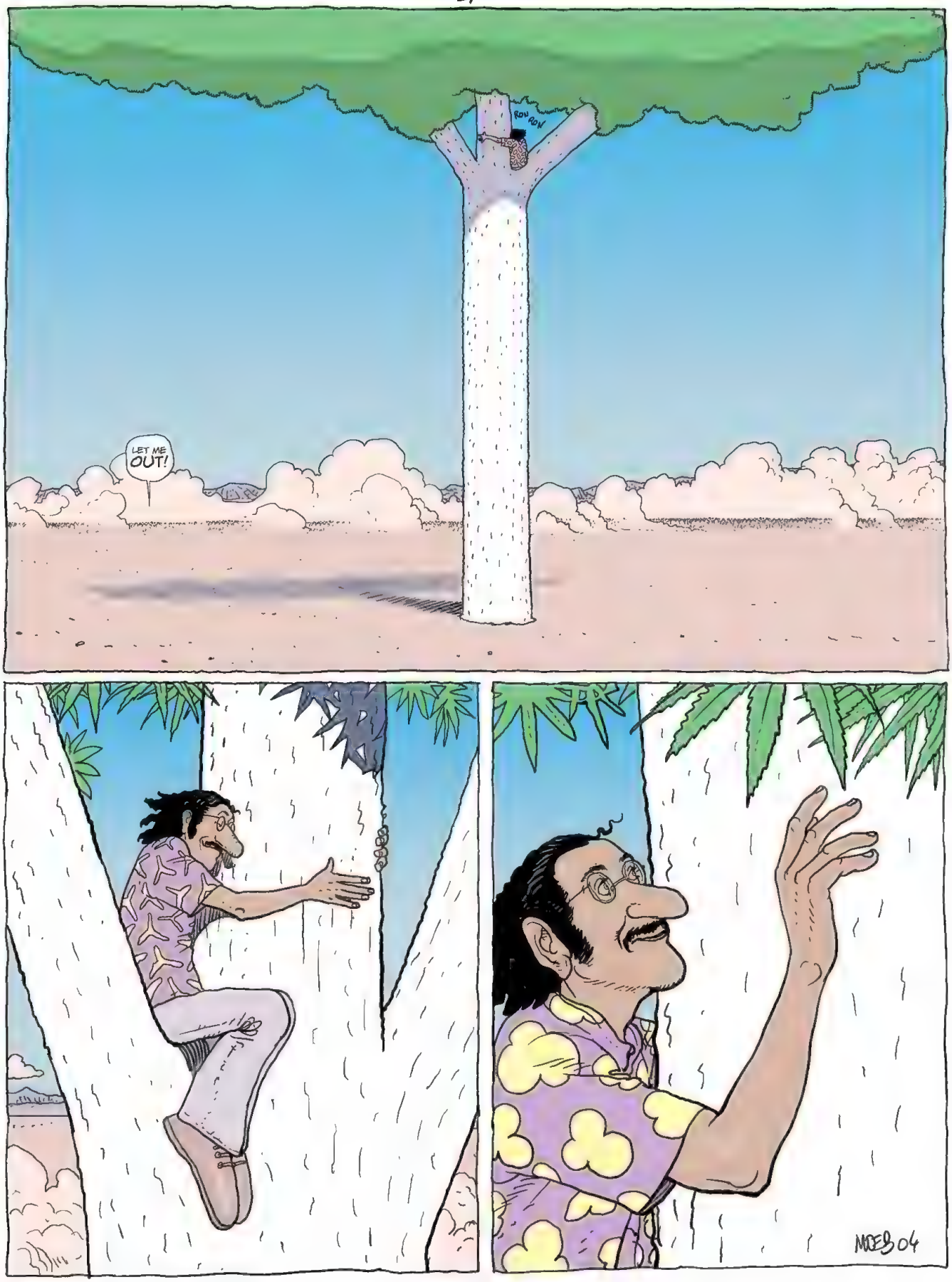

I CREATED DESERT "B" JUST FOR MYSELF. BUT MY DREAM'S TURNING INTO A NIGHTMARE. I'VE BEEN DIVIDED UP TO NO END! MY ME HAS BEEN INFINITELY MULTIPLIED!
MOEB 04


NO! THIS IS TOO MUCH!
HEY! QUIT SHOVING!

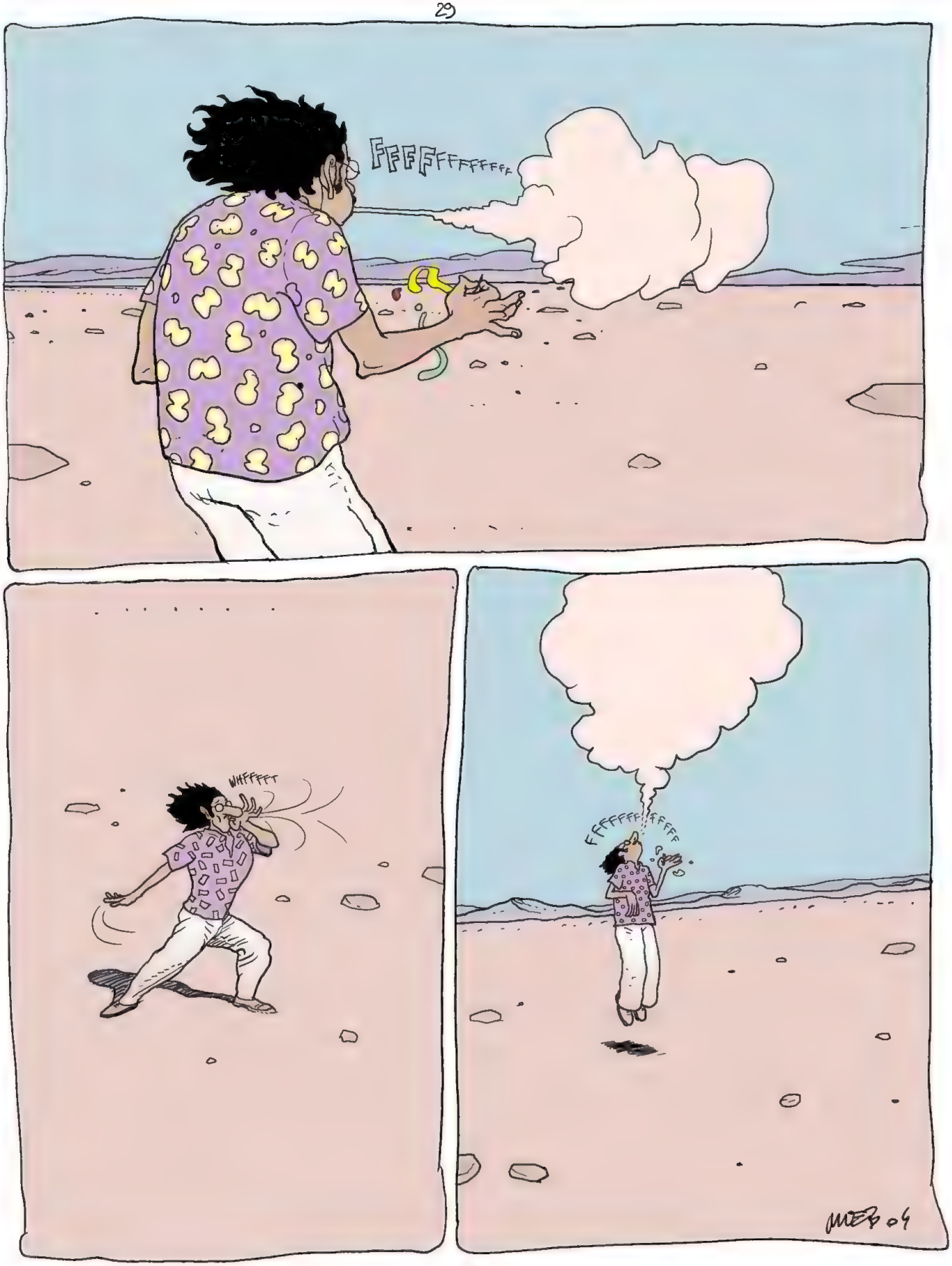

STOP!
I'M GOING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!

TIC TOC TIC TOC
RZZZ
INSIDE OUT
MOEB 04


LET
ME
THROUGH!!!
MOEBIUS 04


RON RON
LET ME OUT!
MOEB 04

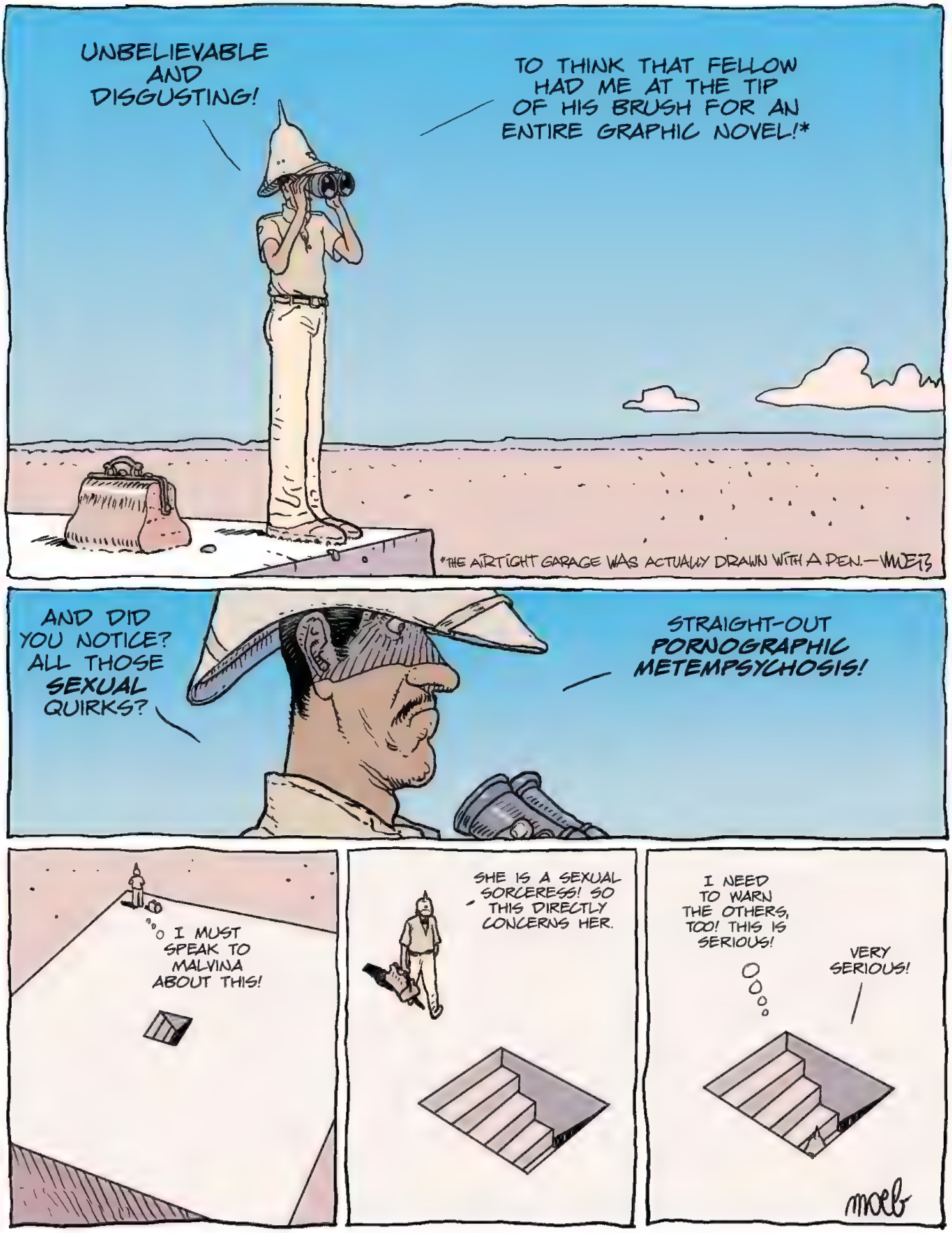
CHTOOK
MOEBIUS 04

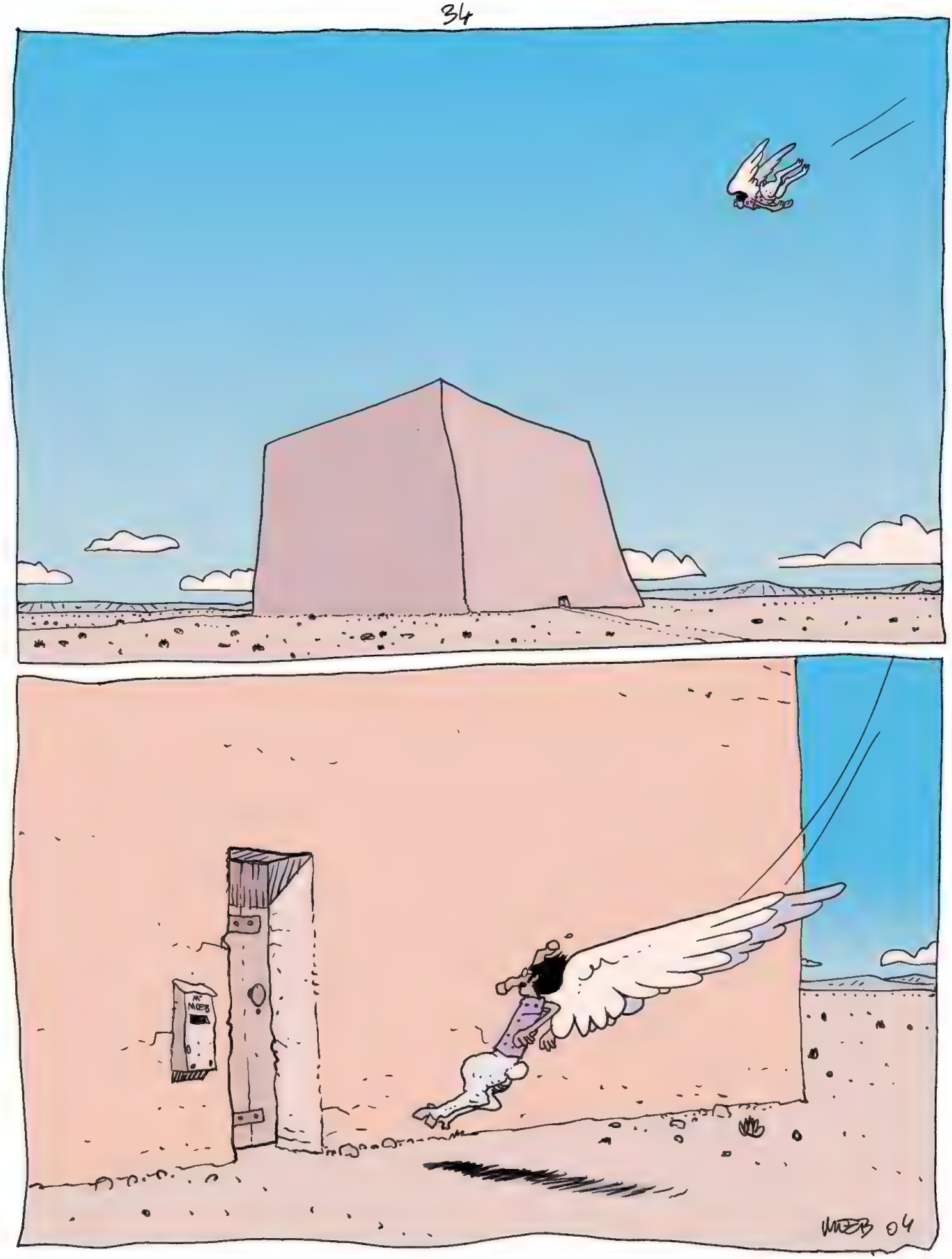

FFFFFFFFFFF
WHFFFFT
FFFFFFFFFFFF

YODLODLAY-HEEHOO!
PLOOP
PLOOP!
MOEBIUS 04

PLOP
PLOP!
PLOP
PLOPP

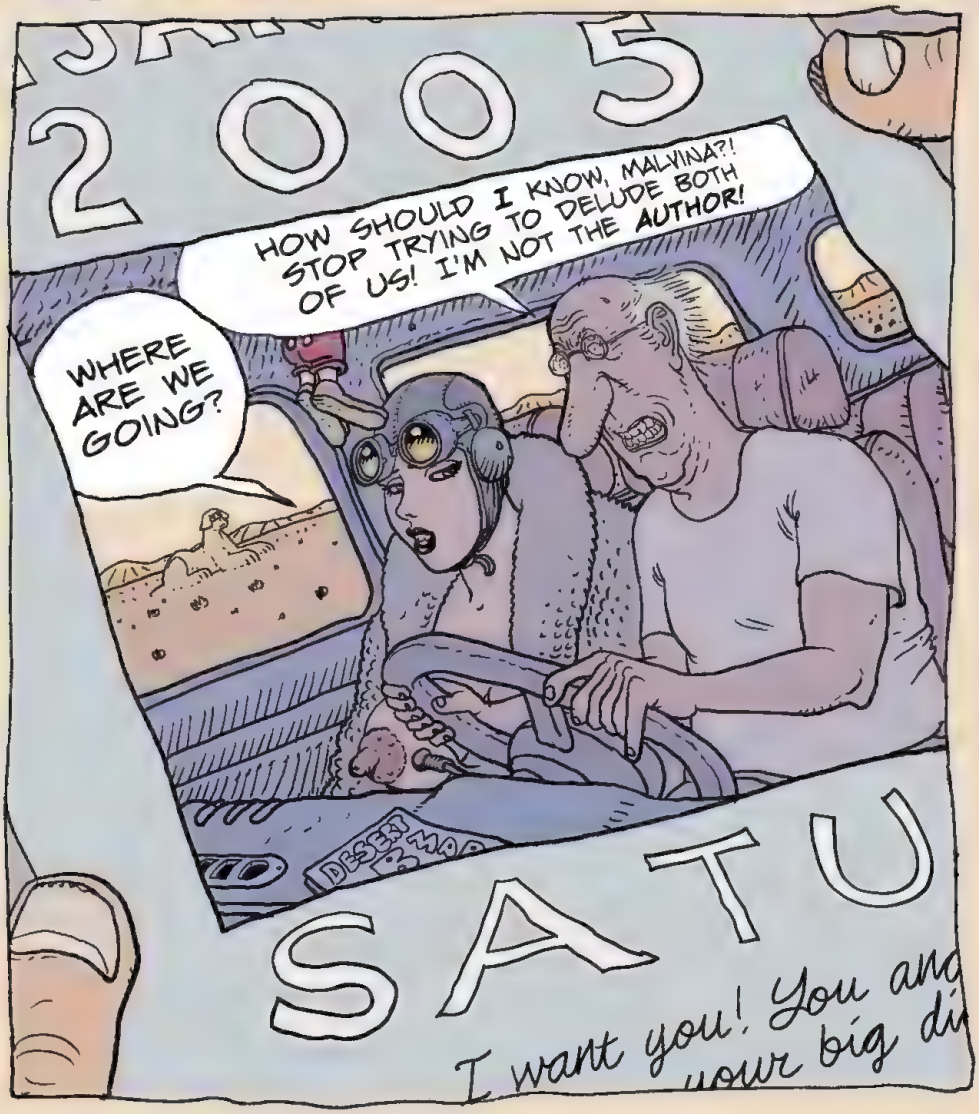
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHAAA


UNBELIEVABLE AND DISGUSTING!
TO THINK THAT FELLOW HAD ME AT THE TIP OF HIS BRUSH FOR AN ENTIRE GRAPHIC NOVEL!*
*THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE WAS ACTUALLY DRAWN WITH A PEN.—MOEBIUS
AND DID YOU NOTICE? ALL THOSE SEXUAL QUIRKS?
STRAIGHT-OUT PORNOGRAPHIC METEMPSYCHOSIS!
I MUST SPEAK TO MALVINA ABOUT THIS!
SHE IS A SEXUAL SORCERESS! SO THIS DIRECTLY CONCERNS HER.
I NEED TO WARN THE OTHERS, TOO! THIS IS SERIOUS!
VERY SERIOUS!
moeb

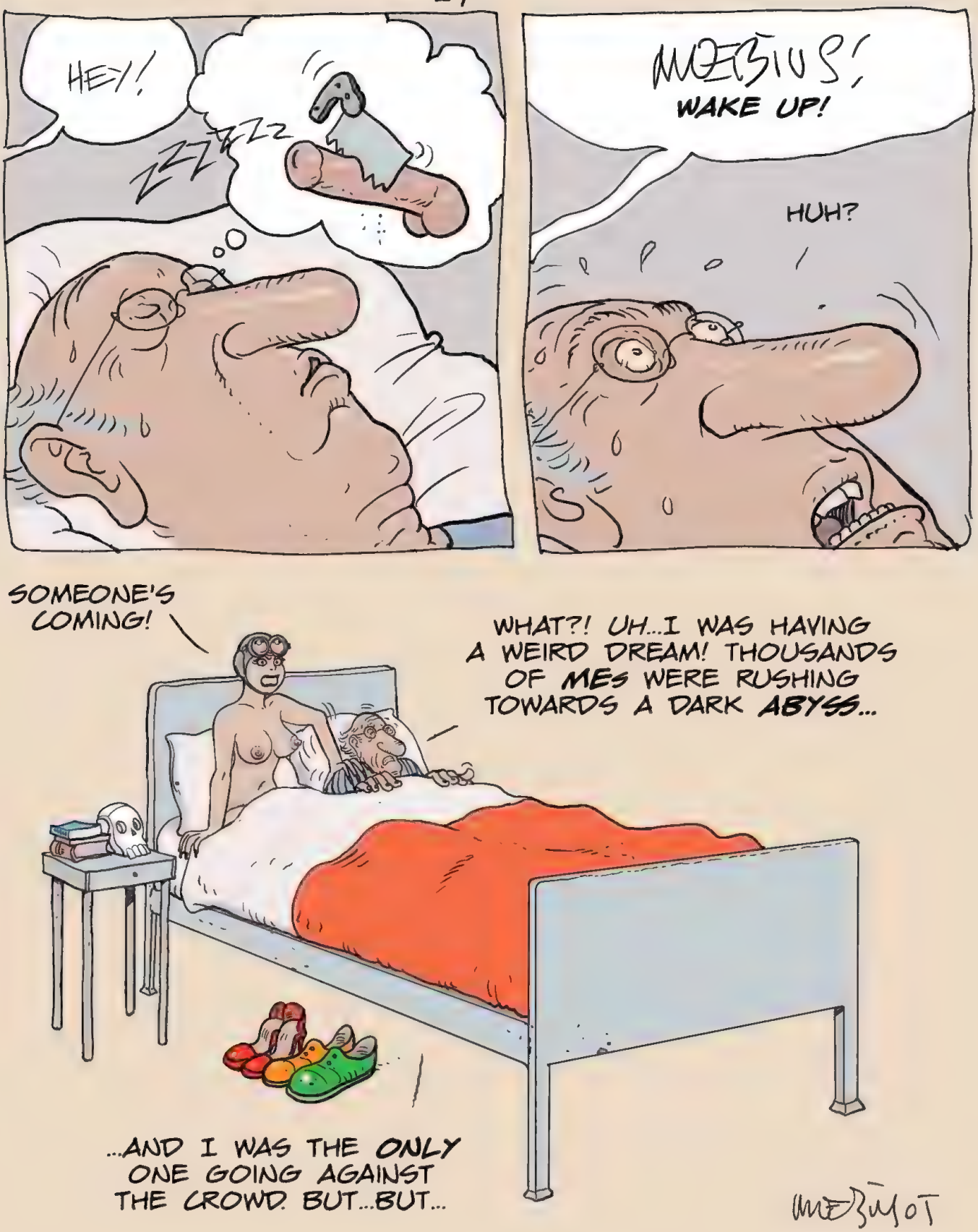


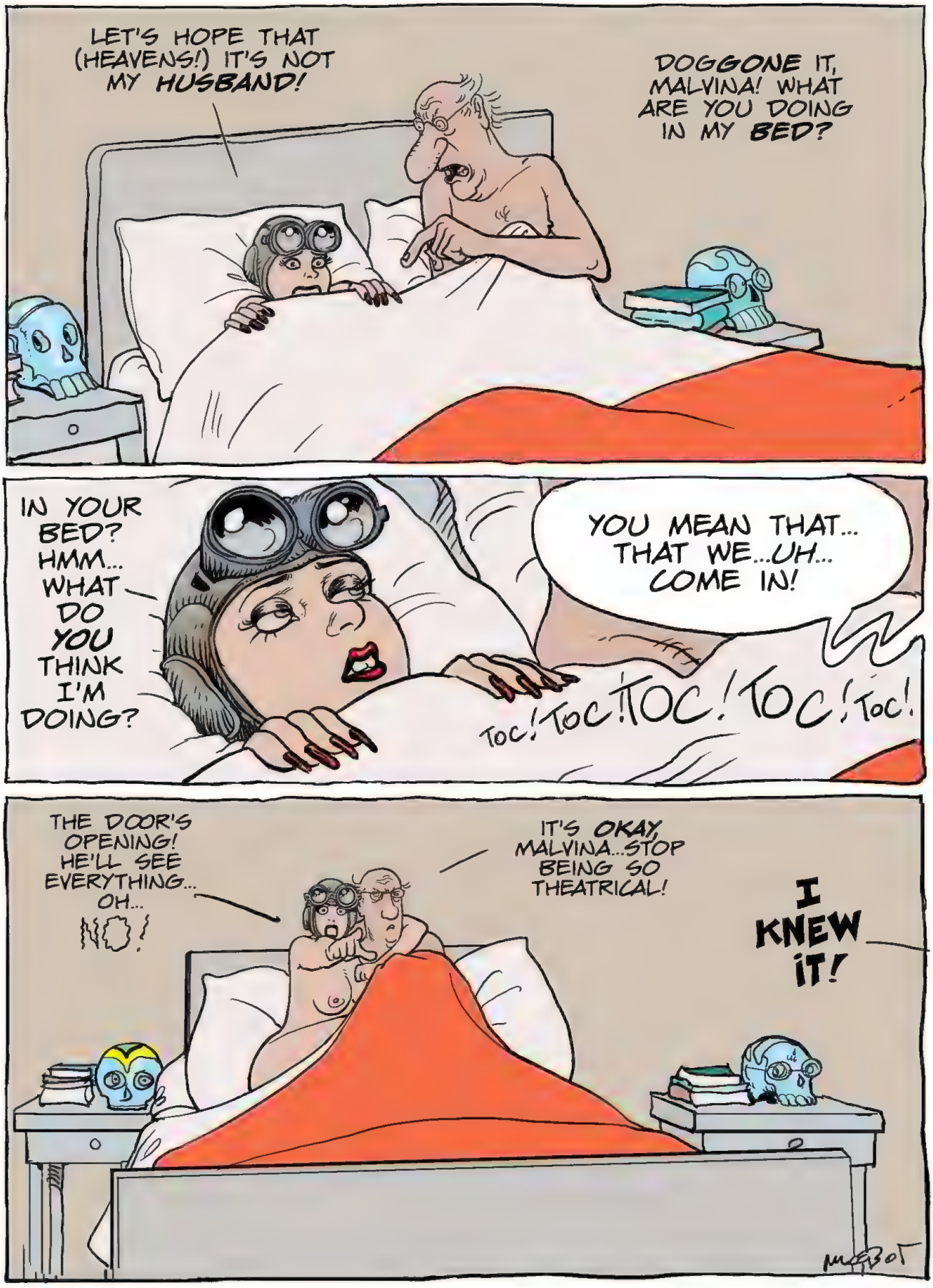
ANYONE HOME?
?
NO ONE! NOTHING EXCEPT FOR THIS MYSTERIOUS LETTER! WHO COULD HAVE WRITTEN ME HERE? HMM... THE AUTHOR CERTAINLY... OR A WOMAN...
...MAYBE?
FOR MOEB '82

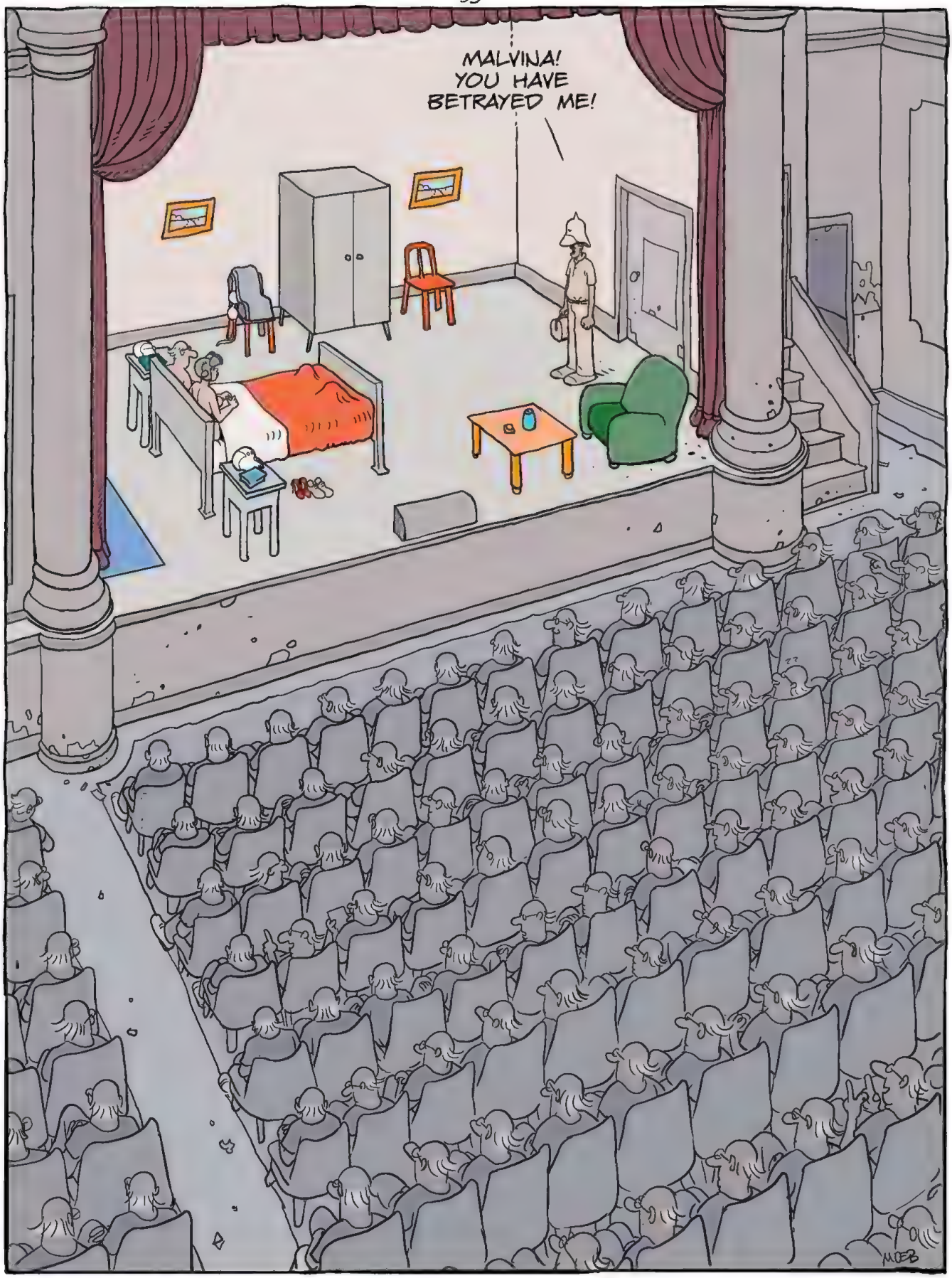
OH, MY! IT'S A GENUINE SEXUAL INVITATION!
31 DECEMBER 2004
YOU'RE TOO OLD! YOU'RE NOT THE LORD OF TIME!
DON'T SAY THAT TO ME, PLEASE!
FRIDAY
get back to me soon....M.

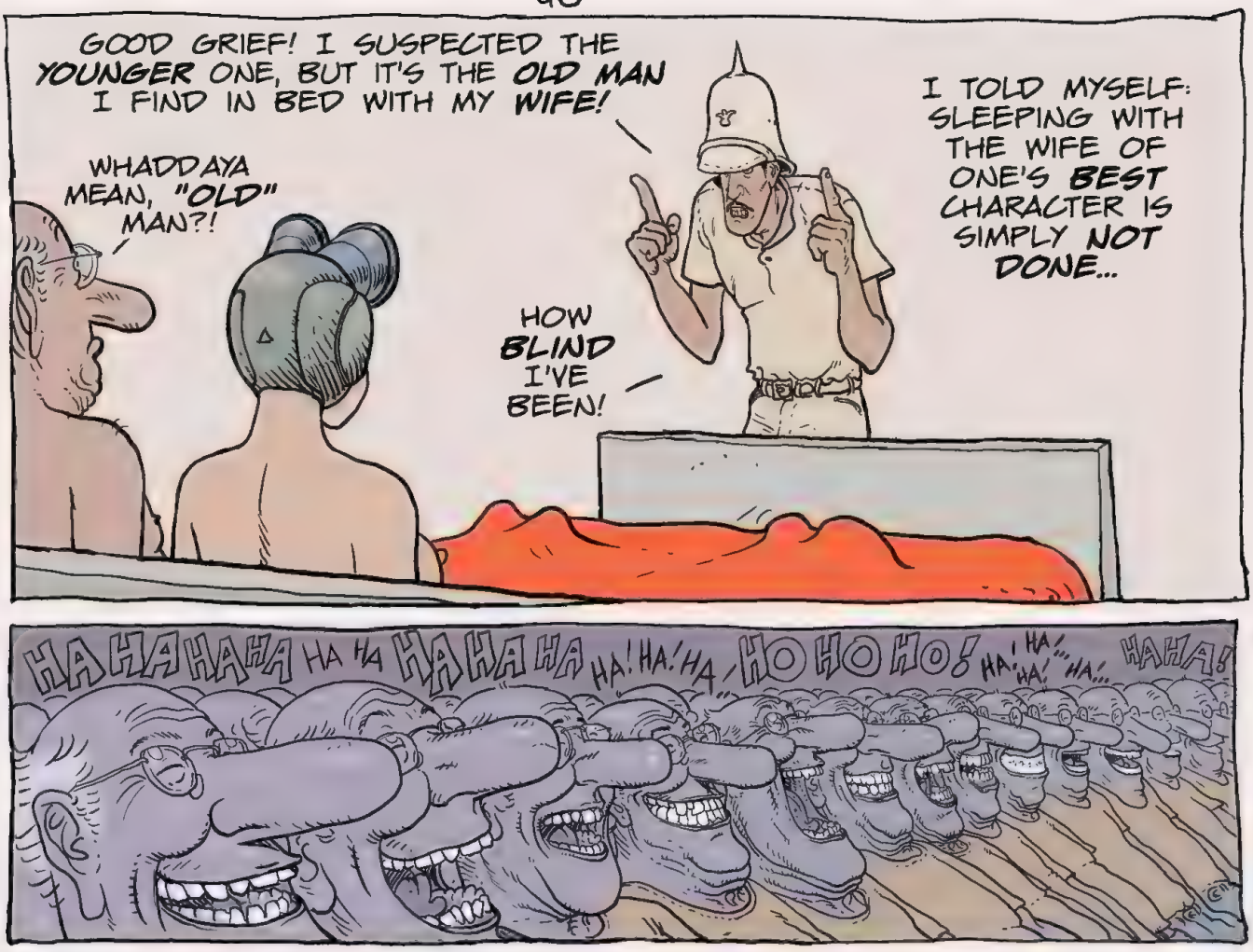

2005
HOW SHOULD I KNOW, MALVINA?! STOP TRYING TO DELUDE BOTH OF US! I'M NOT THE AUTHOR!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
SATU
I want you! You and your big di

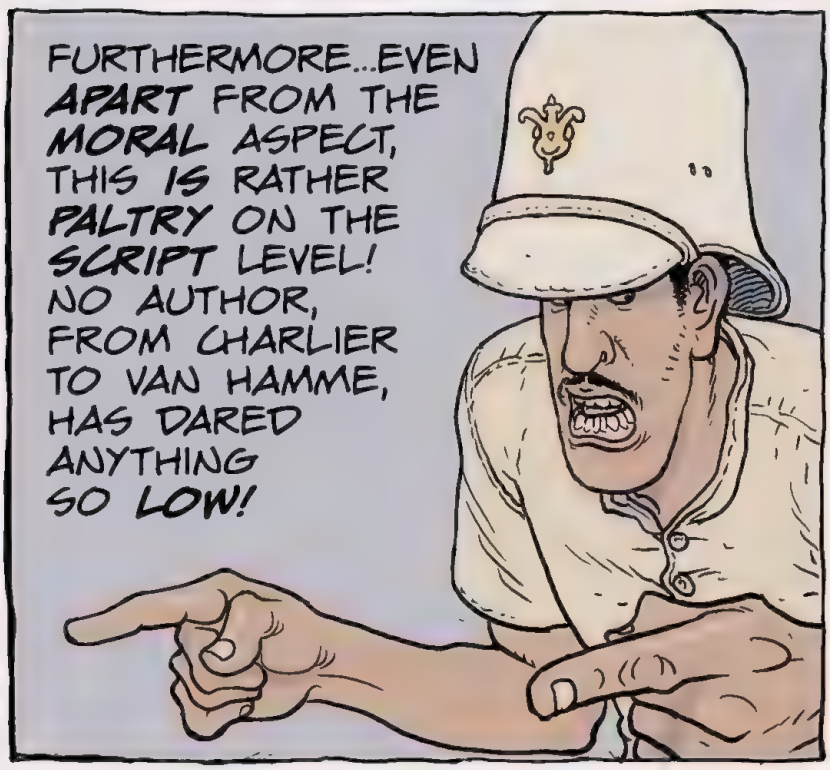
2005?! QUICK! TIME'S A-WASTING!
I'VE ABSOLUTELY GOTTA FIND A SPATIOTEMPORAL EXPRESSWAY!


HEY!
ZZZZZZ
MOEBIUS!
WAKE UP!
HUH?
SOMEONE'S COMING!
WHAT?! UH...I WAS HAVING A WEIRD DREAM! THOUSANDS OF MEs WERE RUSHING TOWARDS A DARK ABYSS...
...AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE GOING AGAINST THE CROWD. BUT...BUT...
MOEBIUS


LET'S HOPE THAT (HEAVENS!) IT'S NOT MY HUSBAND!
DOGGONE IT, MALVINA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BED?
IN YOUR BED? HMM... WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING?
YOU MEAN THAT... THAT WE...UH... COME IN!
TOC! TOC! TOC! TOC! TOC!
THE DOOR'S OPENING! HE'LL SEE EVERYTHING... OH... NO!
IT'S OKAY, MALVINA...STOP BEING SO THEATRICAL!
I KNEW IT!

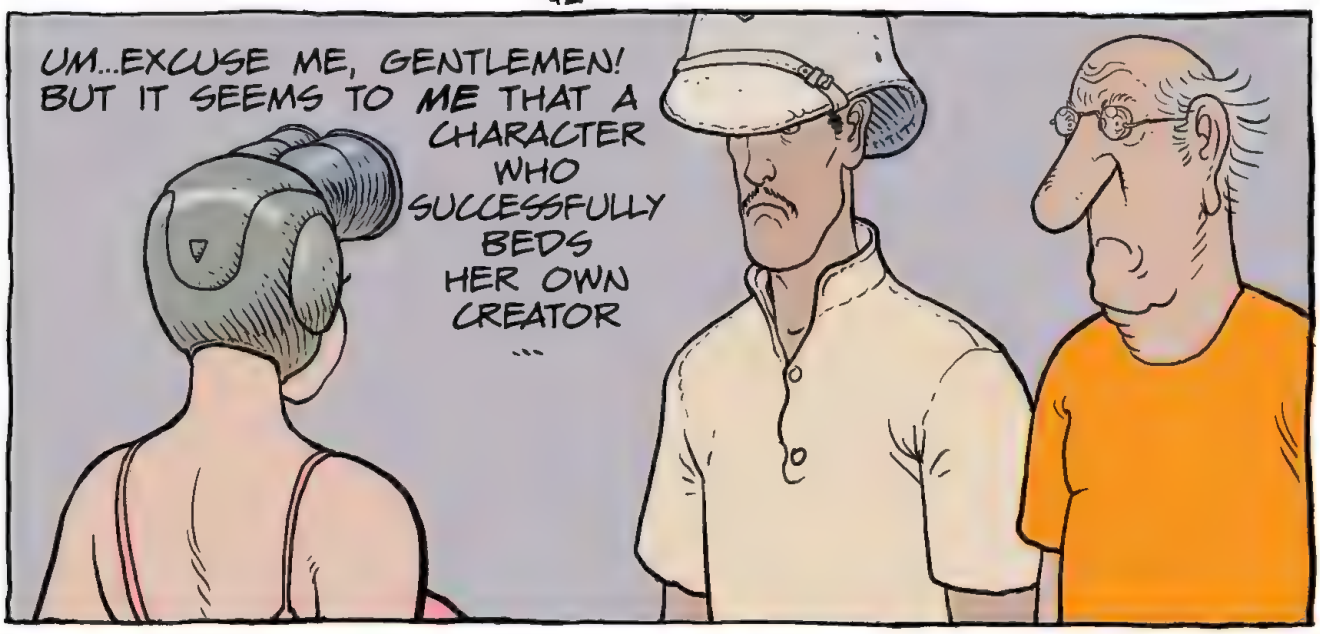

MALVINA!
YOU HAVE
BETRAYED ME!
MOEB

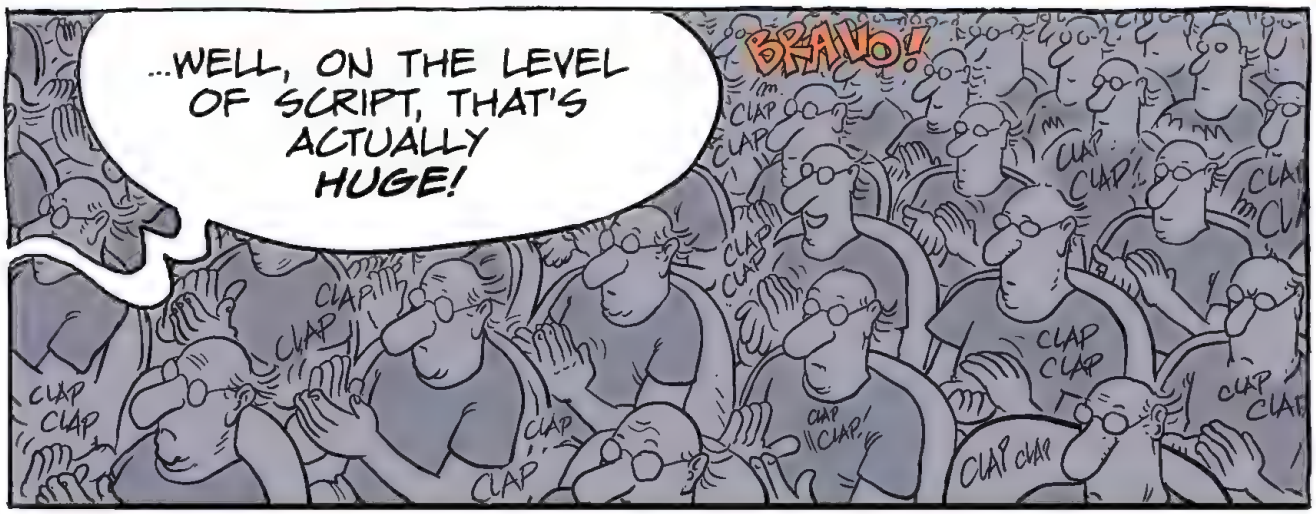

GOOD GRIEF! I SUSPECTED THE YOUNGER ONE, BUT IT'S THE OLD MAN I FIND IN BED WITH MY WIFE!
WHADDAYA MEAN, "OLD" MAN?!
I TOLD MYSELF: SLEEPING WITH THE WIFE OF ONE'S BEST CHARACTER IS SIMPLY NOT DONE...
HOW BLIND I'VE BEEN!
HAHAHAHA HA HA HAHAHA HA HA! HA! HA! HO HO HO! HA! HA! HA! HA! HAHA!


FURTHERMORE...EVEN APART FROM THE MORAL ASPECT, THIS IS RATHER PALTRY ON THE SCRIPT LEVEL! NO AUTHOR, FROM CHARLIER TO VAN HAMME, HAS DARED ANYTHING SO LOW!

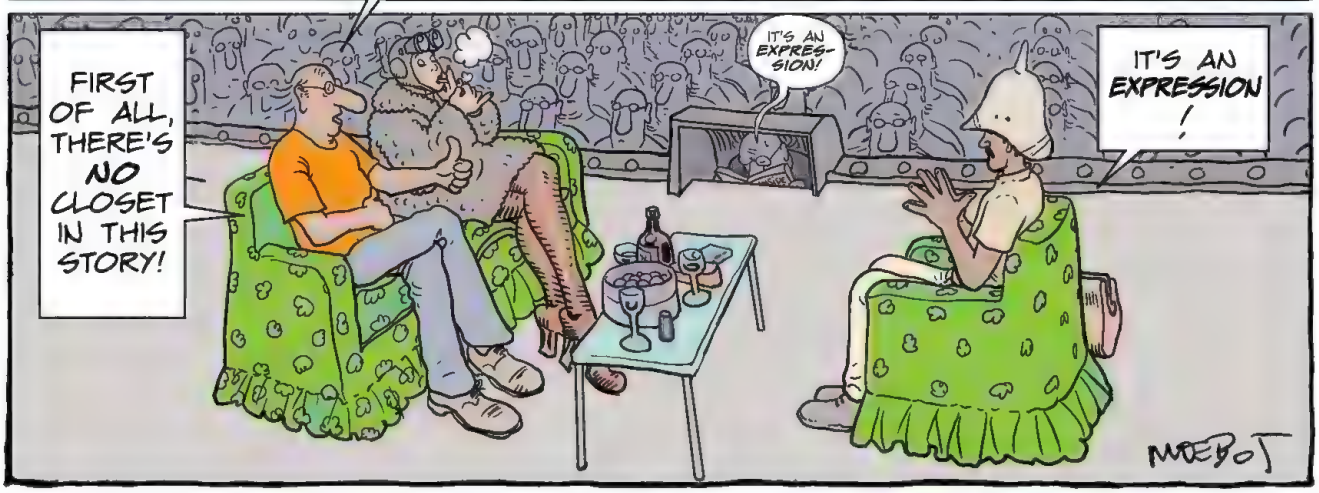
AND DESPITE THEIR TASTE FOR THE PROFANE, EVEN NEW BLOOD LIKE TRONDHEIM AND ARLESTON HAVE FIRMLY REFRAINED FROM THIS!
WAIT! YOU'RE FORGETTING JODO!
WHAT ABOUT JODO?
MOEBIUS

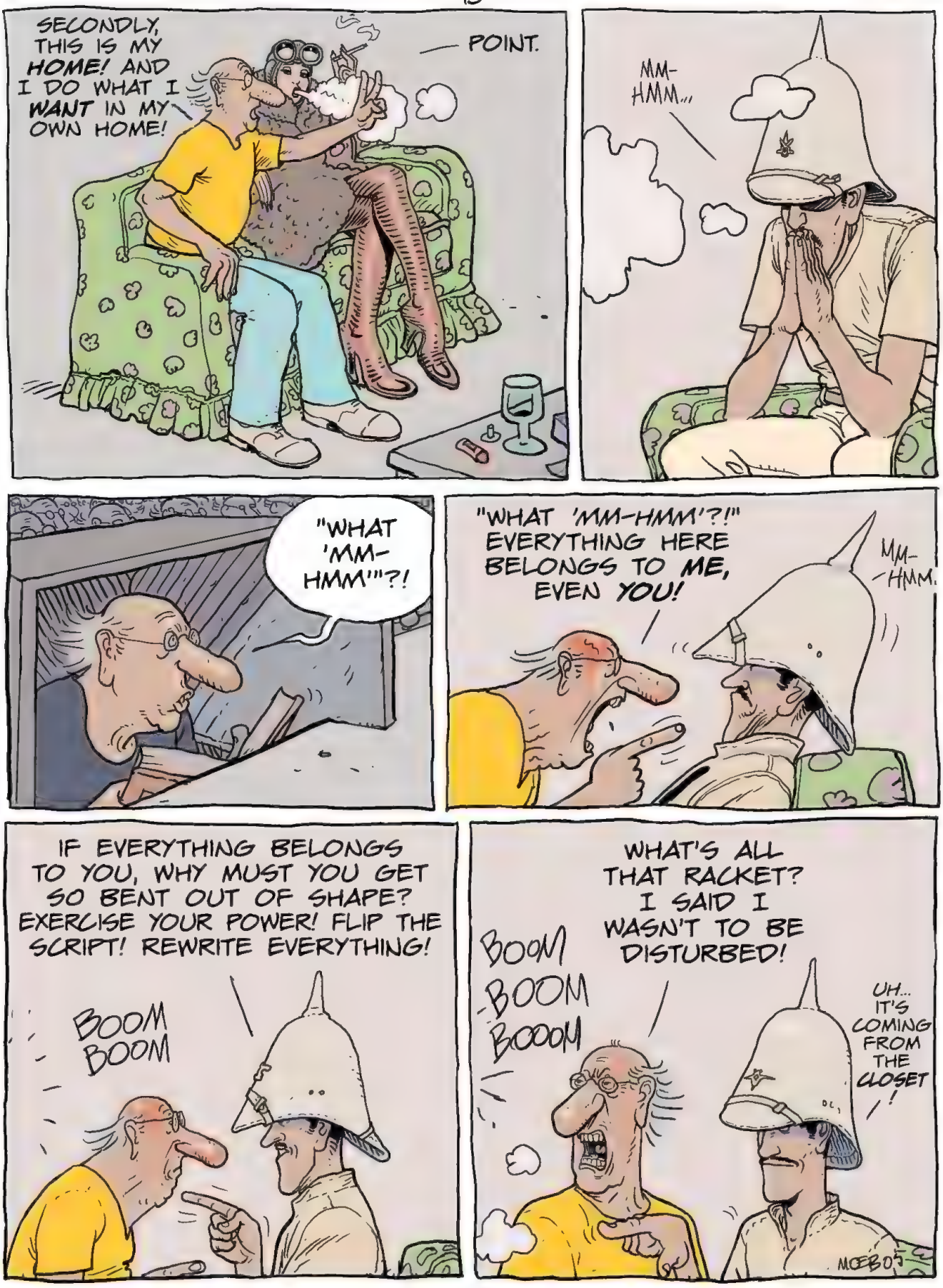
IN MADWOMAN OF THE SACRED HEART!
THAT DOESN'T COUNT! JODO'S A SPECIAL CASE!
YEAH?! CASE IN POINT!
OKAY! THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU TWO!
I TAKE COMPLETE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS SITUATION...
EXACTLY WHAT I WAS SAYING.
HOGWASH!
MOEBIUS

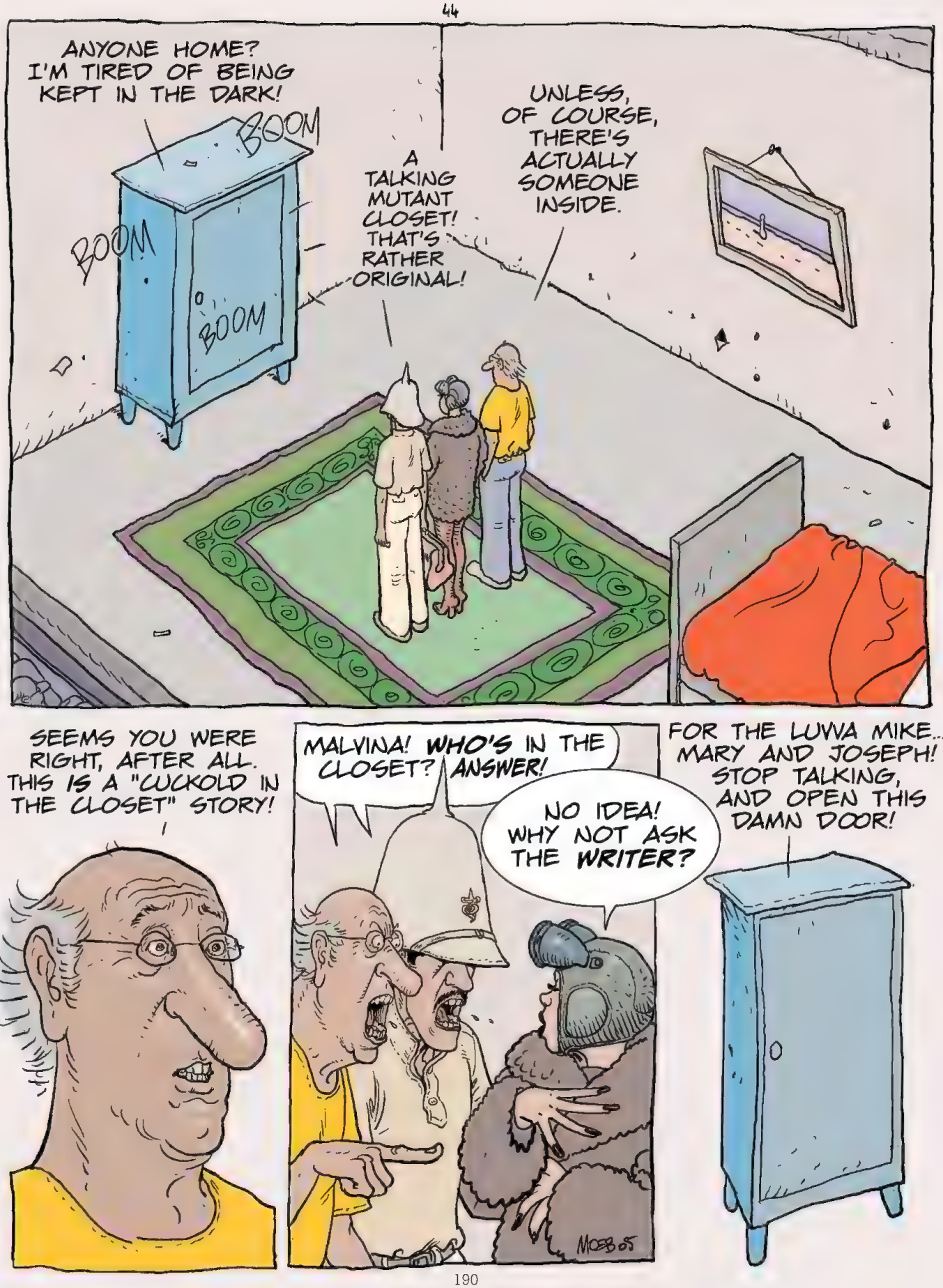


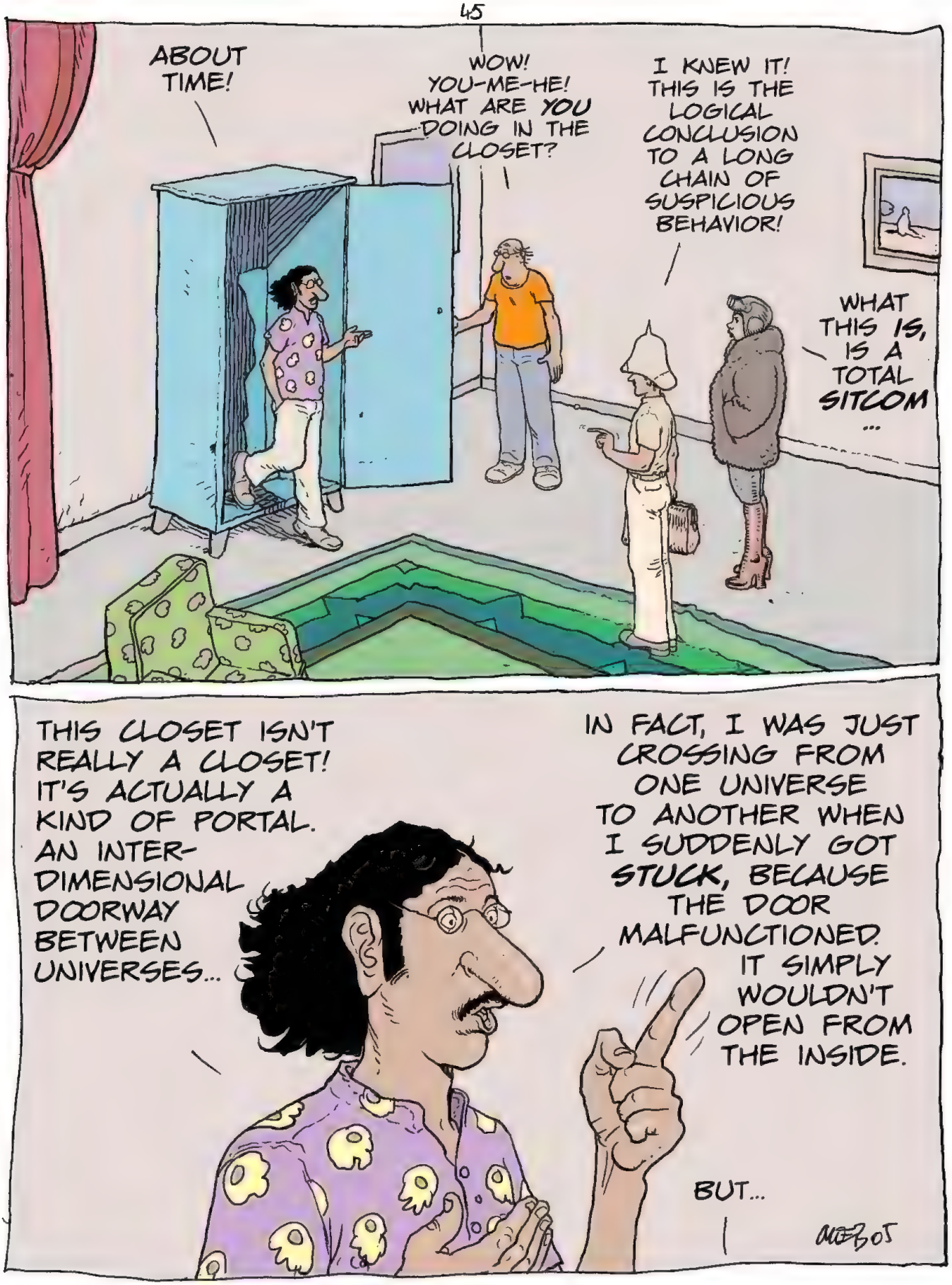


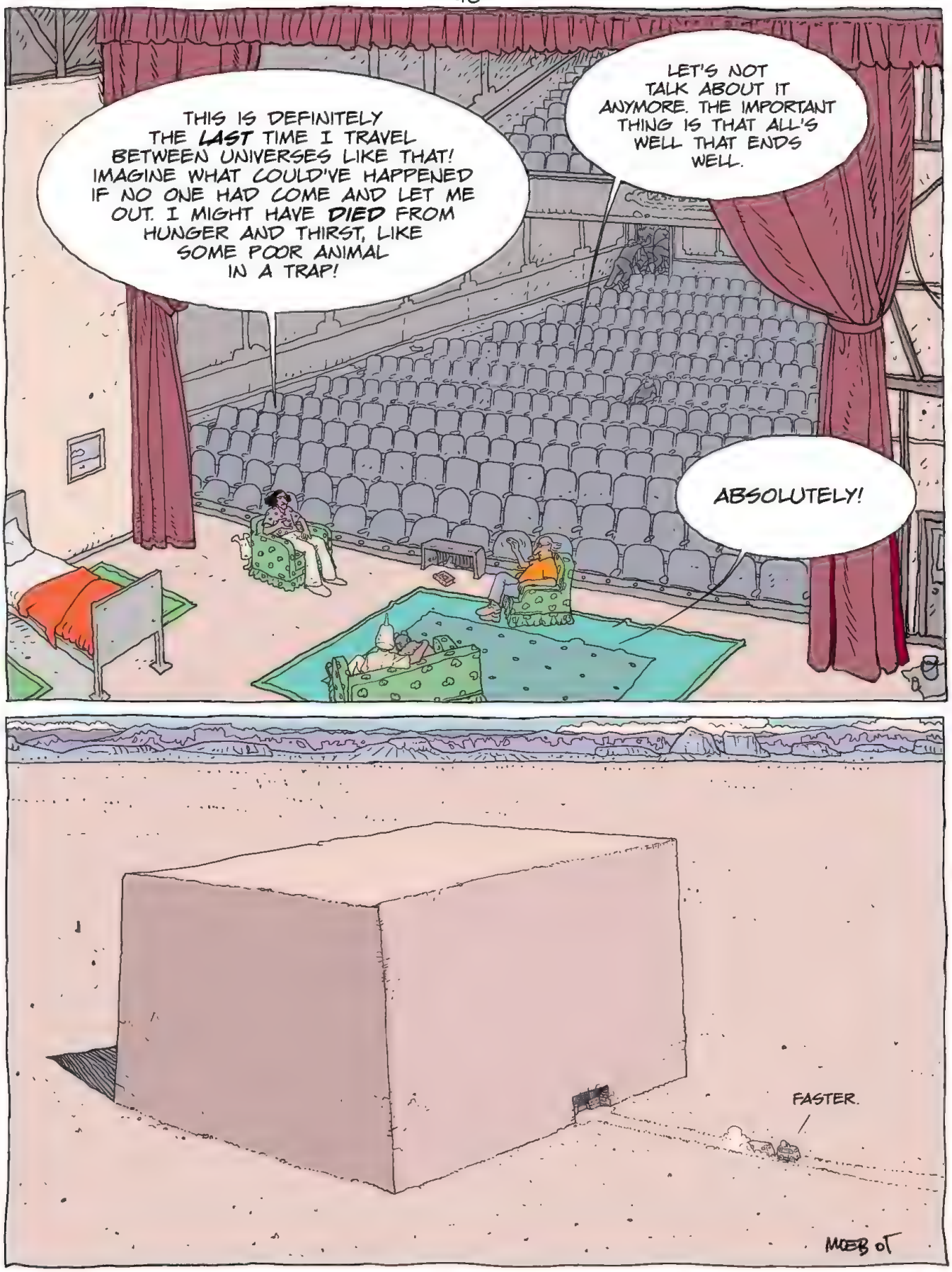
IT'S A QUESTION OF *PERSPECTIVE*, BUT WHATEVER! THE FACT REMAINS THAT TO END A CELEBRATED CAREER WITH SUCH VAUDEVILLIAN SCENES AS THE "CUCKOLD IN THE CLOSET" IS *TRULY* PATHETIC!

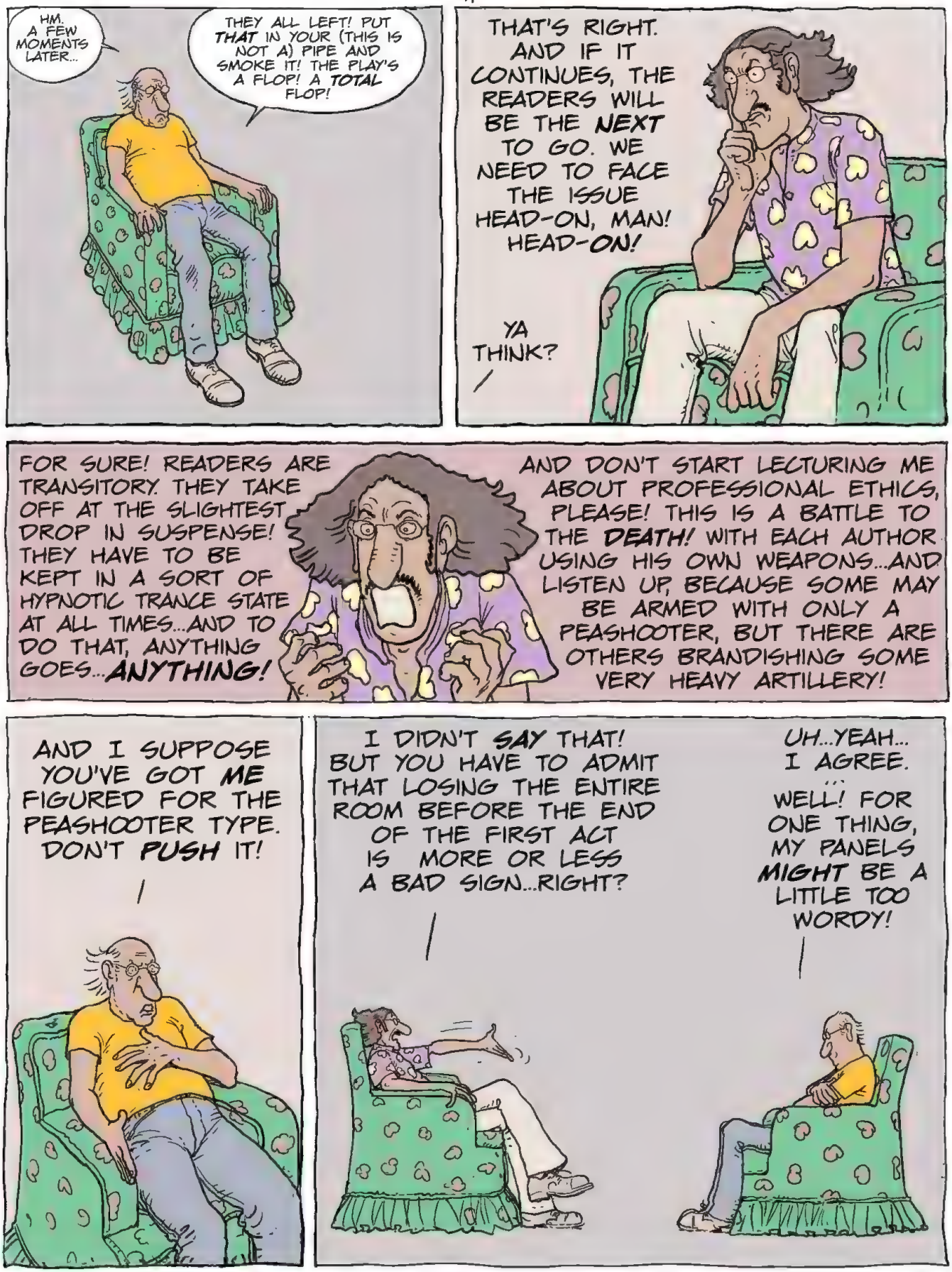



SECONDLY, THIS IS MY HOME! AND I DO WHAT I WANT IN MY OWN HOME!
POINT.
MM-HMM...
"WHAT 'MM-HMM'"?!
"WHAT 'MM-HMM'?!" EVERYTHING HERE BELONGS TO ME, EVEN YOU!
MM-HMM.
IF EVERYTHING BELONGS TO YOU, WHY MUST YOU GET SO BENT OUT OF SHAPE? EXERCISE YOUR POWER! FLIP THE SCRIPT! REWRITE EVERYTHING!
BOOM BOOM
WHAT'S ALL THAT RACKET? I SAID I WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED!
BOOM BOOM BOOOM
UH... IT'S COMING FROM THE CLOSET!
MOEBOY

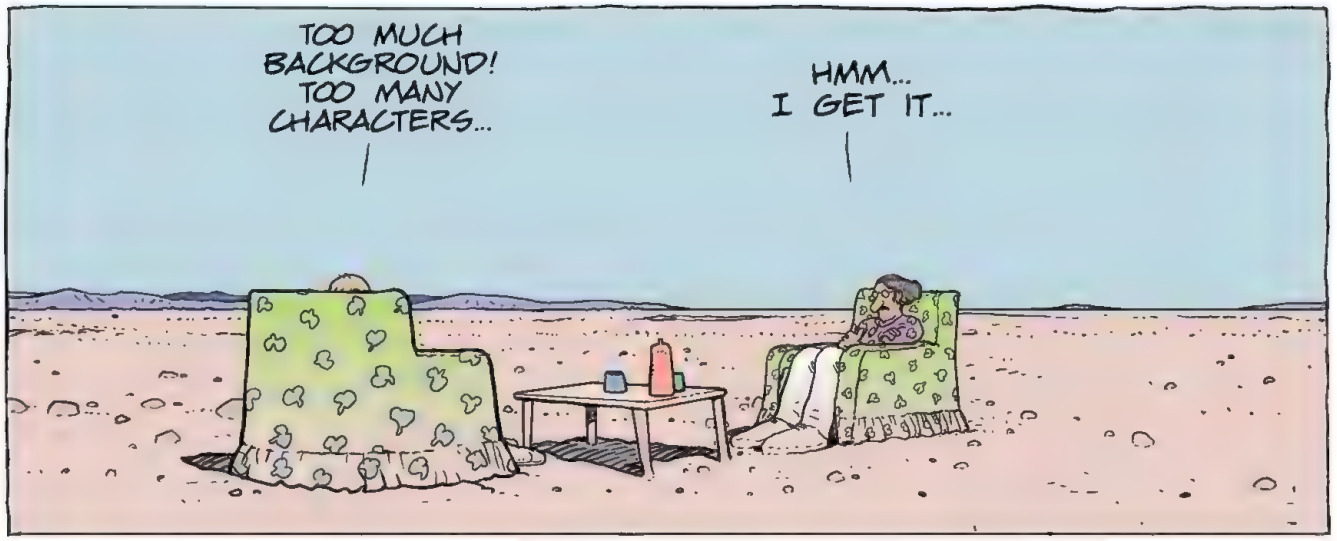

ANYONE HOME? I'M TIRED OF BEING KEPT IN THE DARK!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
A TALKING MUTANT CLOSET! THAT'S RATHER ORIGINAL!
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THERE'S ACTUALLY SOMEONE INSIDE.
SEEMS YOU WERE RIGHT, AFTER ALL. THIS IS A "CUCKOLD IN THE CLOSET" STORY!
MALVINA! WHO'S IN THE CLOSET? ANSWER!
NO IDEA! WHY NOT ASK THE WRITER?
FOR THE LUVVA MIKE... MARY AND JOSEPH! STOP TALKING, AND OPEN THIS DAMN DOOR!

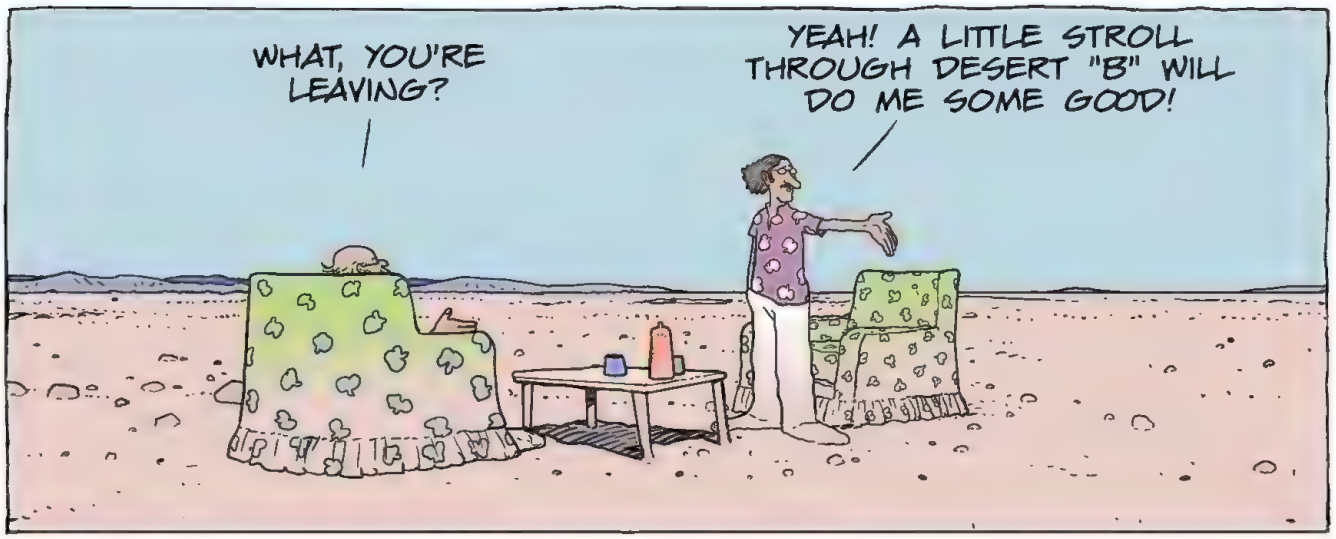

ABOUT TIME!
WOW! YOU-ME-HE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE CLOSET?
I KNEW IT! THIS IS THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION TO A LONG CHAIN OF SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR!
WHAT THIS IS, IS A TOTAL SITCOM ...
THIS CLOSET ISN'T REALLY A CLOSET! IT'S ACTUALLY A KIND OF PORTAL. AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY BETWEEN UNIVERSES...
IN FACT, I WAS JUST CROSSING FROM ONE UNIVERSE TO ANOTHER WHEN I SUDDENLY GOT STUCK, BECAUSE THE DOOR MALFUNCTIONED. IT SIMPLY WOULDN'T OPEN FROM THE INSIDE.
BUT...

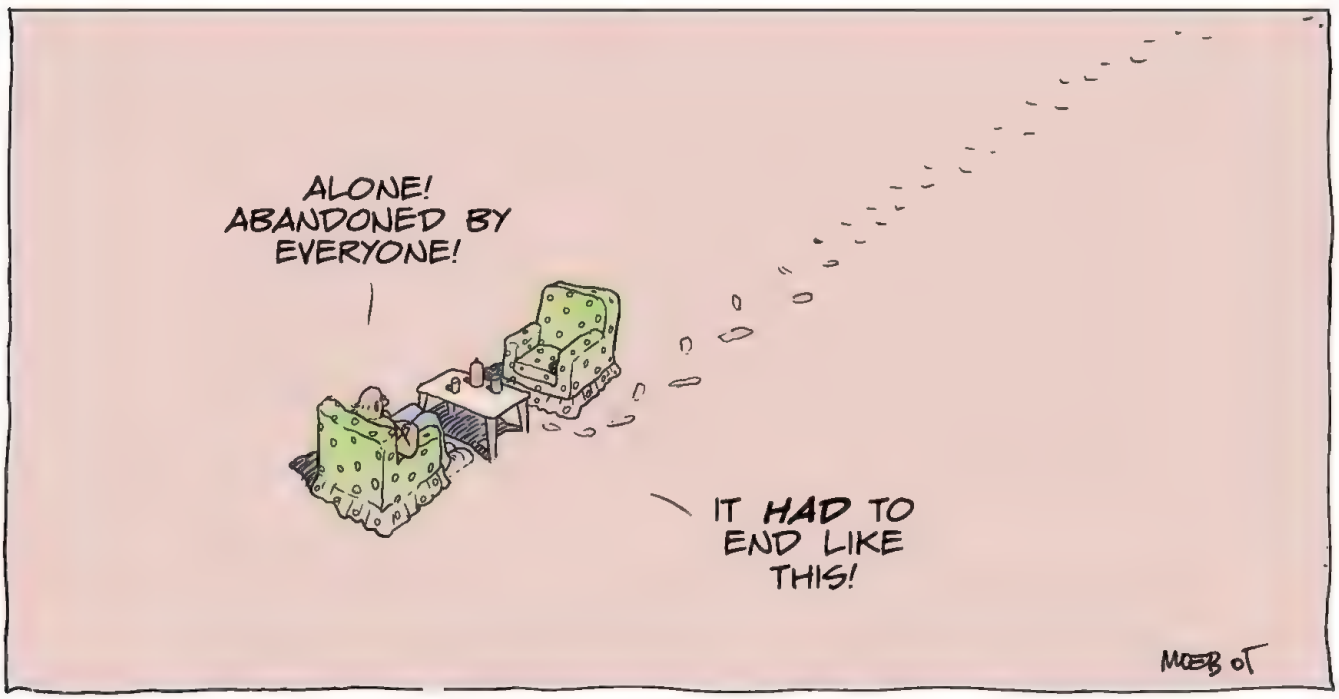

THIS IS DEFINITELY THE LAST TIME I TRAVEL BETWEEN UNIVERSES LIKE THAT! IMAGINE WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED IF NO ONE HAD COME AND LET ME OUT. I MIGHT HAVE DIED FROM HUNGER AND THIRST, LIKE SOME POOR ANIMAL IN A TRAP!
LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
ABSOLUTELY!
FASTER.
MOEBIUS

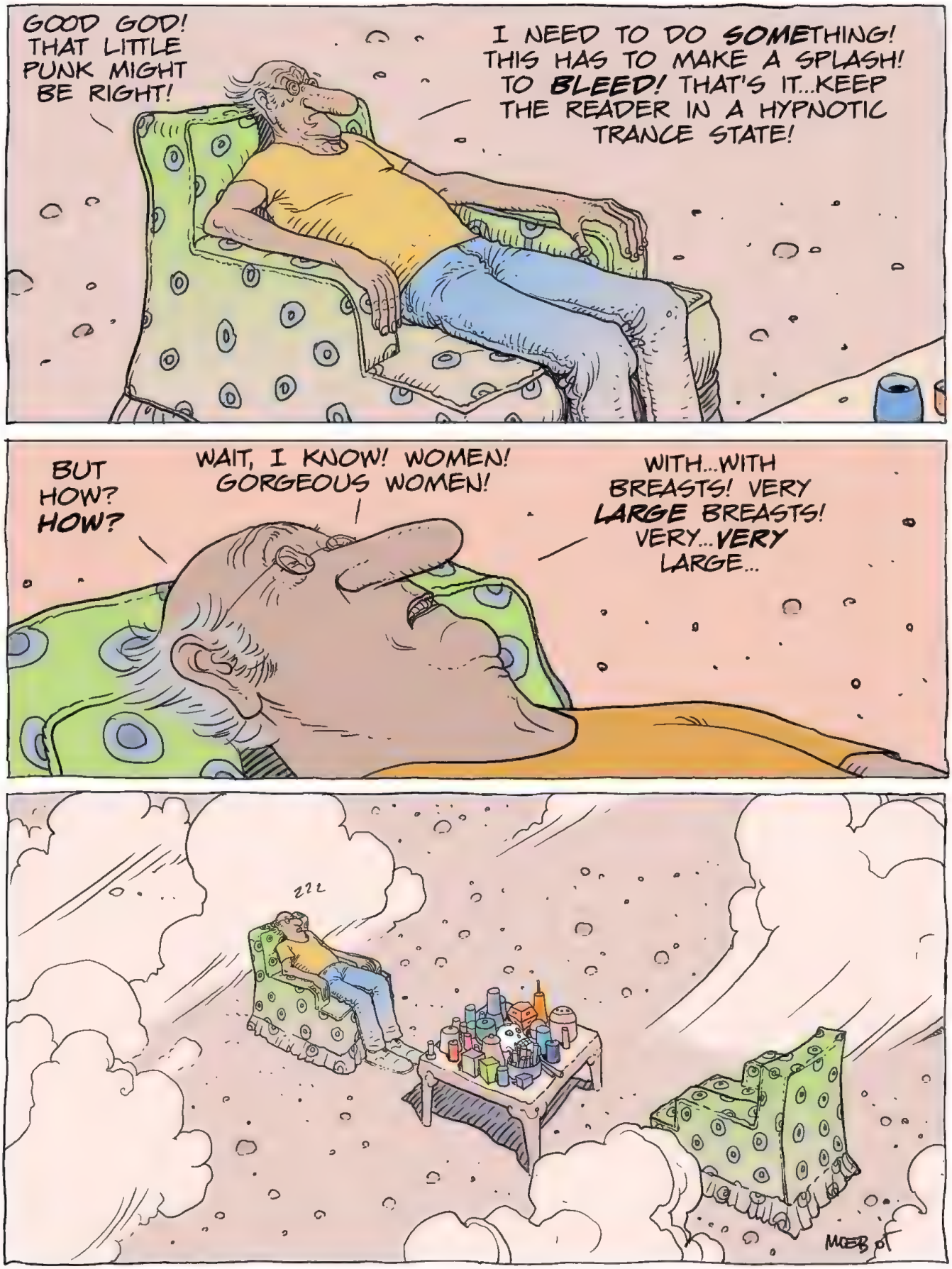

HM. A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
THEY ALL LEFT! PUT THAT IN YOUR (THIS IS NOT A) PIPE AND SMOKE IT! THE PLAY'S A FLOP! A TOTAL FLOP!
THAT'S RIGHT. AND IF IT CONTINUES, THE READERS WILL BE THE NEXT TO GO. WE NEED TO FACE THE ISSUE HEAD-ON, MAN! HEAD-ON!
YA THINK?
FOR SURE! READERS ARE TRANSITORY. THEY TAKE OFF AT THE SLIGHTEST DROP IN SUSPENSE! THEY HAVE TO BE KEPT IN A SORT OF HYPNOTIC TRANCE STATE AT ALL TIMES...AND TO DO THAT, ANYTHING GOES...ANYTHING!
AND DON'T START LECTURING ME ABOUT PROFESSIONAL ETHICS, PLEASE! THIS IS A BATTLE TO THE DEATH! WITH EACH AUTHOR USING HIS OWN WEAPONS...AND LISTEN UP, BECAUSE SOME MAY BE ARMED WITH ONLY A PEASHOOTER, BUT THERE ARE OTHERS BRANDISHING SOME VERY HEAVY ARTILLERY!
AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ME FIGURED FOR THE PEASHOOTER TYPE. DON'T PUSH IT!
I DIDN'T SAY THAT! BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT LOSING THE ENTIRE ROOM BEFORE THE END OF THE FIRST ACT IS MORE OR LESS A BAD SIGN...RIGHT?
UH...YEAH... I AGREE.
...
WELL! FOR ONE THING, MY PANELS MIGHT BE A LITTLE TOO WORDY!

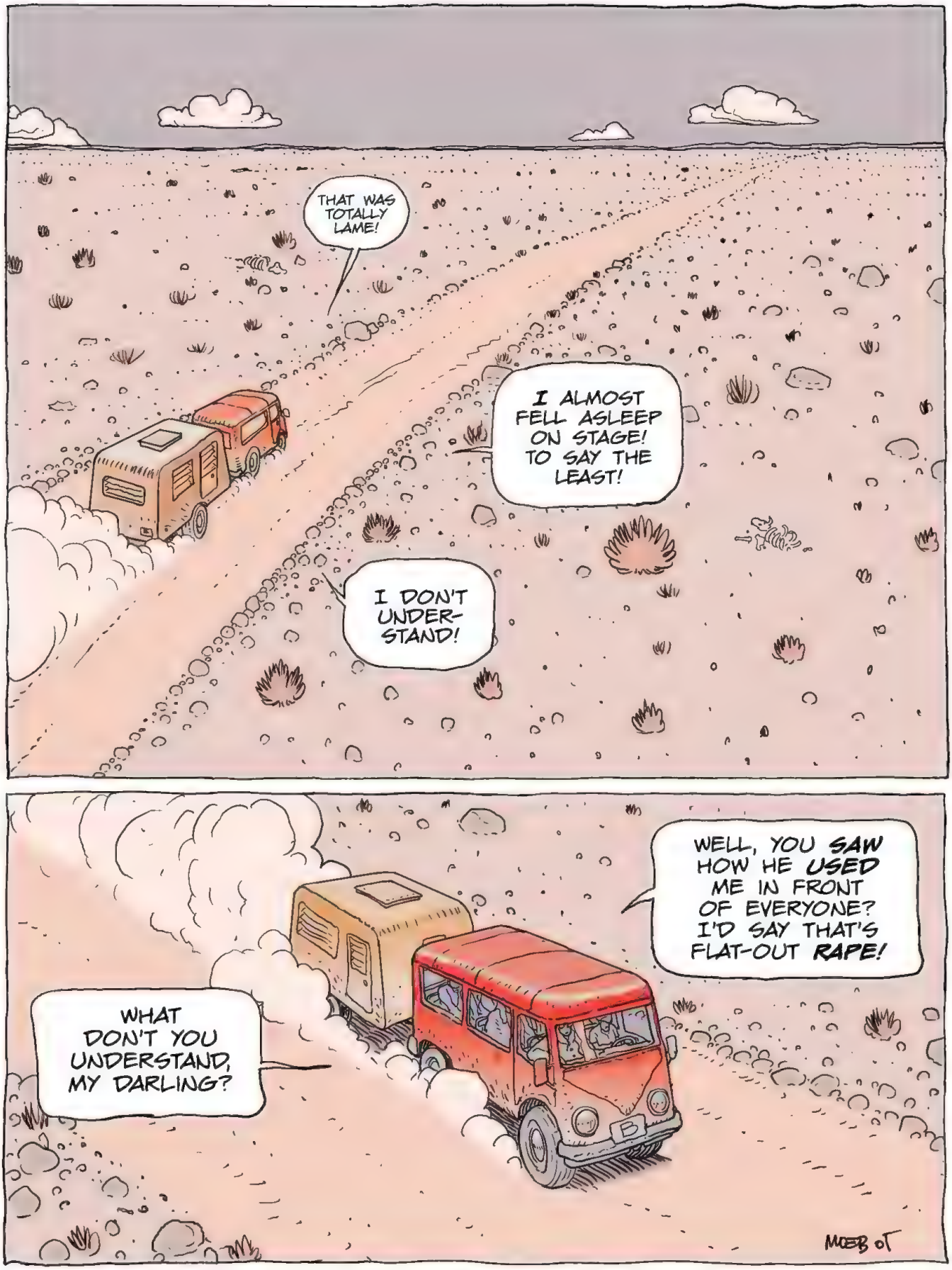
MŒBIUS

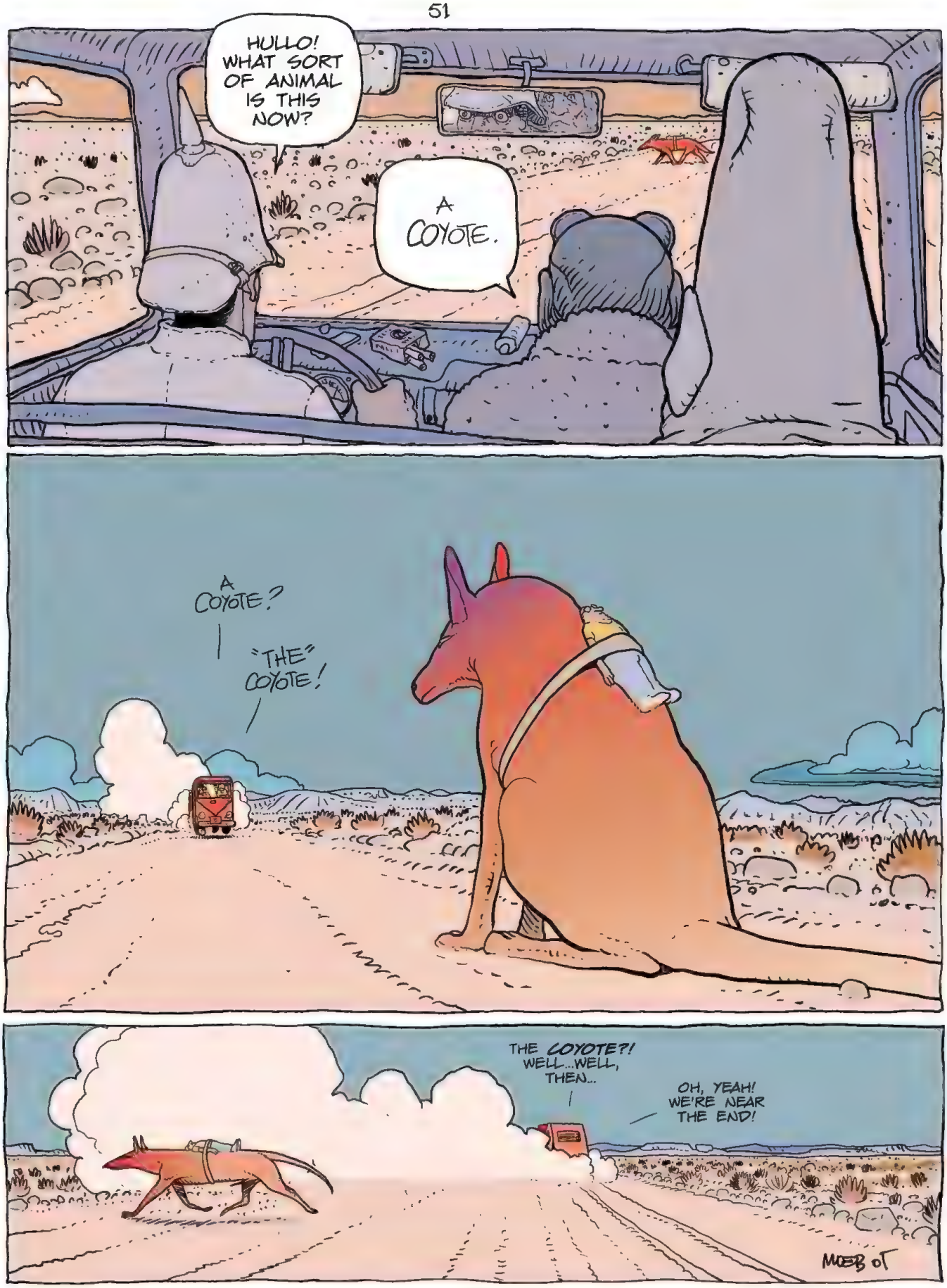

TOO MUCH BACKGROUND! TOO MANY CHARACTERS...
HMM... I GET IT...

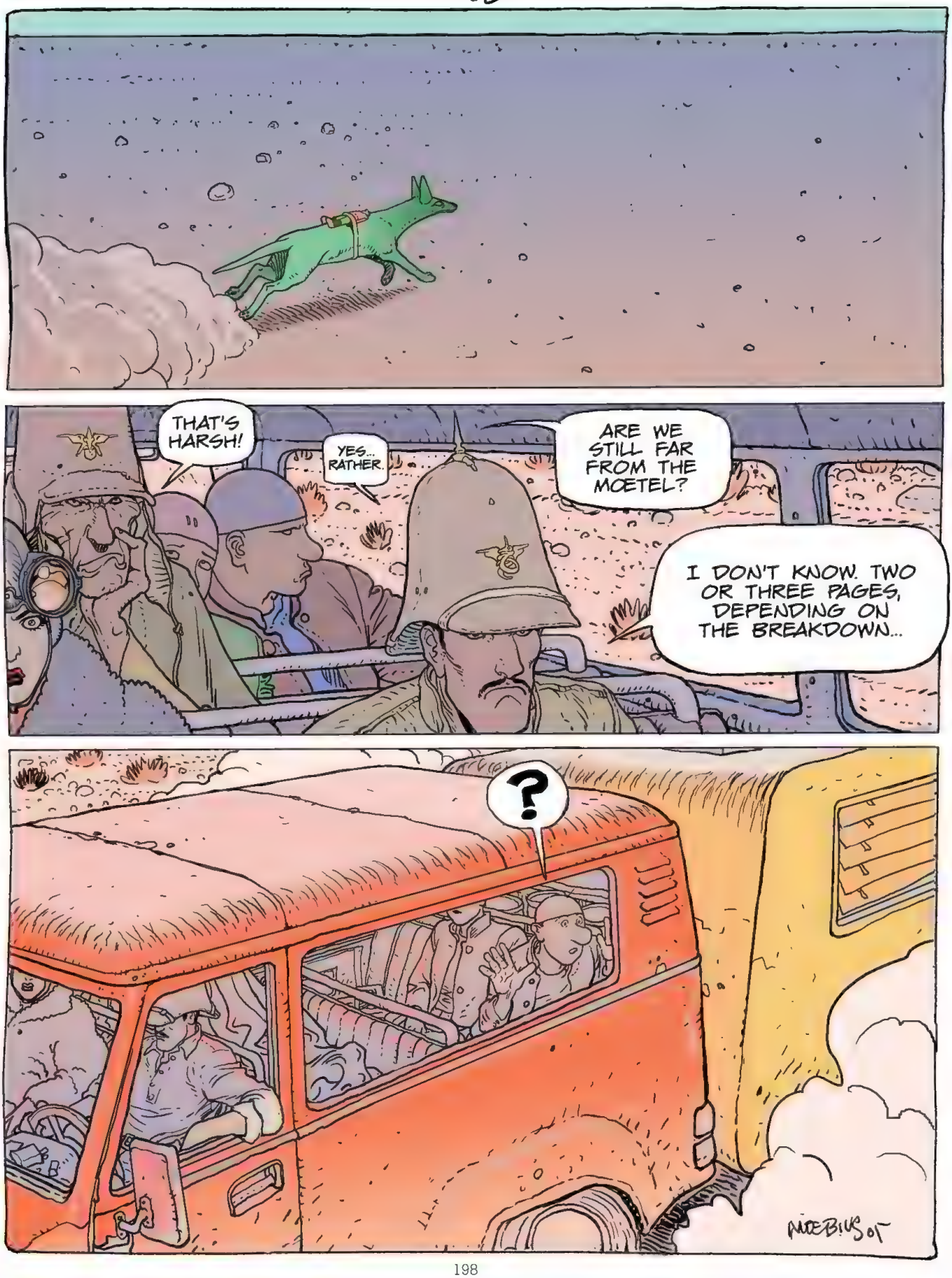

WHAT, YOU'RE LEAVING?
YEAH! A LITTLE STROLL THROUGH DESERT "B" WILL DO ME SOME GOOD!

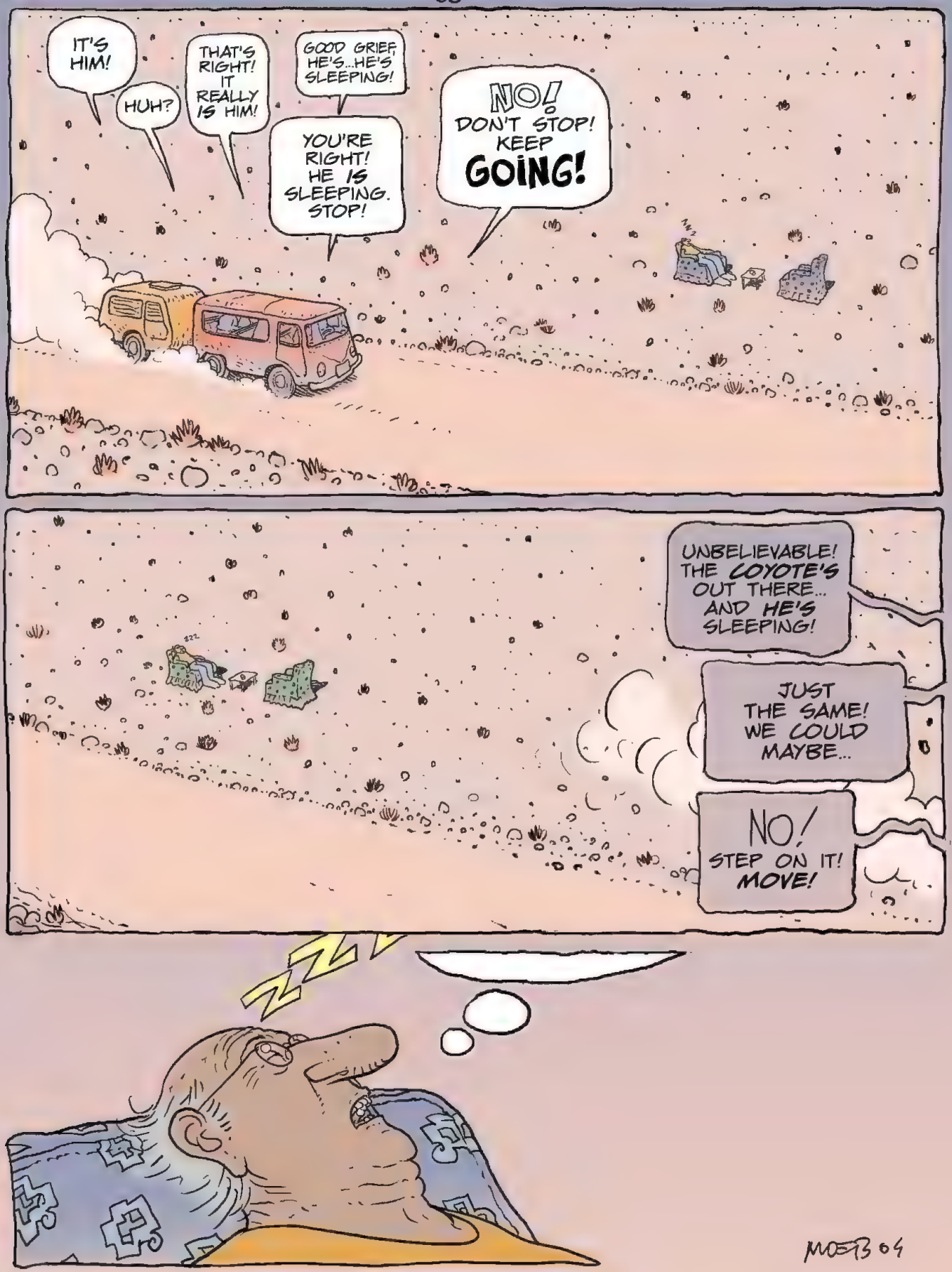

ALONE! ABANDONED BY EVERYONE!
IT HAD TO END LIKE THIS!
MOEBIUS

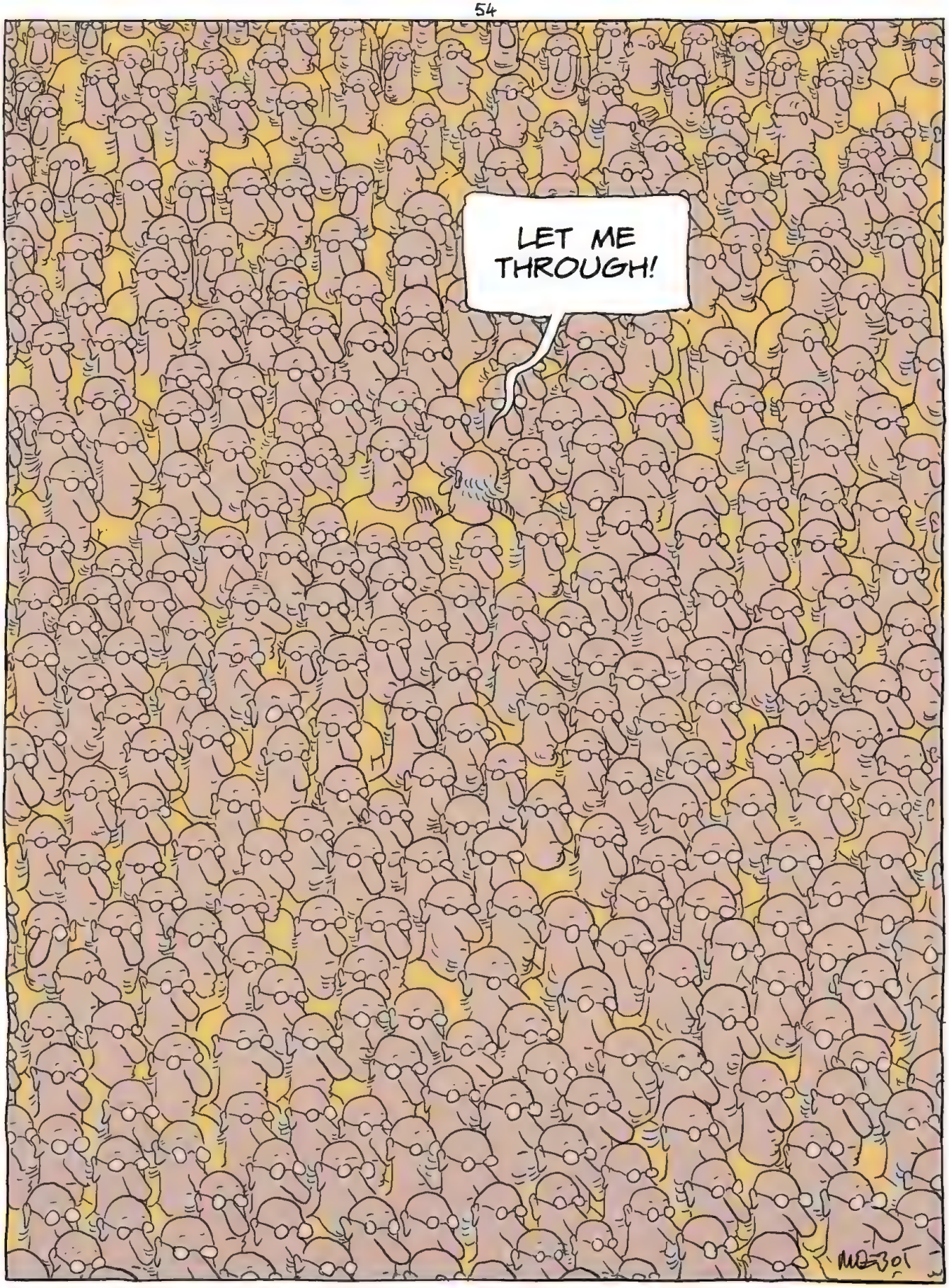

GOOD GOD! THAT LITTLE PUNK MIGHT BE RIGHT!
I NEED TO DO SOMETHING! THIS HAS TO MAKE A SPLASH! TO BLEED! THAT'S IT...KEEP THE READER IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE STATE!
BUT HOW? HOW?
WAIT, I KNOW! WOMEN! GORGEOUS WOMEN!
WITH...WITH BREASTS! VERY LARGE BREASTS! VERY...VERY LARGE...
zzz
MOEBius

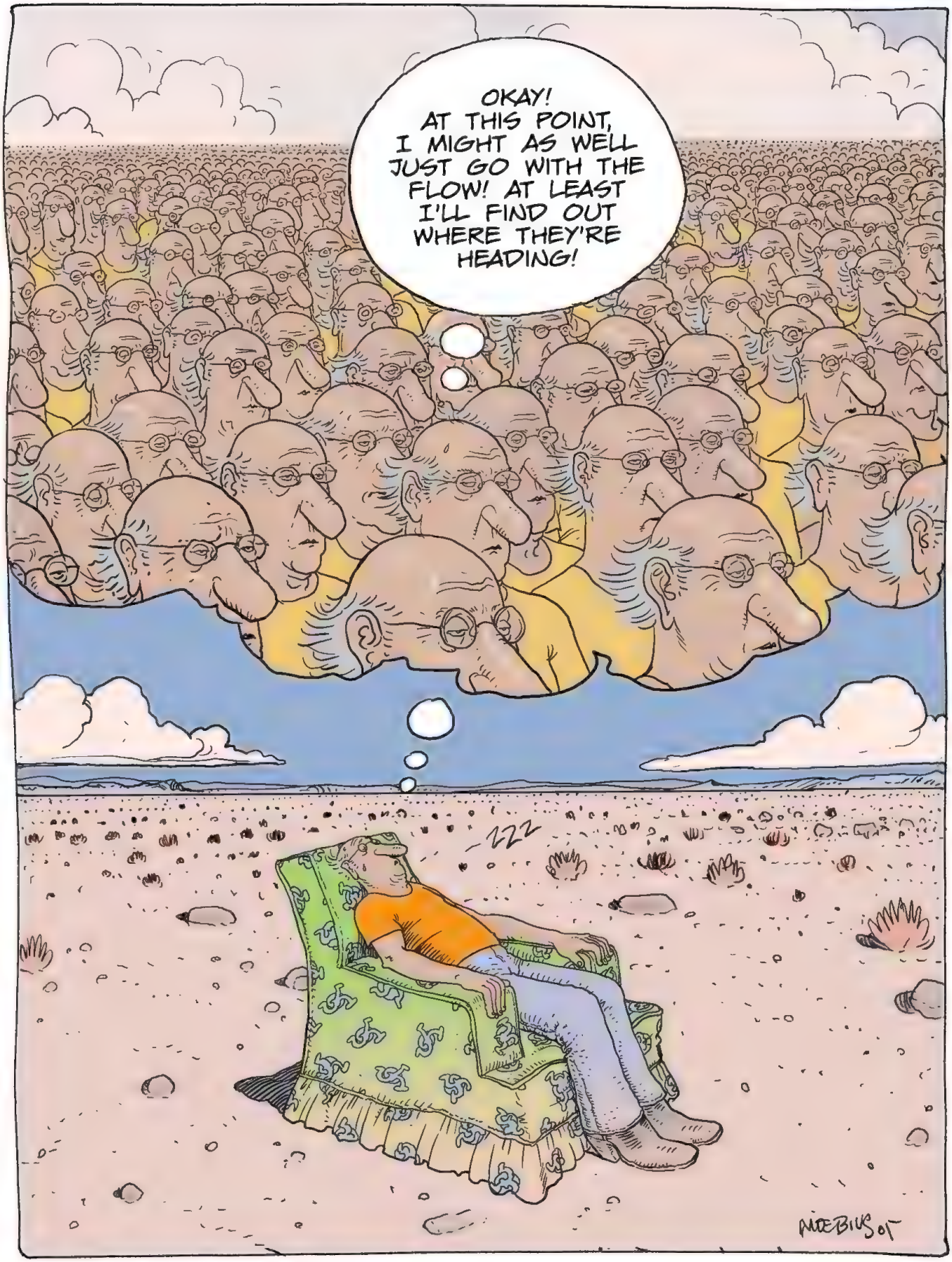

THAT WAS TOTALLY LAME!
I ALMOST FELL ASLEEP ON STAGE! TO SAY THE LEAST!
I DON'T UNDER-STAND!
WELL, YOU SAW HOW HE USED ME IN FRONT OF EVERYONE? I'D SAY THAT'S FLAT-OUT RAPE!
WHAT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, MY DARLING?
MOEBIUS

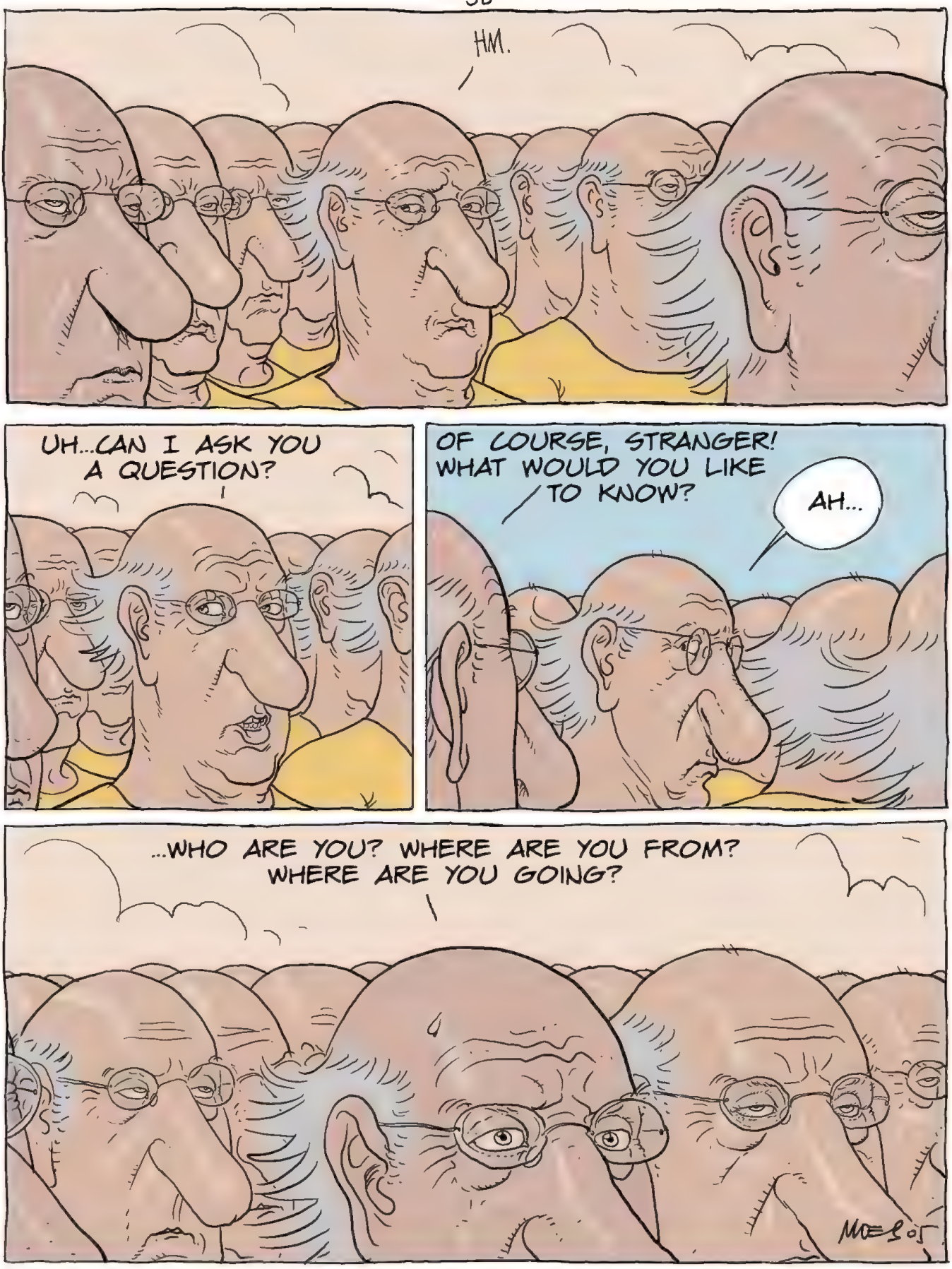

HULLO! WHAT SORT OF ANIMAL IS THIS NOW?
A COYOTE.
A COYOTE?
"THE" COYOTE!
THE COYOTE?! WELL...WELL, THEN...
OH, YEAH! WE'RE NEAR THE END!
MOEBIUS

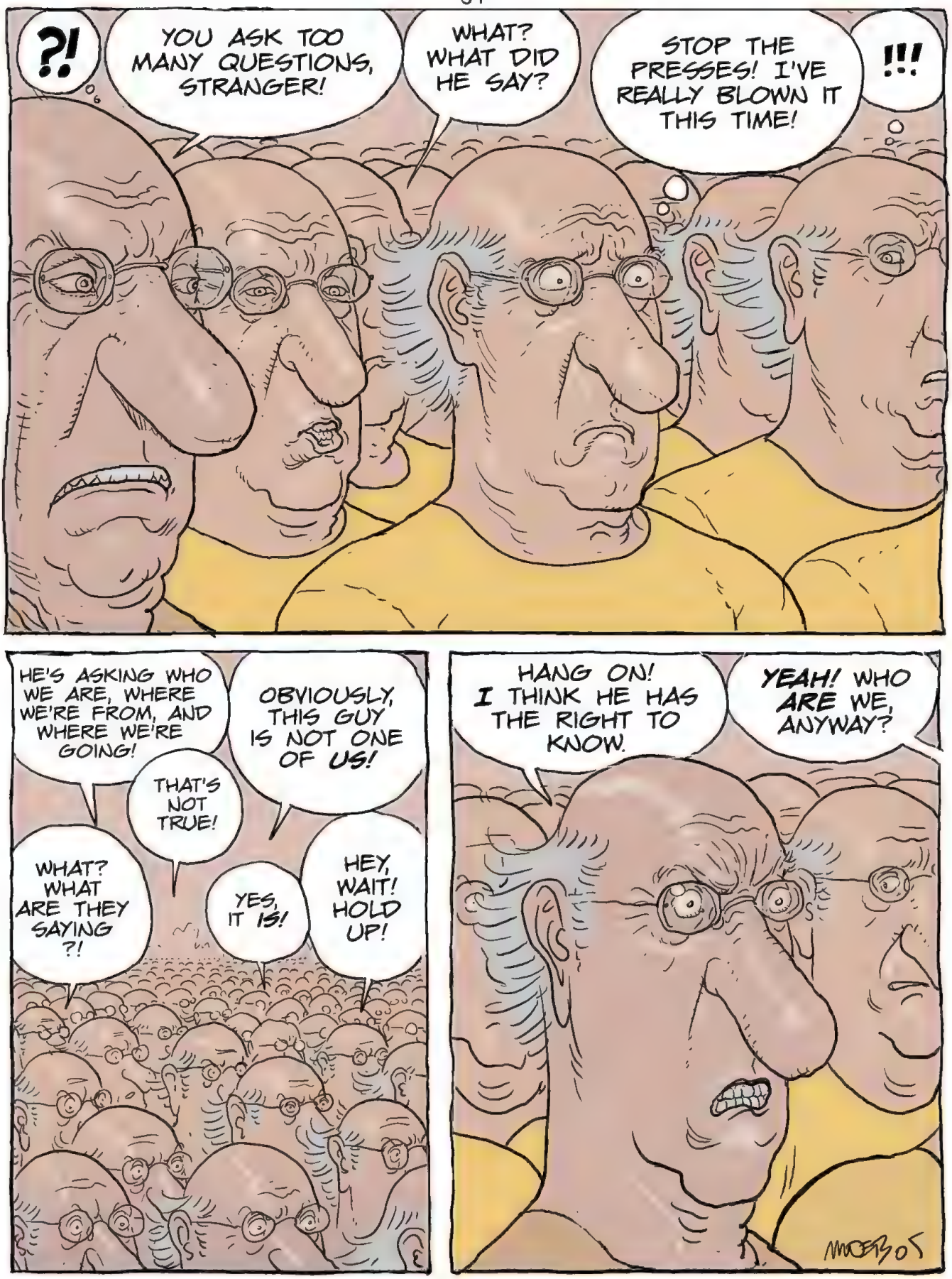

THAT'S HARSH!
YES... RATHER.
ARE WE STILL FAR FROM THE MOETEL?
I DON'T KNOW. TWO OR THREE PAGES, DEPENDING ON THE BREAKDOWN...
?
MOEBIUS 07

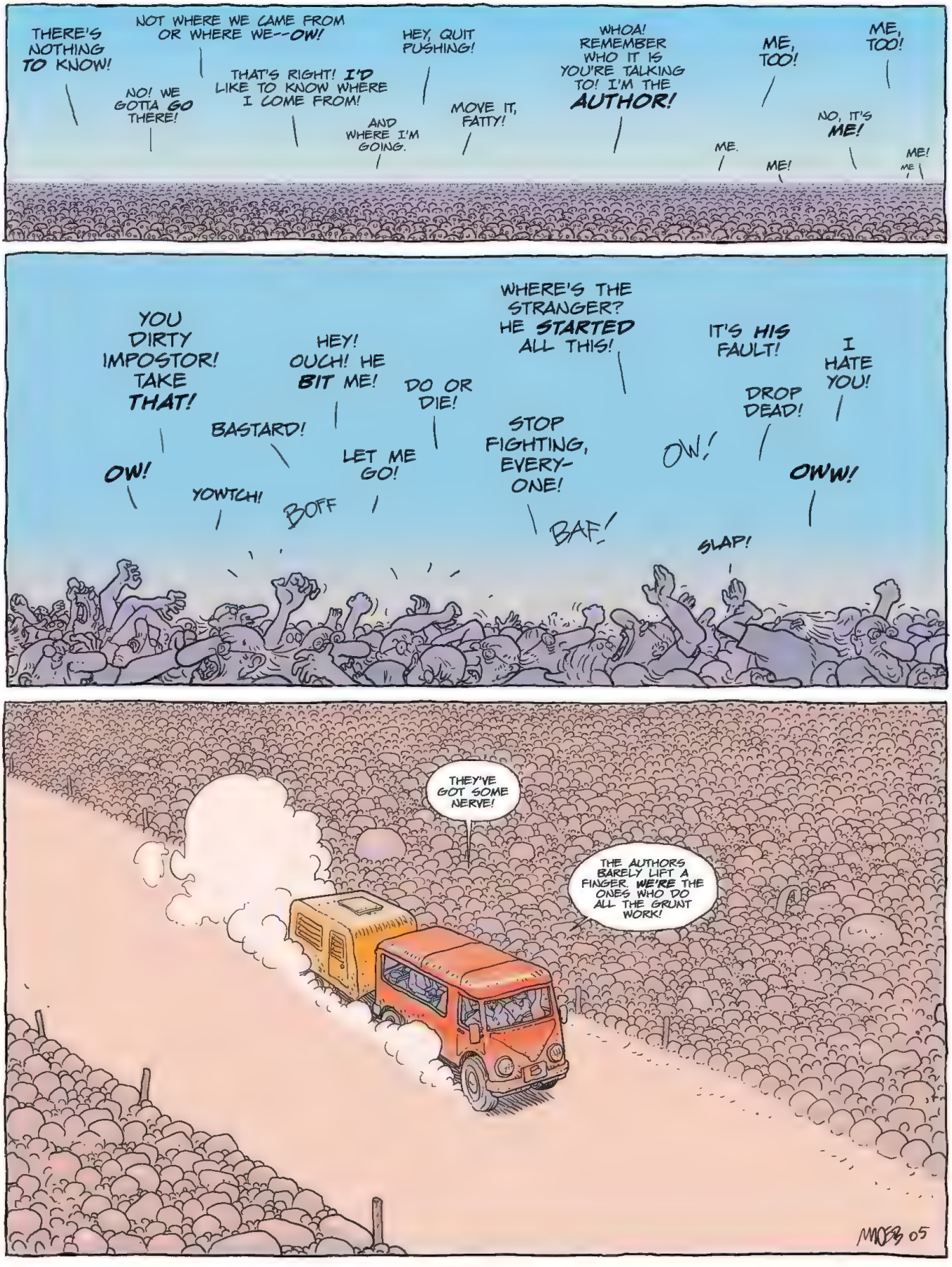

IT'S HIM!
HUH?
THAT'S RIGHT! IT REALLY IS HIM!
GOOD GRIEF, HE'S...HE'S SLEEPING!
YOU'RE RIGHT! HE IS SLEEPING. STOP!
NO! DON'T STOP! KEEP GOING!
UNBELIEVABLE! THE COYOTE'S OUT THERE... AND HE'S SLEEPING!
JUST THE SAME! WE COULD MAYBE...
NO! STEP ON IT! MOVE!
MOEBIUS

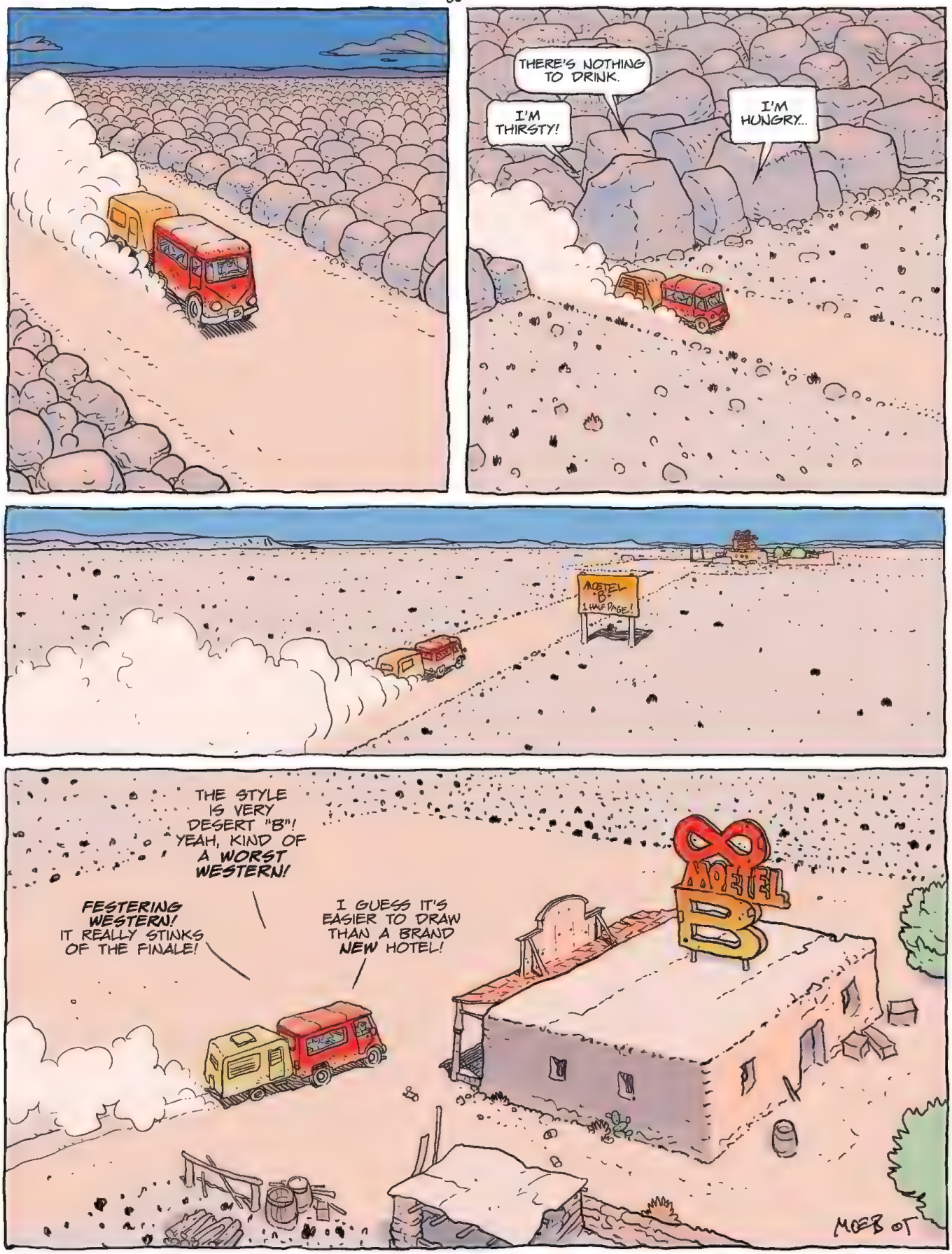

LET ME THROUGH!

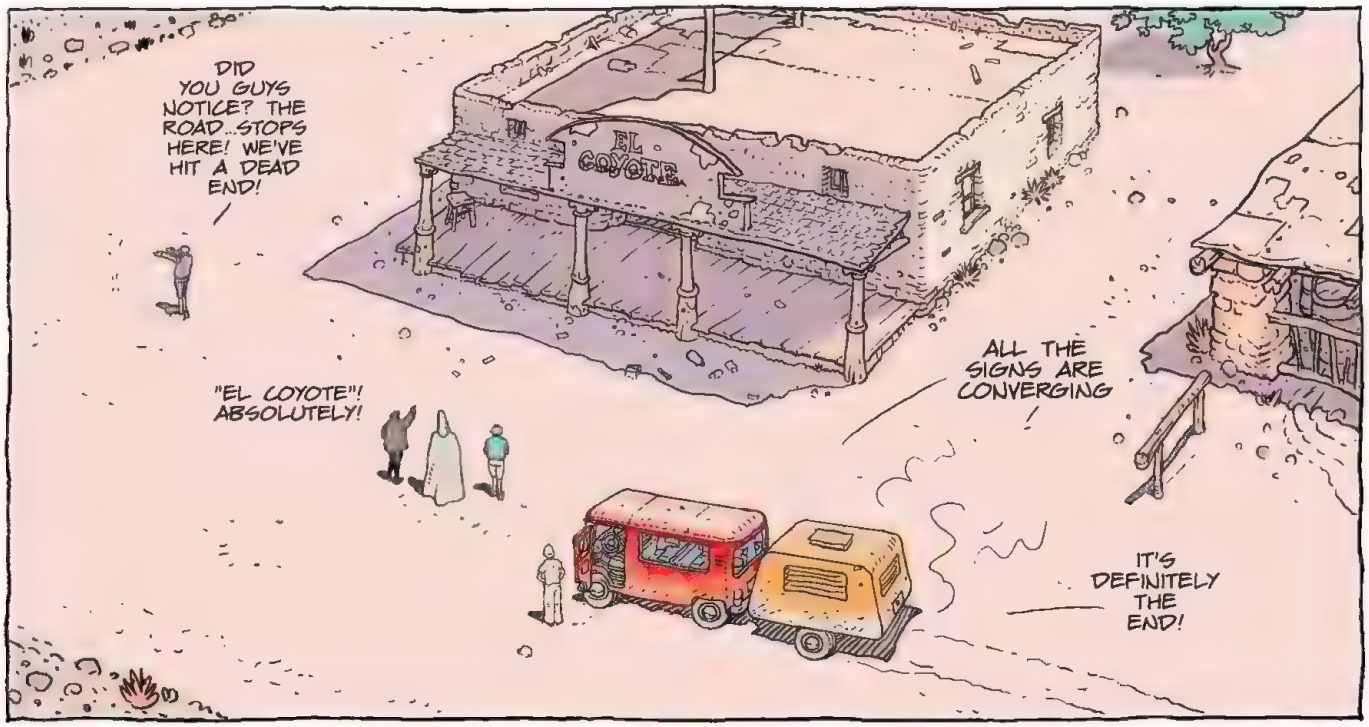

OKAY! AT THIS POINT, I MIGHT AS WELL JUST GO WITH THE FLOW! AT LEAST I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE HEADING!
ZZZ
MOEBIUS 01

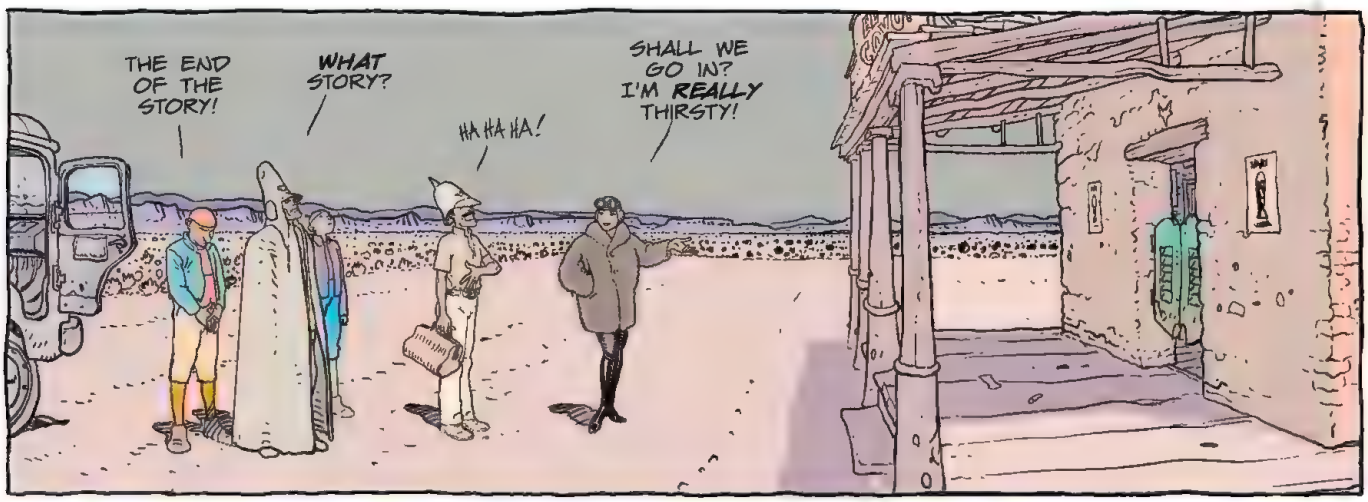

HM.
UH...CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
OF COURSE, STRANGER! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?
AH...
...WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU FROM? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?


?!
YOU ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS, STRANGER!
WHAT? WHAT DID HE SAY?
STOP THE PRESSES! I'VE REALLY BLOWN IT THIS TIME!
!!!
HE'S ASKING WHO WE ARE, WHERE WE'RE FROM, AND WHERE WE'RE GOING!
OBVIOUSLY, THIS GUY IS NOT ONE OF US!
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
WHAT? WHAT ARE THEY SAYING ?!
YES, IT IS!
HEY, WAIT! HOLD UP!
HANG ON! I THINK HE HAS THE RIGHT TO KNOW.
YEAH! WHO ARE WE, ANYWAY?

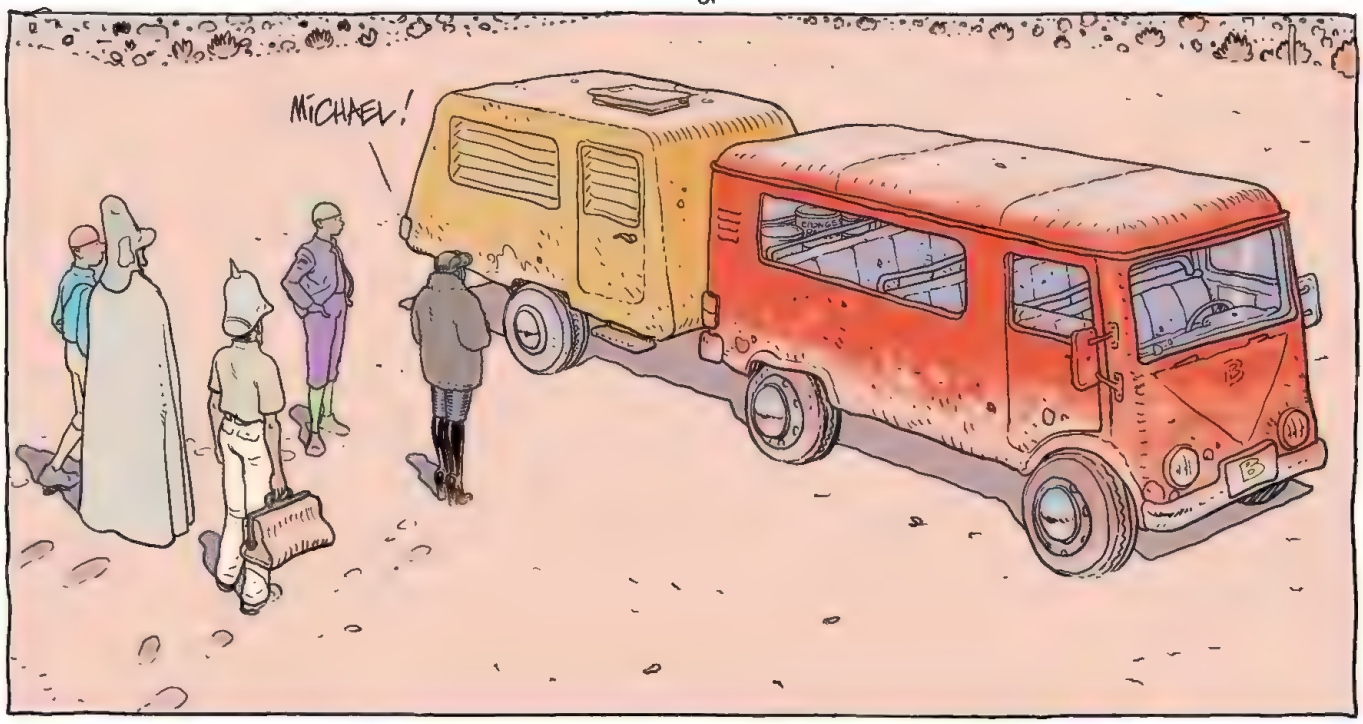

THERE'S NOTHING TO KNOW!
NOT WHERE WE CAME FROM OR WHERE WE--OW!
NO! WE GOTTA GO THERE!
THAT'S RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE I COME FROM!
AND WHERE I'M GOING.
HEY, QUIT PUSHING!
MOVE IT, FATTY!
WHOA! REMEMBER WHO IT IS YOU'RE TALKING TO! I'M THE AUTHOR!
ME.
ME!
ME, TOO!
NO, IT'S ME!
ME, TOO!
ME!
ME
YOU DIRTY IMPOSTOR! TAKE THAT!
OW!
YOWTCH!
BASTARD!
HEY! OUCH! HE BIT ME!
BOFF
LET ME GO!
DO OR DIE!
WHERE'S THE STRANGER? HE STARTED ALL THIS!
STOP FIGHTING, EVERY-ONE!
BAF!
SLAP!
IT'S HIS FAULT!
OW!
DROP DEAD!
I HATE YOU!
OWW!
THEY'VE GOT SOME NERVE!
THE AUTHORS BARELY LIFT A FINGER. WE'RE THE ONES WHO DO ALL THE GRUNT WORK!
MOEBS 05


THERE'S NOTHING TO DRINK.
I'M THIRSTY!
I'M HUNGRY..
MOTEL B
1 HALF PAGE!
THE STYLE IS VERY DESERT "B"! YEAH, KIND OF A WORST WESTERN!
FESTERING WESTERN! IT REALLY STINKS OF THE FINALE!
I GUESS IT'S EASIER TO DRAW THAN A BRAND NEW HOTEL!
MOTEL
B
MOEBIUS

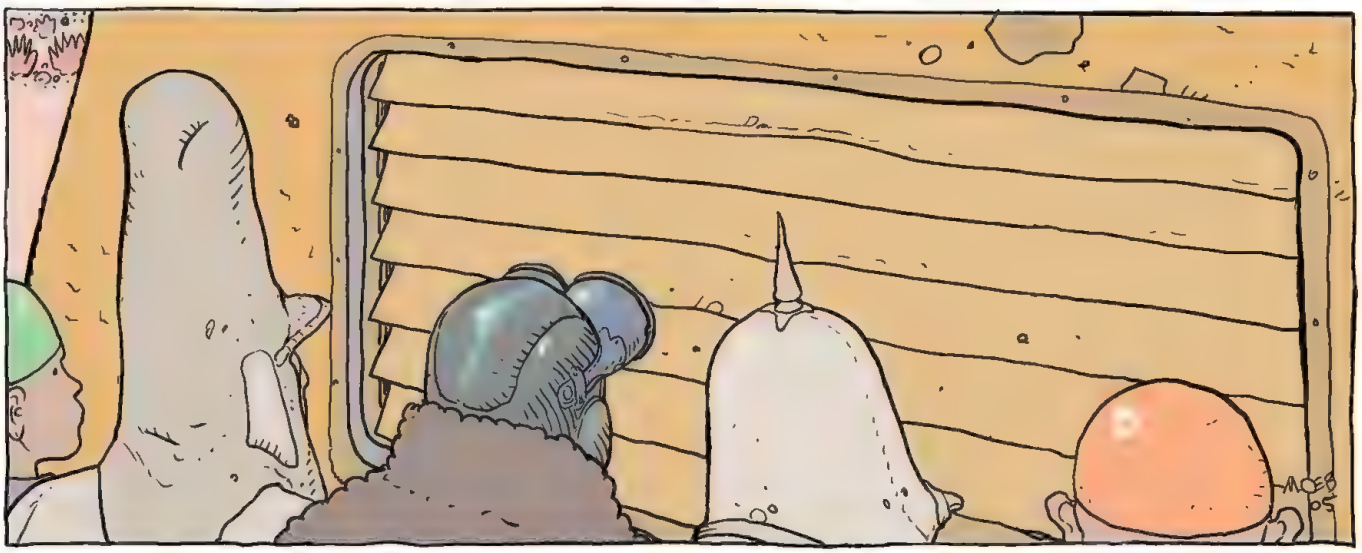

DID YOU GUYS NOTICE? THE ROAD...STOPS HERE! WE'VE HIT A DEAD END!
EL COYOTE
"EL COYOTE"! ABSOLUTELY!
ALL THE SIGNS ARE CONVERGING
IT'S DEFINITELY THE END!


THE END OF THE STORY!
WHAT STORY?
HA HA HA!
SHALL WE GO IN? I'M REALLY THIRSTY!

WAIT! WE'RE FORGETTING MICHAEL!
WE SHOULDN'T LEAVE HIM ALL ALONE IN THE VAN!
PFFT! WHY NOT?
MOEBS


MICHAEL!

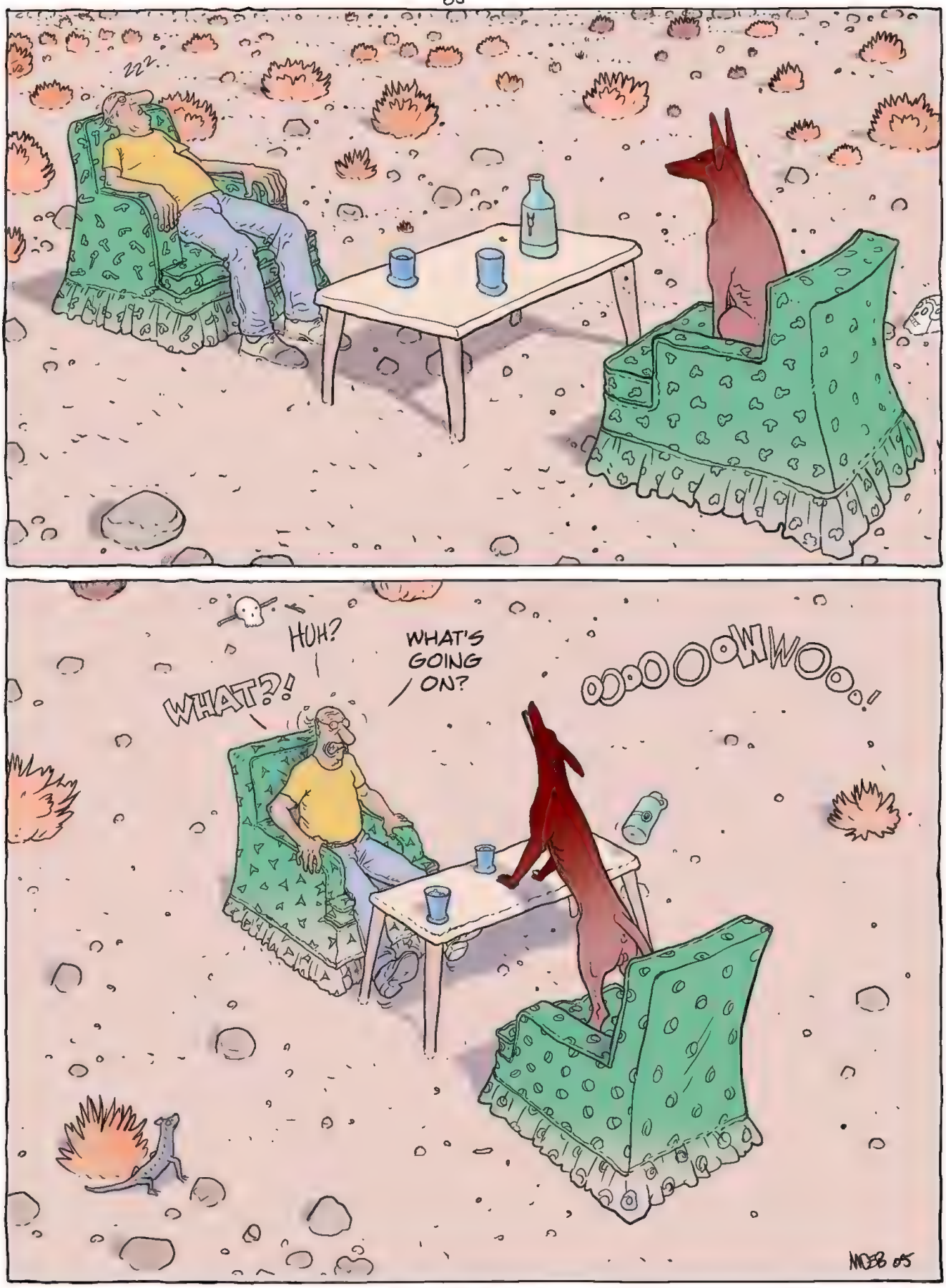
MICHAEL! YOU HAVE TO COME OUT! WE SAW THE COYOTE! IT'S THE END OF THE STORY!

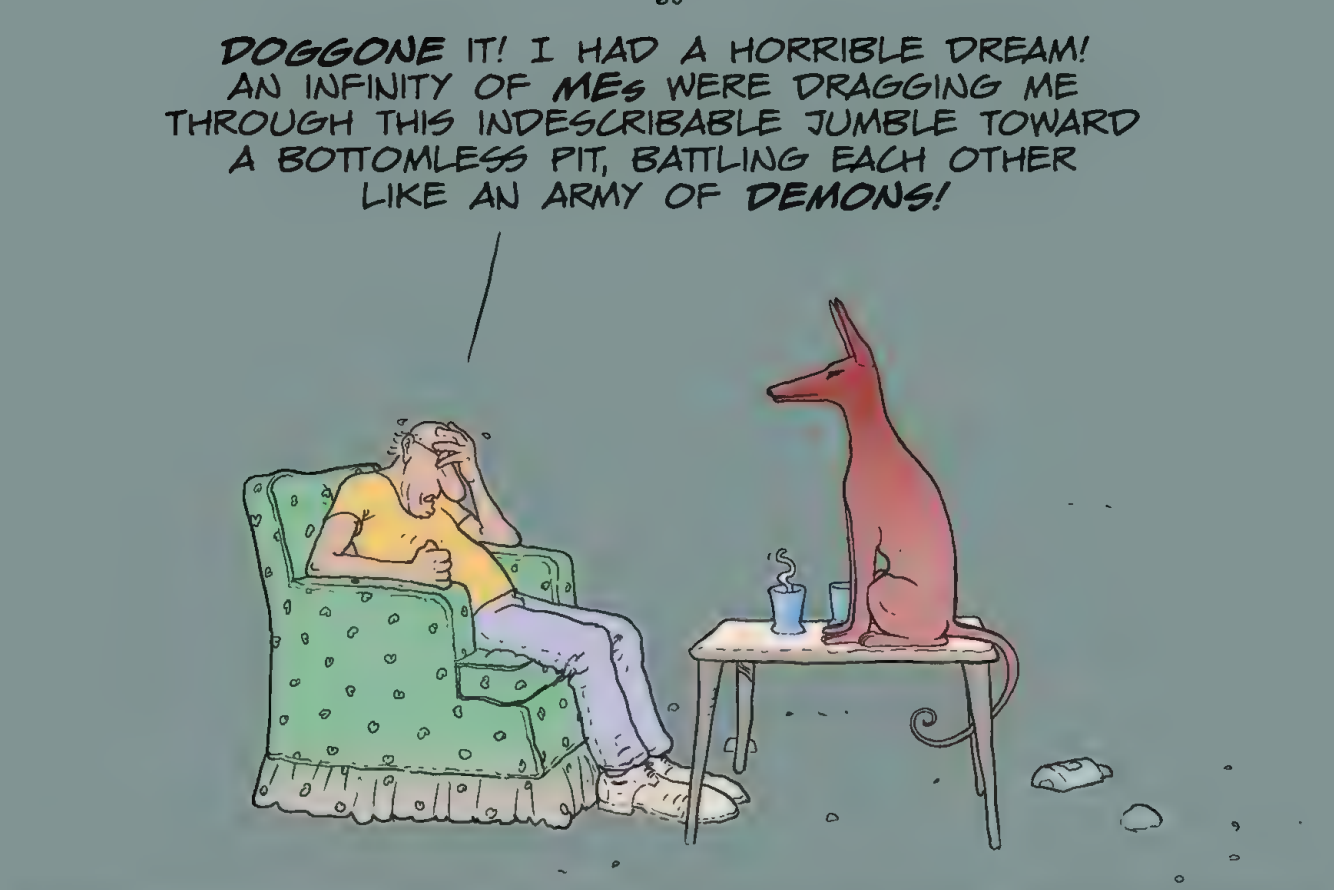


HE WON'T COME, I'M TELLING YOU.
HE'S RIGHT!
HE'S JUST SULKING!
HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT SINCE THE START OF THIS VOLUME!
BLUBS!
DEFINITELY THE BLUBS!
HMPH! THERE WILL BE OTHER BOOKS AFTER THIS ONE!
IT'S USELESS! HE'S NOT COMING!

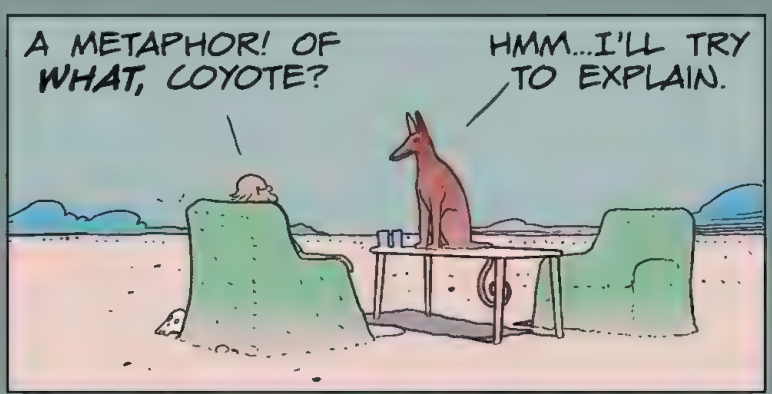
THAT'S IT! THEY'RE GOING IN!
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN THEM INSIDE?
"EL COYOTE" CANTINA. IT'S THE LAST ACT, MIKE. IS YOUR MIND REALLY MADE UP?
YEP! MAYBE LATER! AN' BIN WANTS TA SEE THE MOVIE AGAIN NOW ANYWAY! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BIN? HUH?
YES! AND MORE TURKISH DELIGHTS, PLEASE!
CLIK
HEY! WE SIGNED A TREATY SAYING WE'D WATCH THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG!
I KNOW, BUT AFTER WHAT OUR PAL BIN'S GONE THROUGH, HE DESERVES THE FAVOR O' SEEIN' THE WILD BUNCH AGAIN! C'MON, NOW...IT'S HIS FAVORITE!
AND MY TURKISH DELIGHTS?

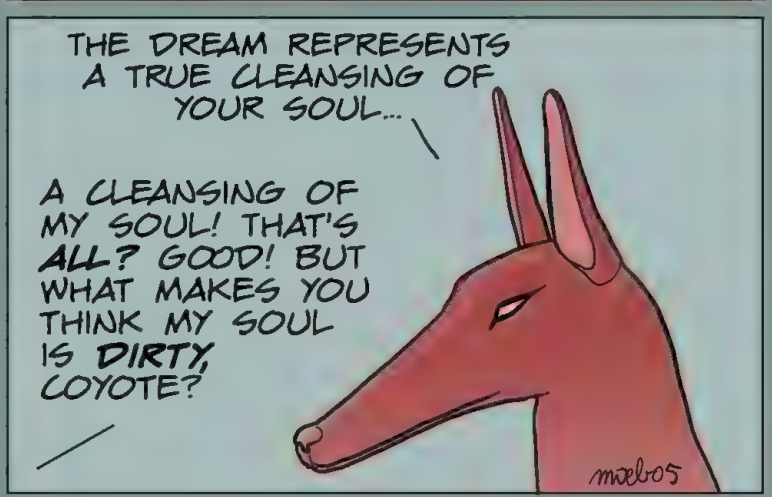
EL COYOTE
TEQUILA
AMPARO
OCHOA

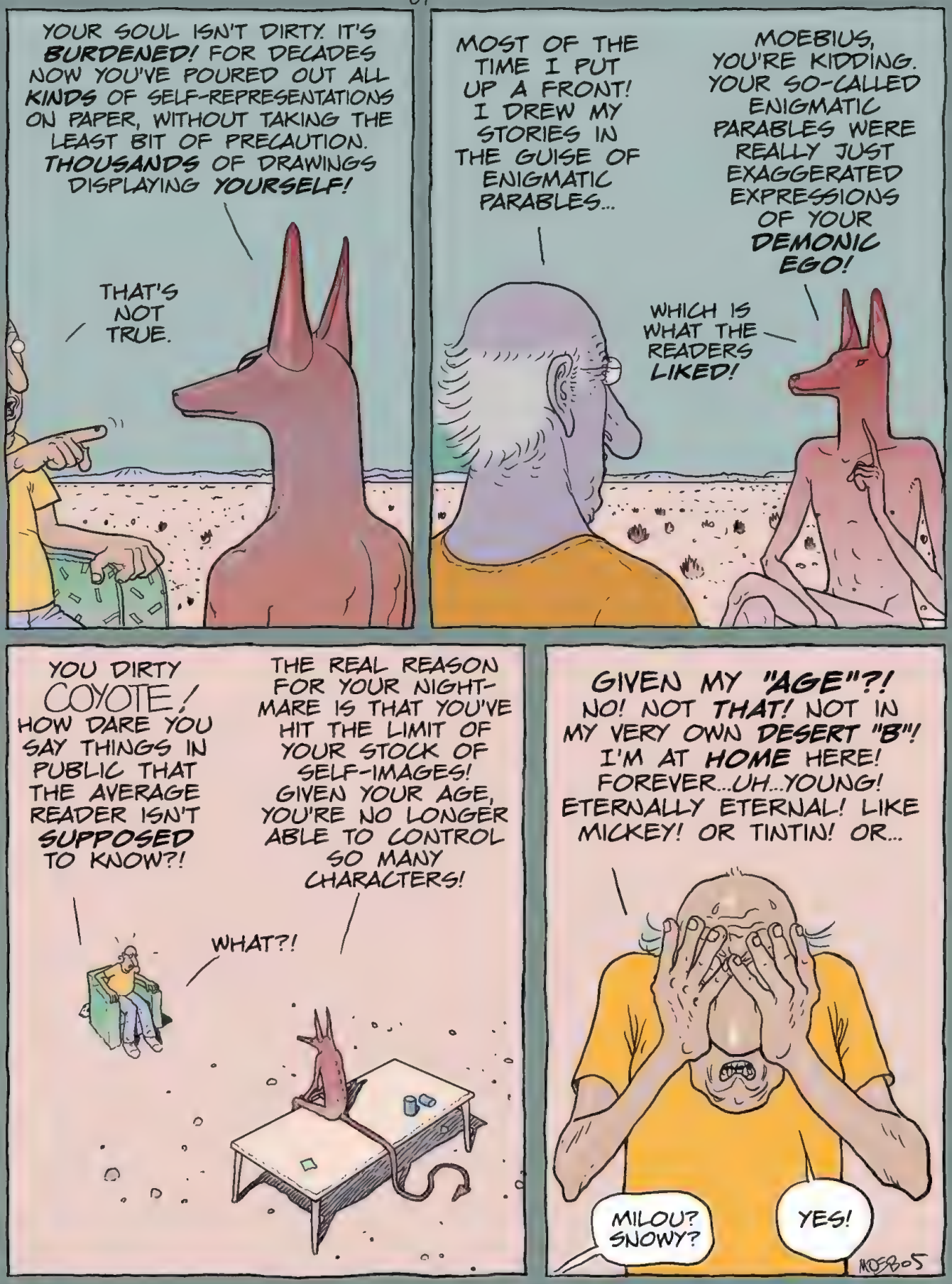

HUH?
WHAT?!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
OOOOOWWOOO!
MOEB 05

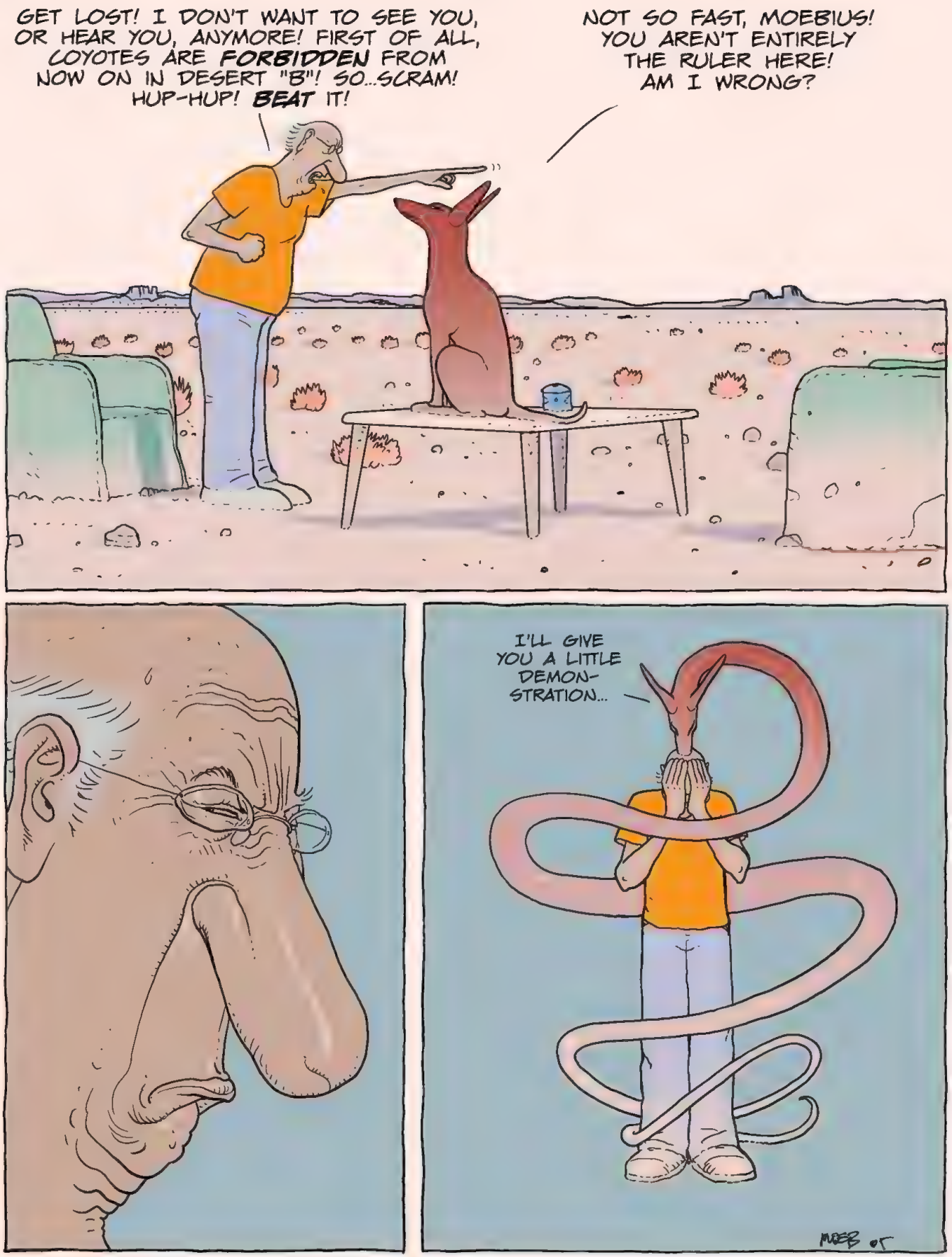

DOGGONE IT! I HAD A HORRIBLE DREAM! AN INFINITY OF MEs WERE DRAGGING ME THROUGH THIS INDESCRIBABLE JUMBLE TOWARD A BOTTOMLESS PIT, BATTLING EACH OTHER LIKE AN ARMY OF DEMONS!

SOME DREAMS ARE METAPHORS, MY DEAR MOEBIUS!


A METAPHOR! OF WHAT, COYOTE?
HMM...I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN.


THE DREAM REPRESENTS A TRUE CLEANSING OF YOUR SOUL...
A CLEANSING OF MY SOUL! THAT'S ALL? GOOD! BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK MY SOUL IS DIRTY, COYOTE?
moebos

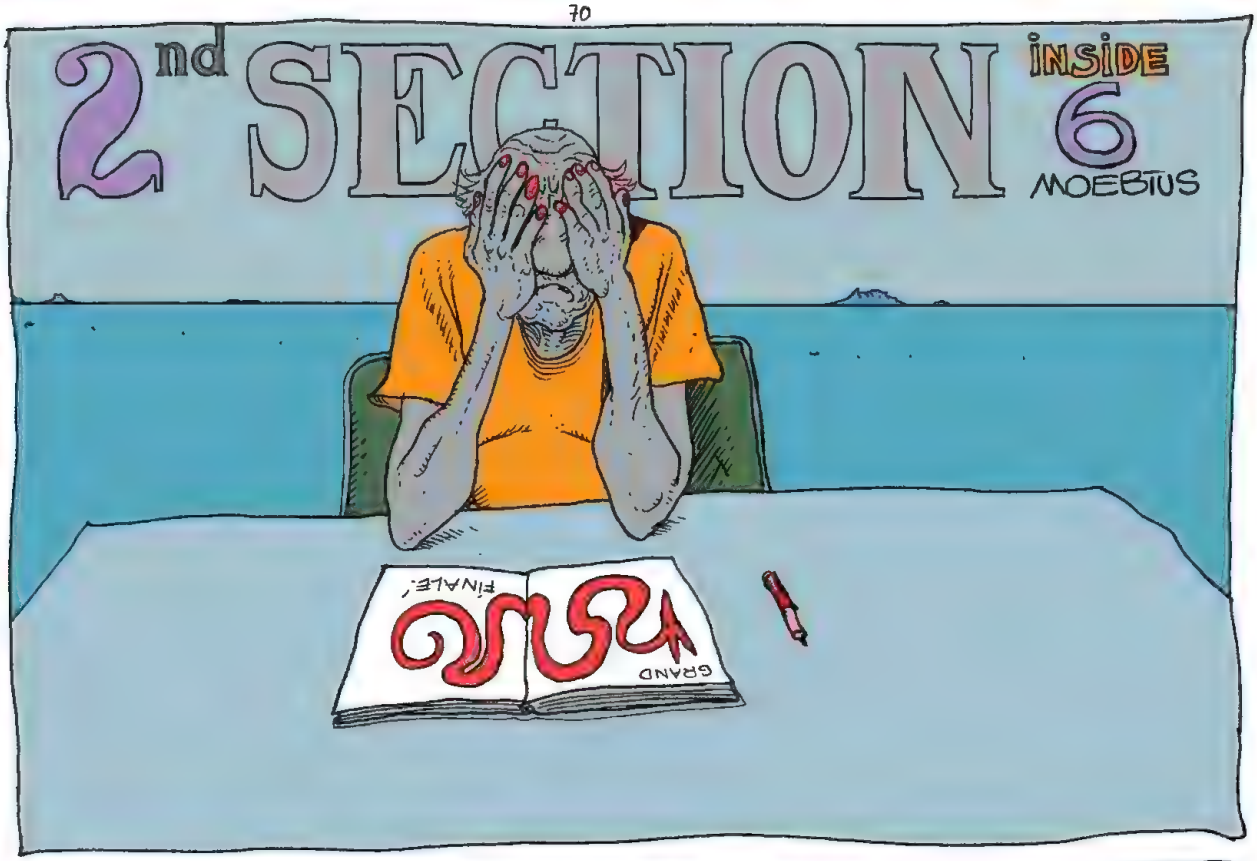

YOUR SOUL ISN'T DIRTY. IT'S BURDENED! FOR DECADES NOW YOU'VE POURED OUT ALL KINDS OF SELF-REPRESENTATIONS ON PAPER, WITHOUT TAKING THE LEAST BIT OF PRECAUTION. THOUSANDS OF DRAWINGS DISPLAYING YOURSELF!
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
MOST OF THE TIME I PUT UP A FRONT! I DREW MY STORIES IN THE GUISE OF ENIGMATIC PARABLES...
MOEBIUS, YOU'RE KIDDING. YOUR SO-CALLED ENIGMATIC PARABLES WERE REALLY JUST EXAGGERATED EXPRESSIONS OF YOUR DEMONIC EGO!
WHICH IS WHAT THE READERS LIKED!
YOU DIRTY COYOTE! HOW DARE YOU SAY THINGS IN PUBLIC THAT THE AVERAGE READER ISN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW?!
THE REAL REASON FOR YOUR NIGHT-MARE IS THAT YOU'VE HIT THE LIMIT OF YOUR STOCK OF SELF-IMAGES! GIVEN YOUR AGE, YOU'RE NO LONGER ABLE TO CONTROL SO MANY CHARACTERS!
WHAT?!
GIVEN MY "AGE"?! NO! NOT THAT! NOT IN MY VERY OWN DESERT "B"! I'M AT HOME HERE! FOREVER...UH...YOUNG! ETERNALLY ETERNAL! LIKE MICKEY! OR TINTIN! OR...
MILOU? SNOWY?
YES!
MOEBIUS


GET LOST! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU, OR HEAR YOU, ANYMORE! FIRST OF ALL, COYOTES ARE FORBIDDEN FROM NOW ON IN DESERT "B"! SO...SCRAM! HUP-HUP! BEAT IT!
NOT SO FAST, MOEBIUS! YOU AREN'T ENTIRELY THE RULER HERE! AM I WRONG?
I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE DEMON-STRATION...
MOEB ©T

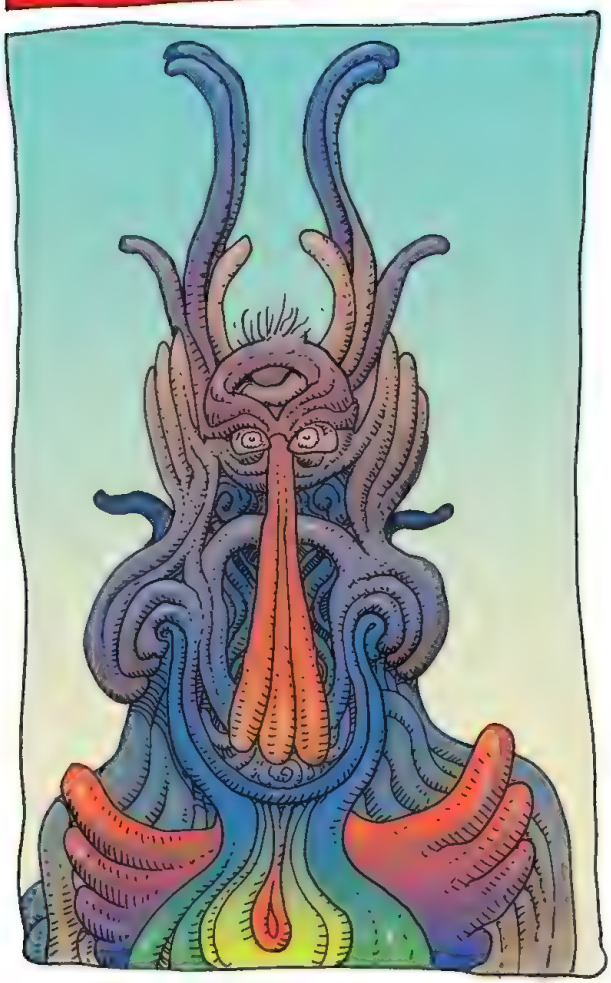
INSIDE MŒBIUS SKETCHBOOK

N° 6

SECOND SECTION


2nd SECTION
INSIDE 6
MOEBIUS
GRAND FINALE!

MOEBIUS



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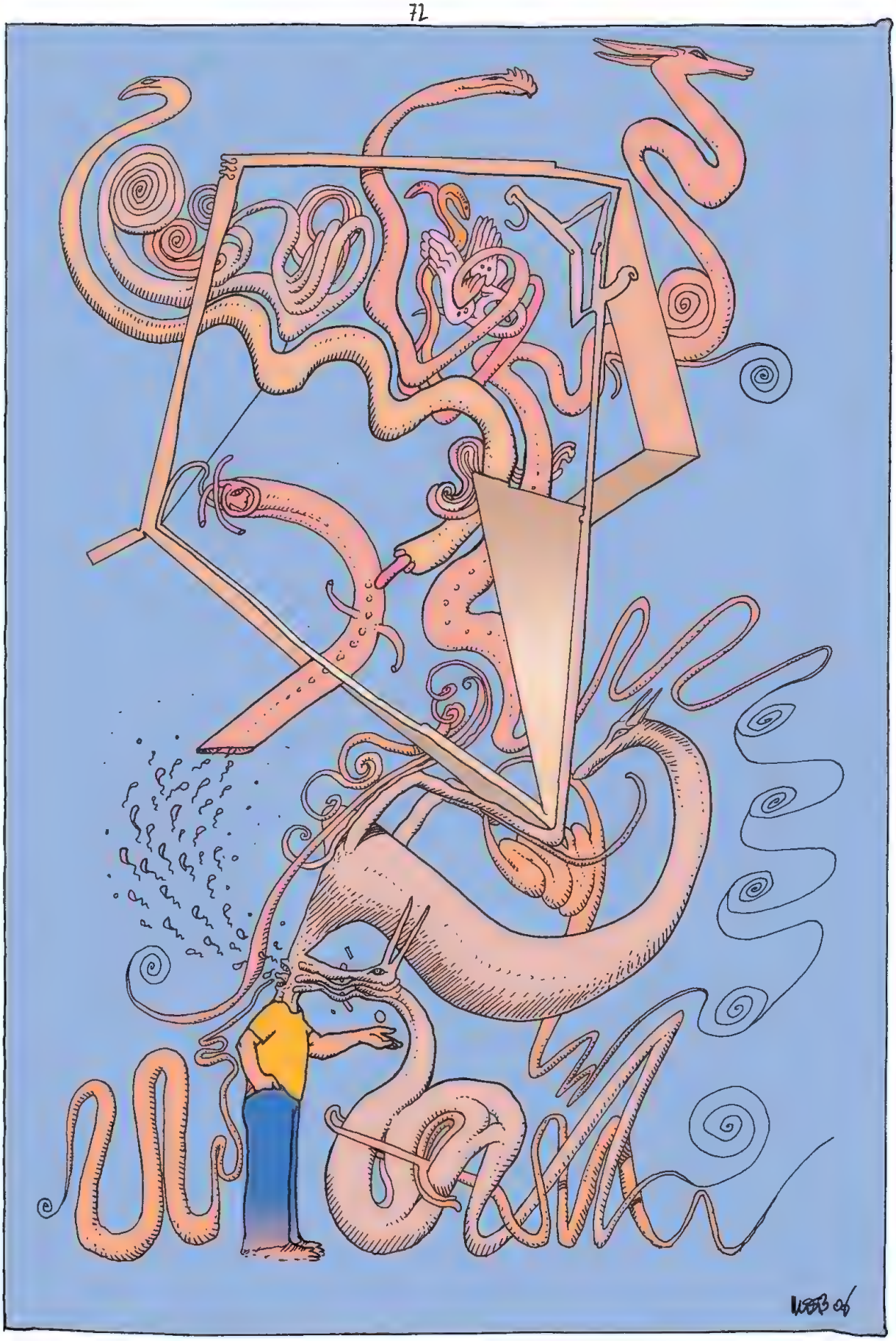

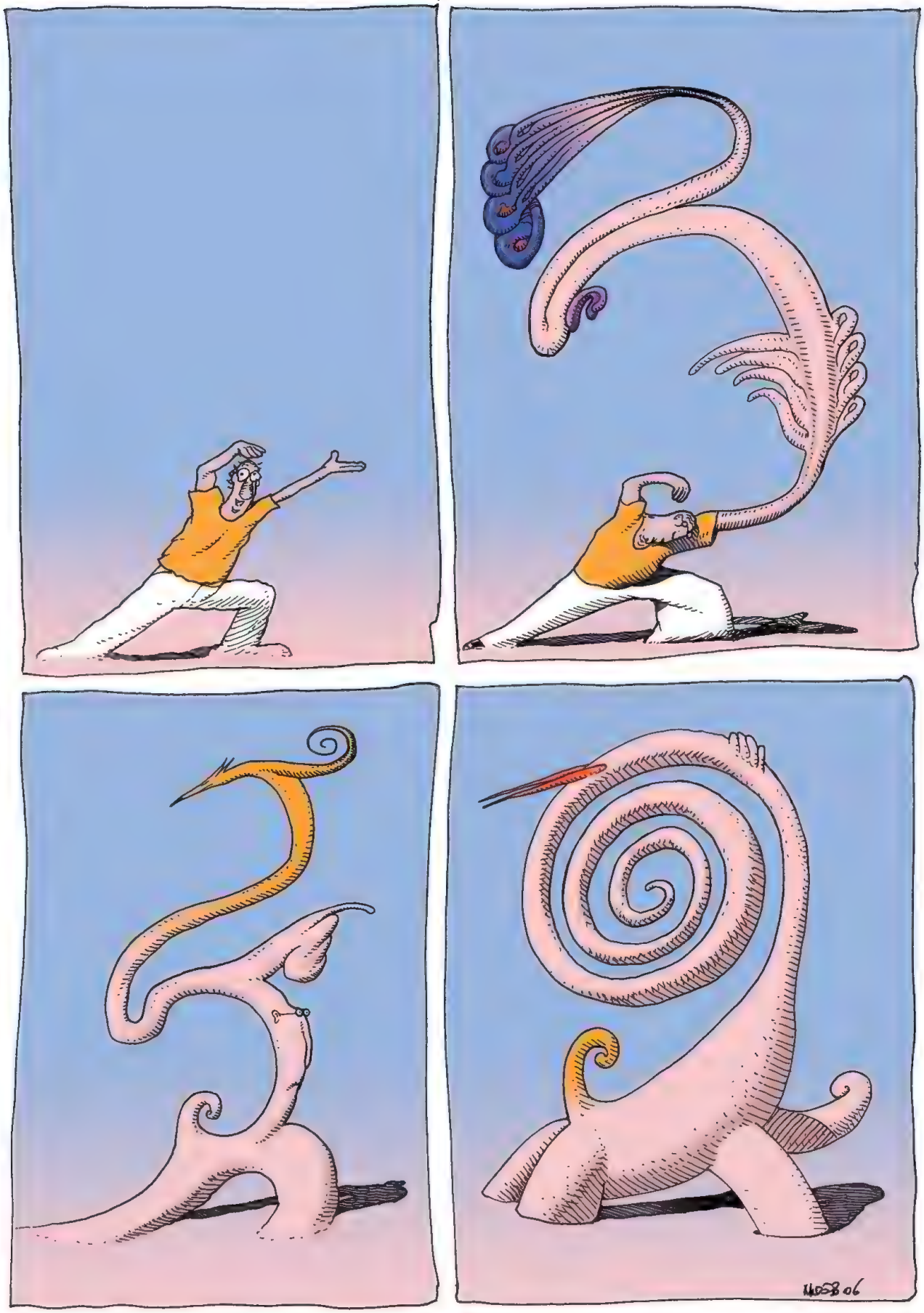

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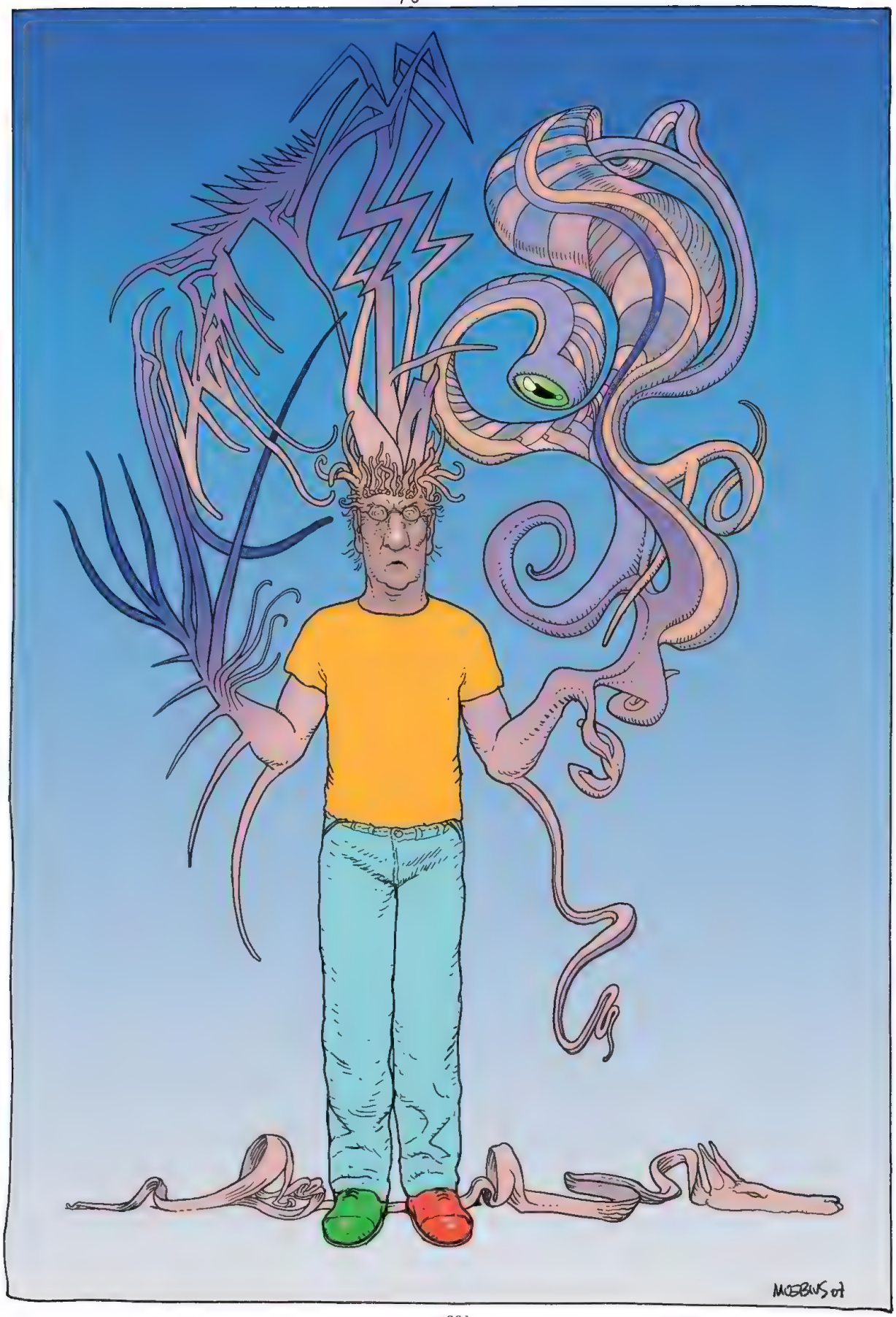
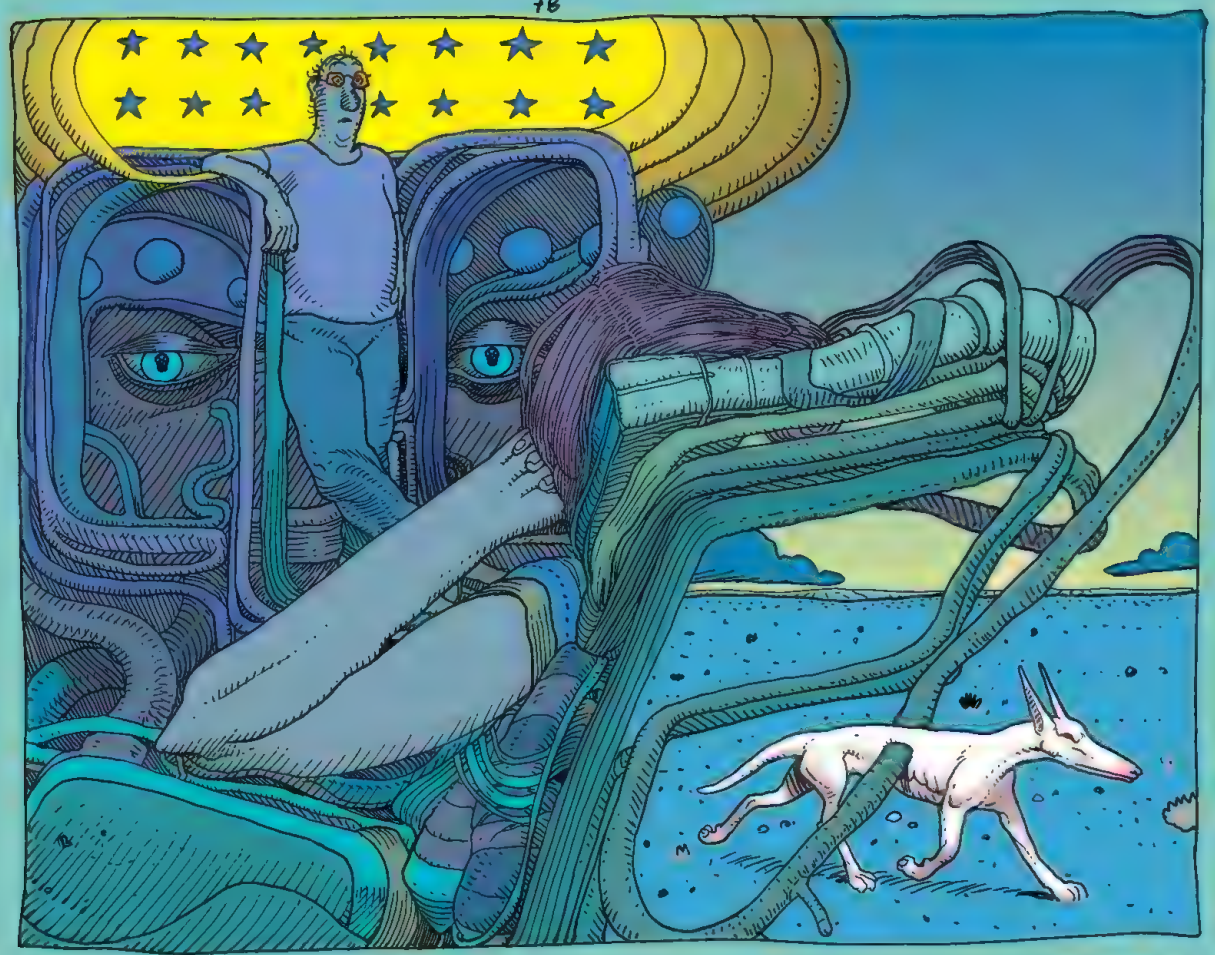
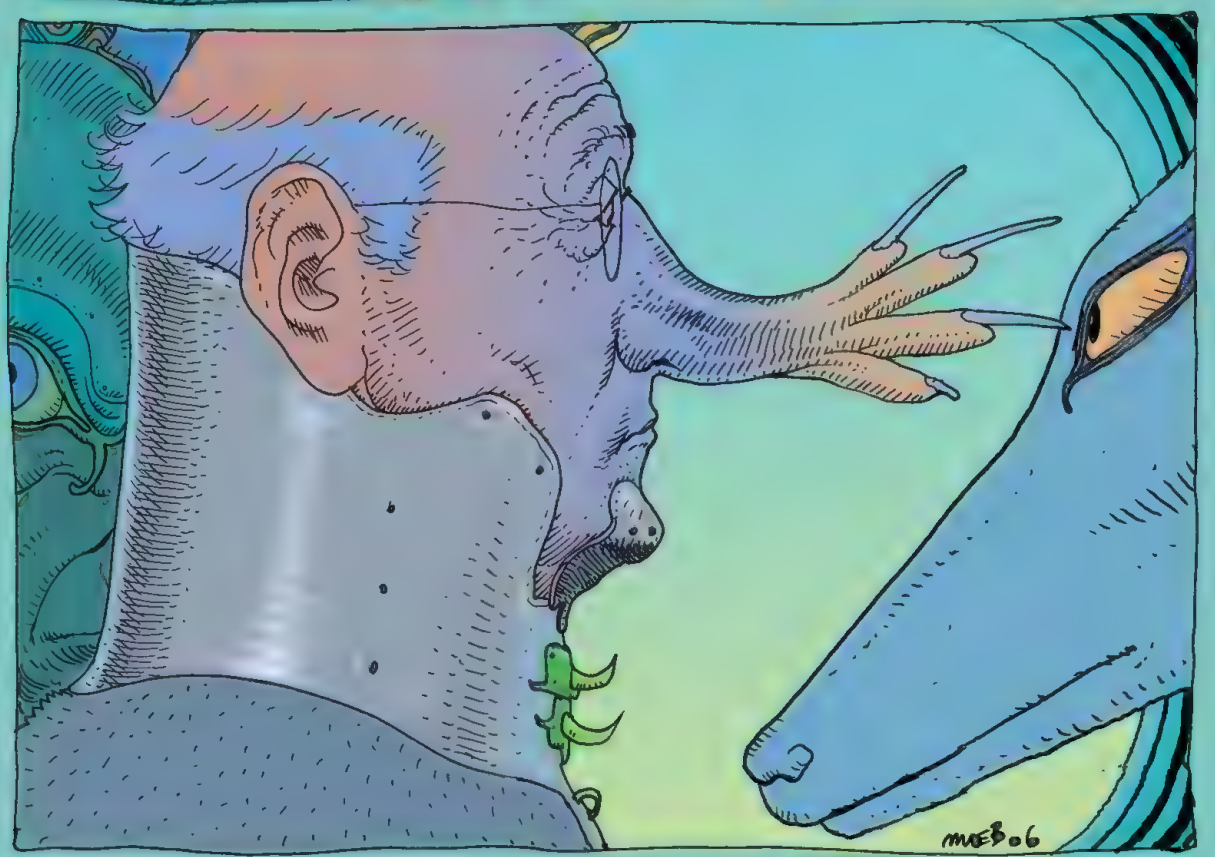
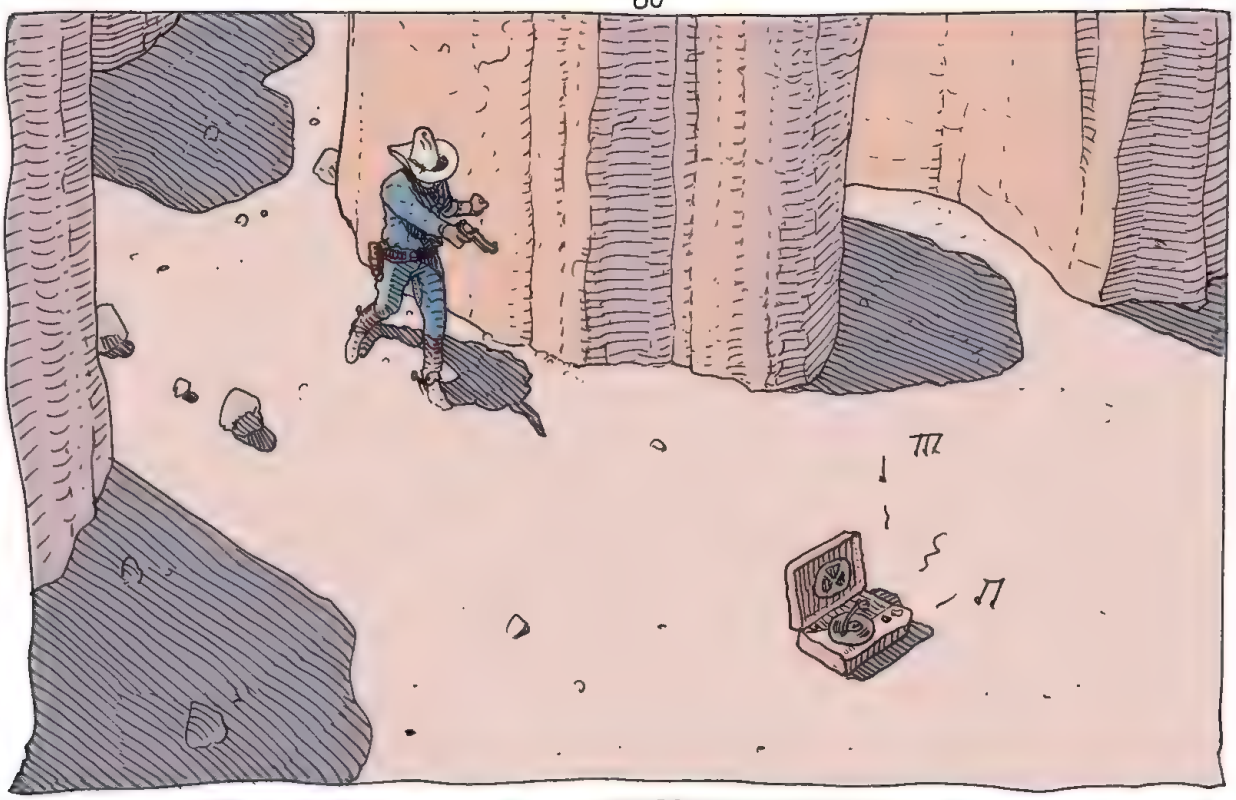

MOEBIUS 01

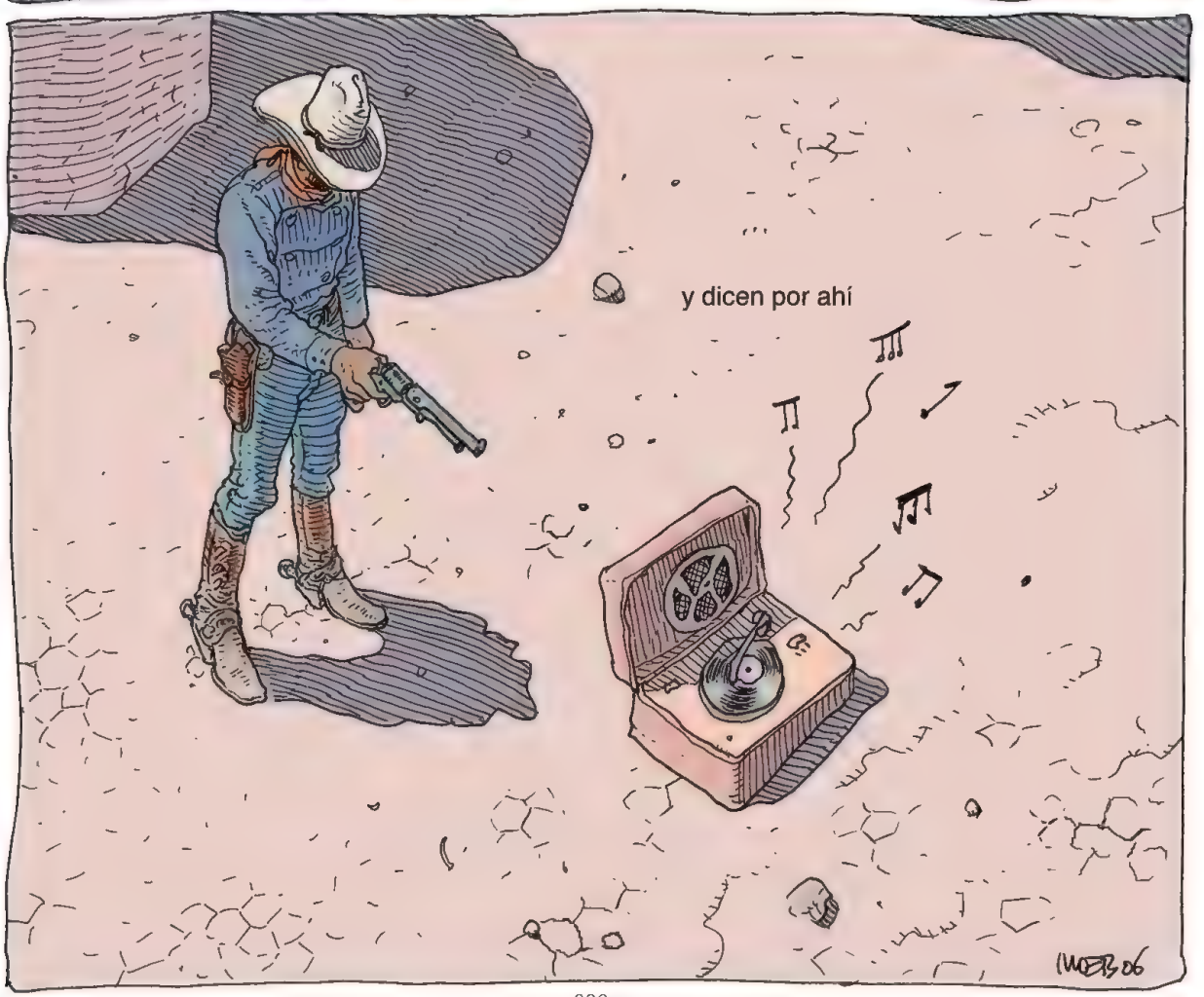
MOEBIUS




MŒBIUS

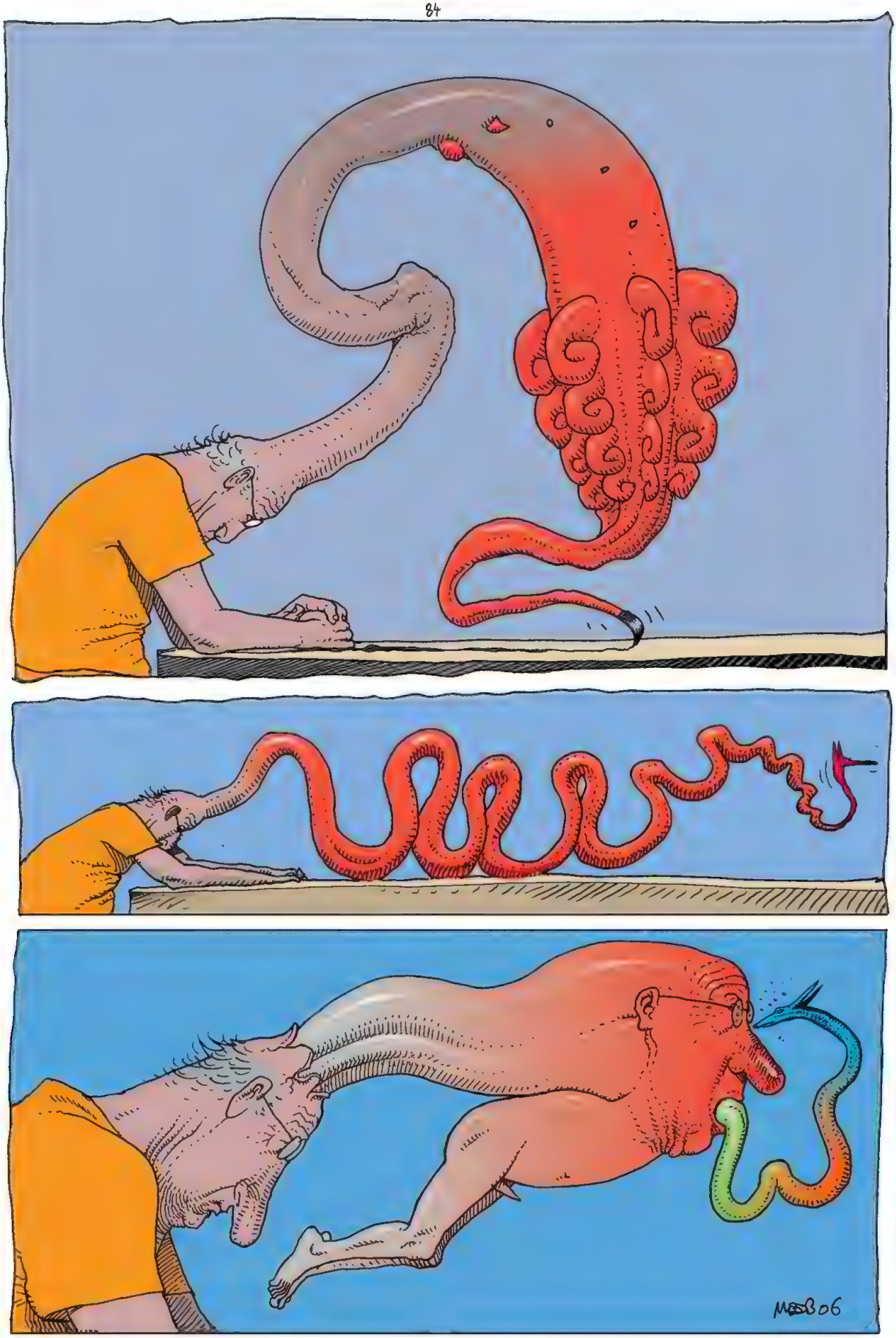
MŒBIUS 06

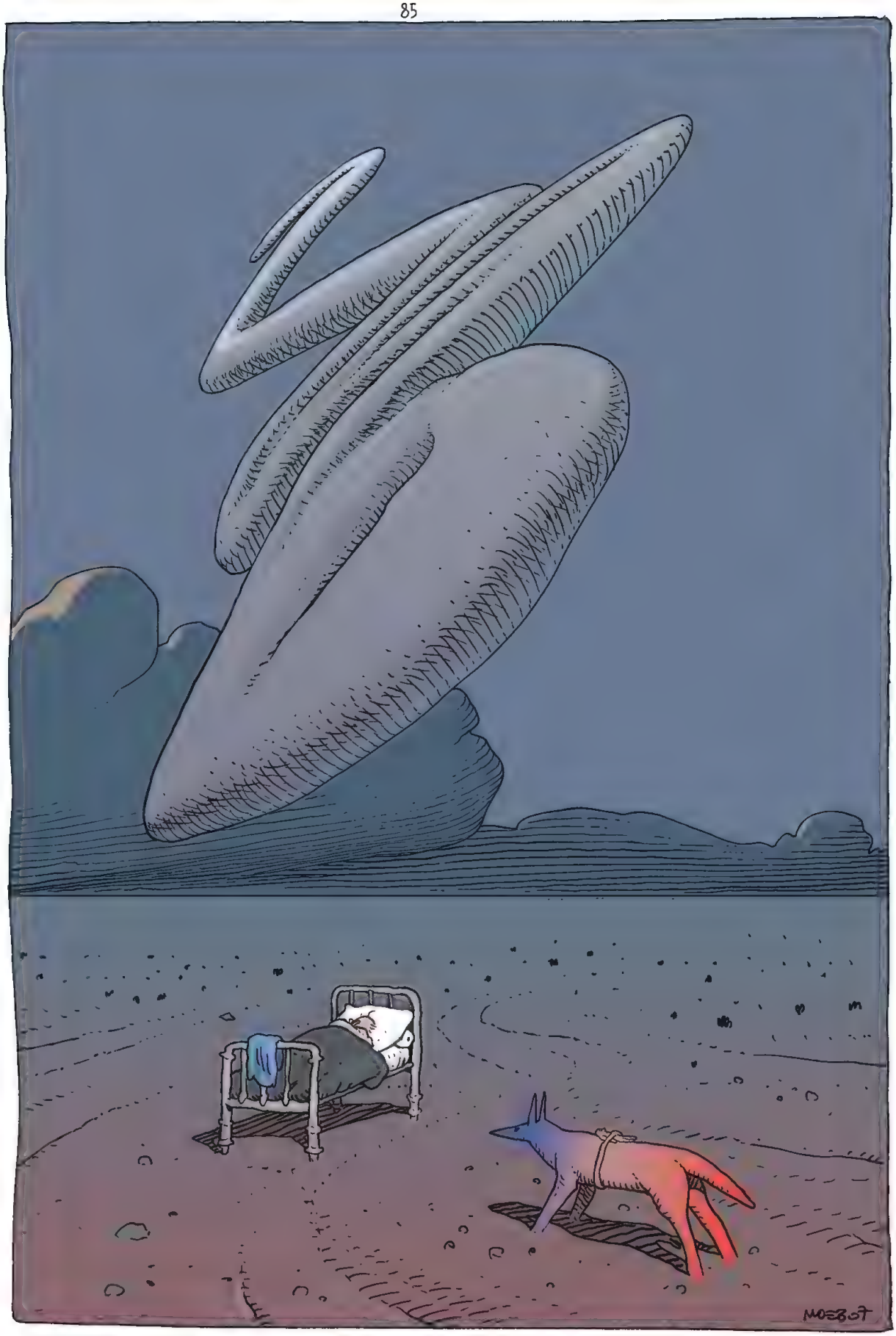


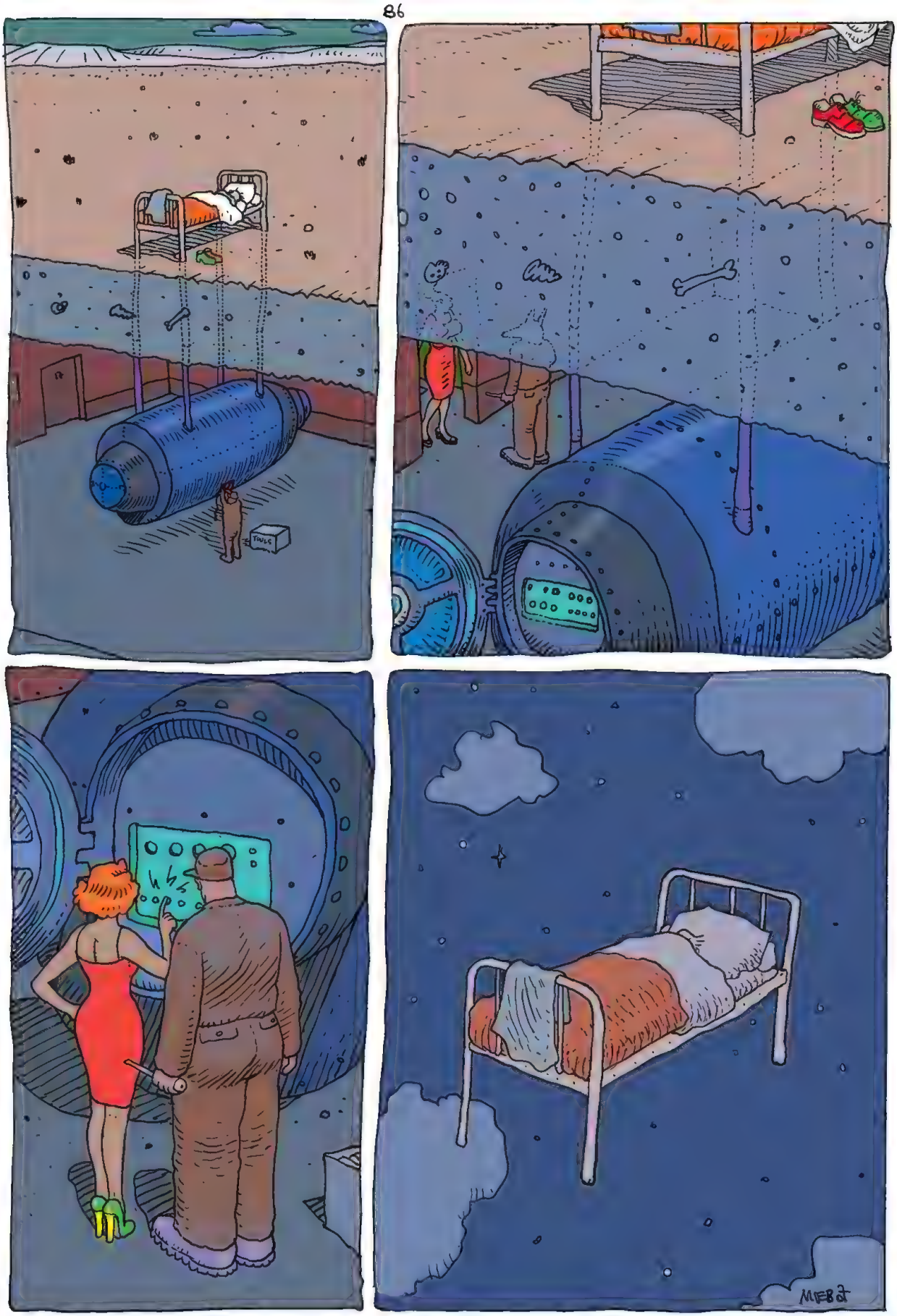

y dicen por ahí

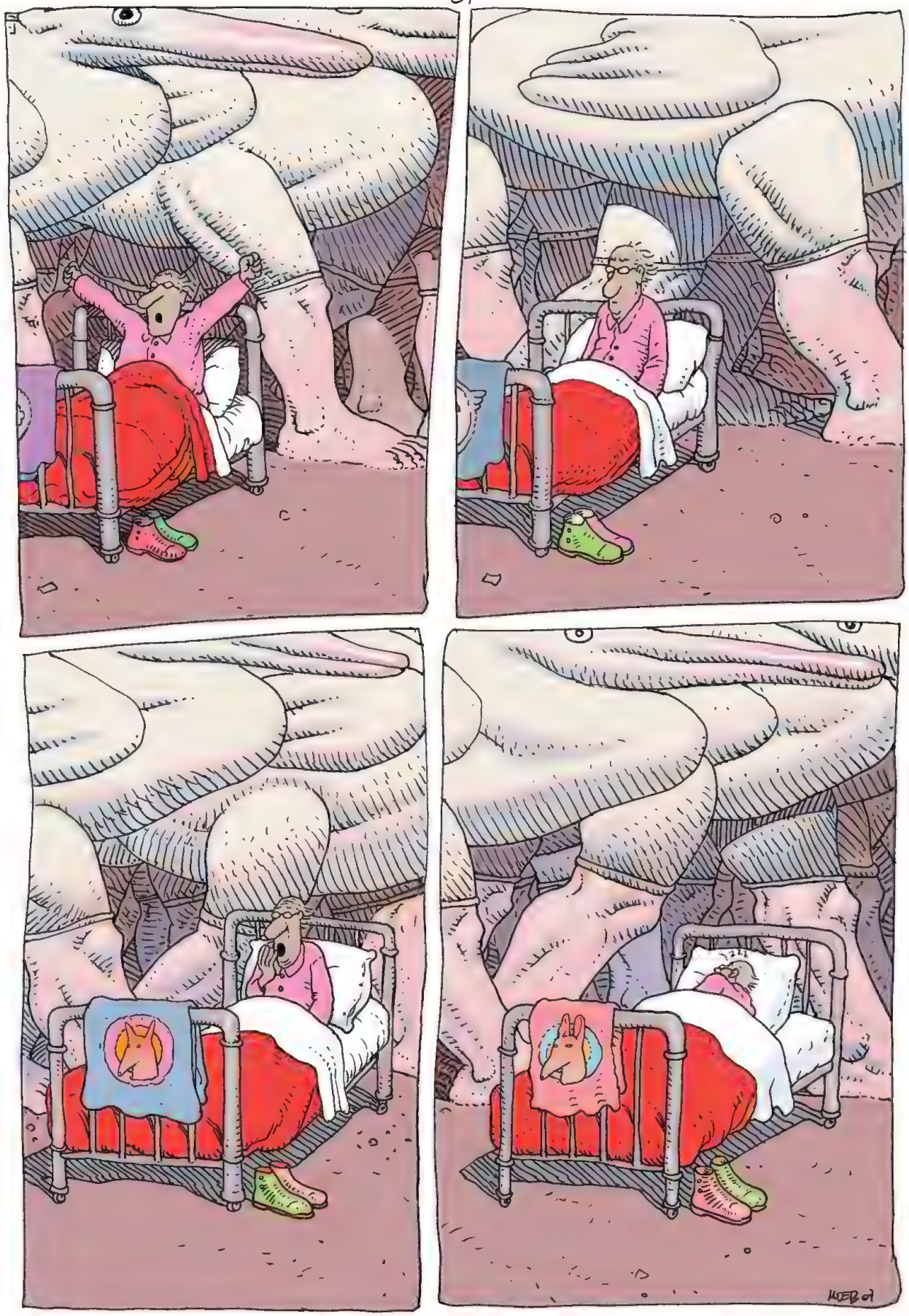
... que Díos hizo a la mujer...
...pero ay que caray...
...pues resultan al revés.

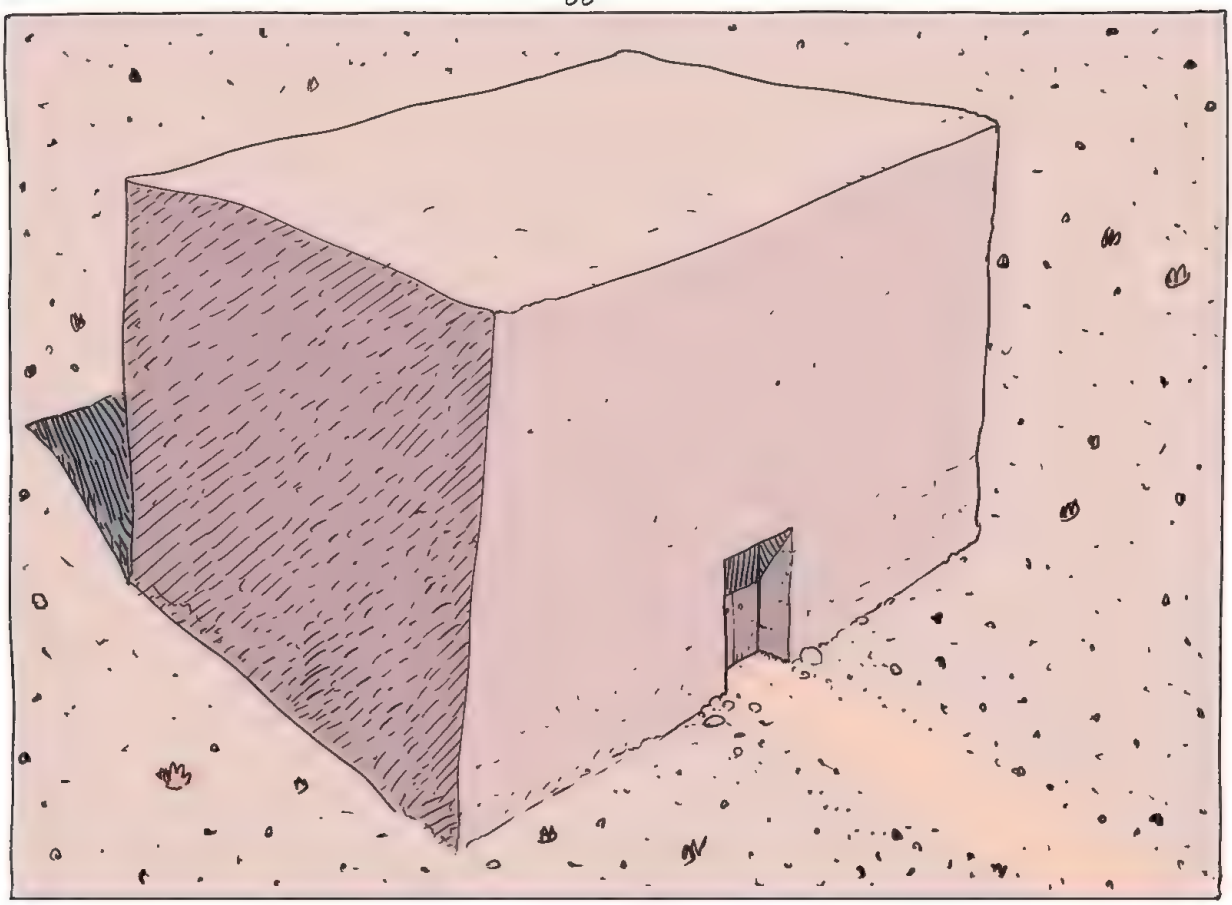
MŒB 07

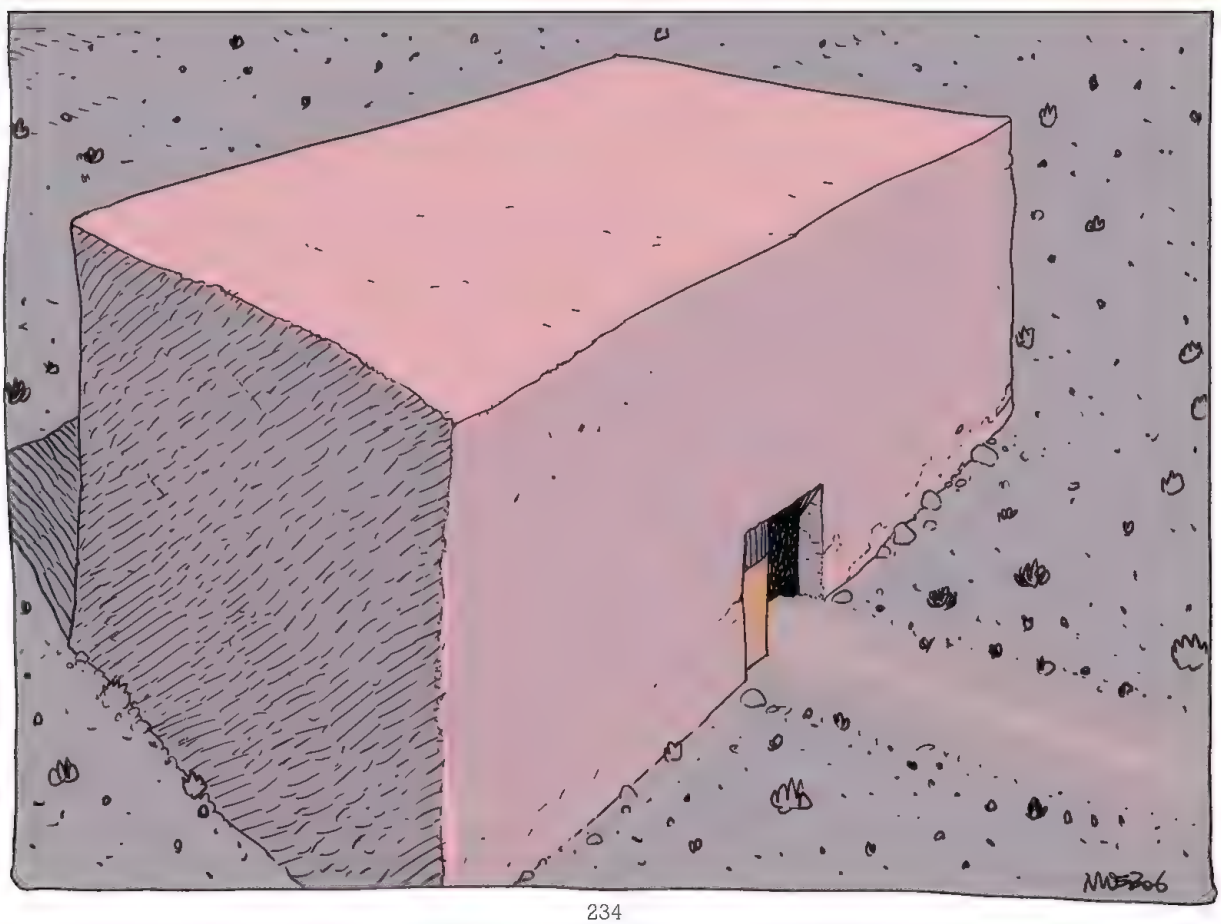


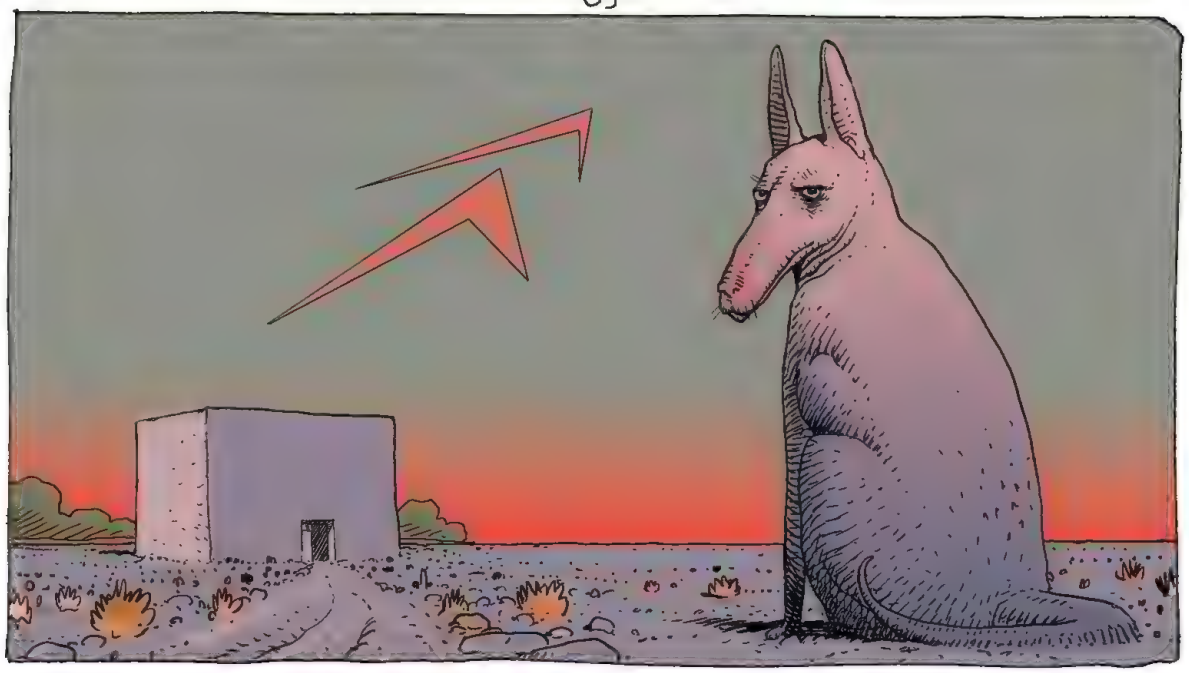

MOEBIUS

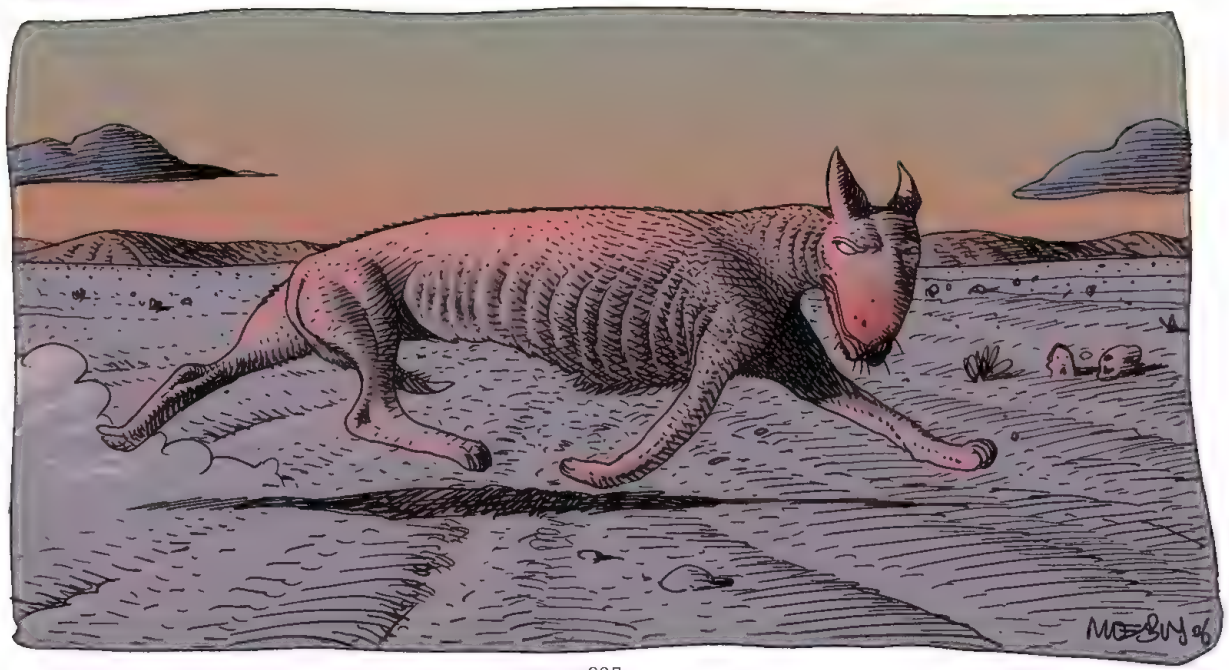

TOOLS
MEBT







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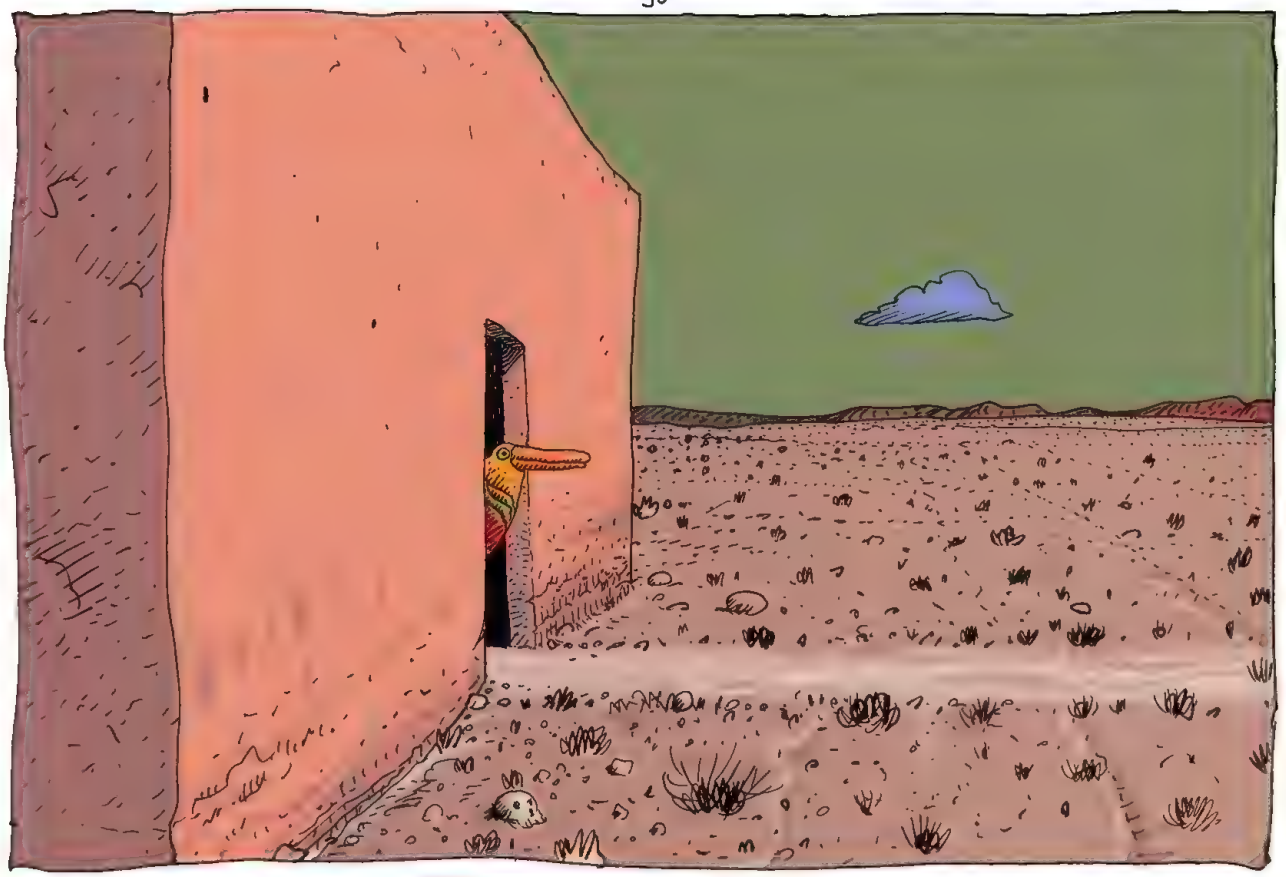

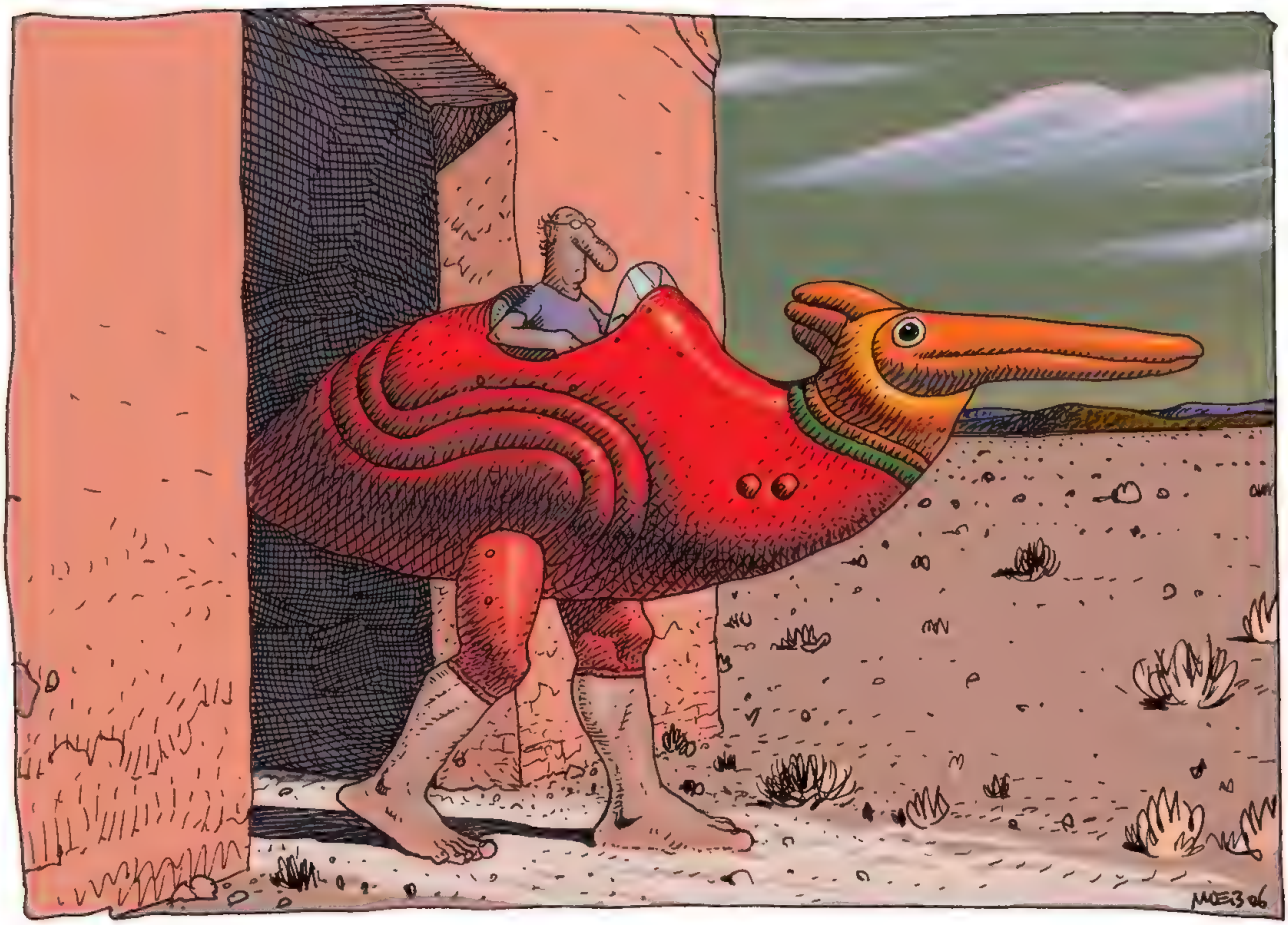

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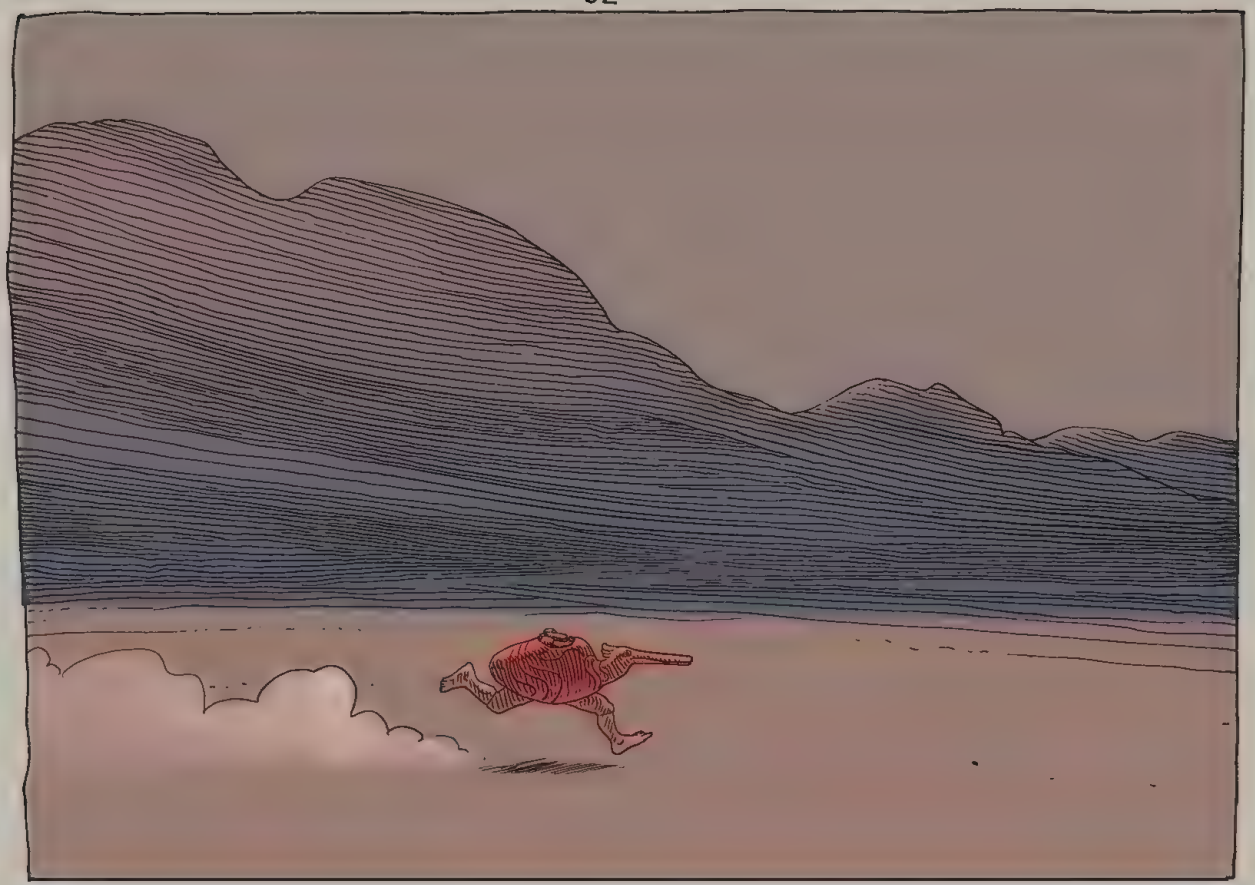

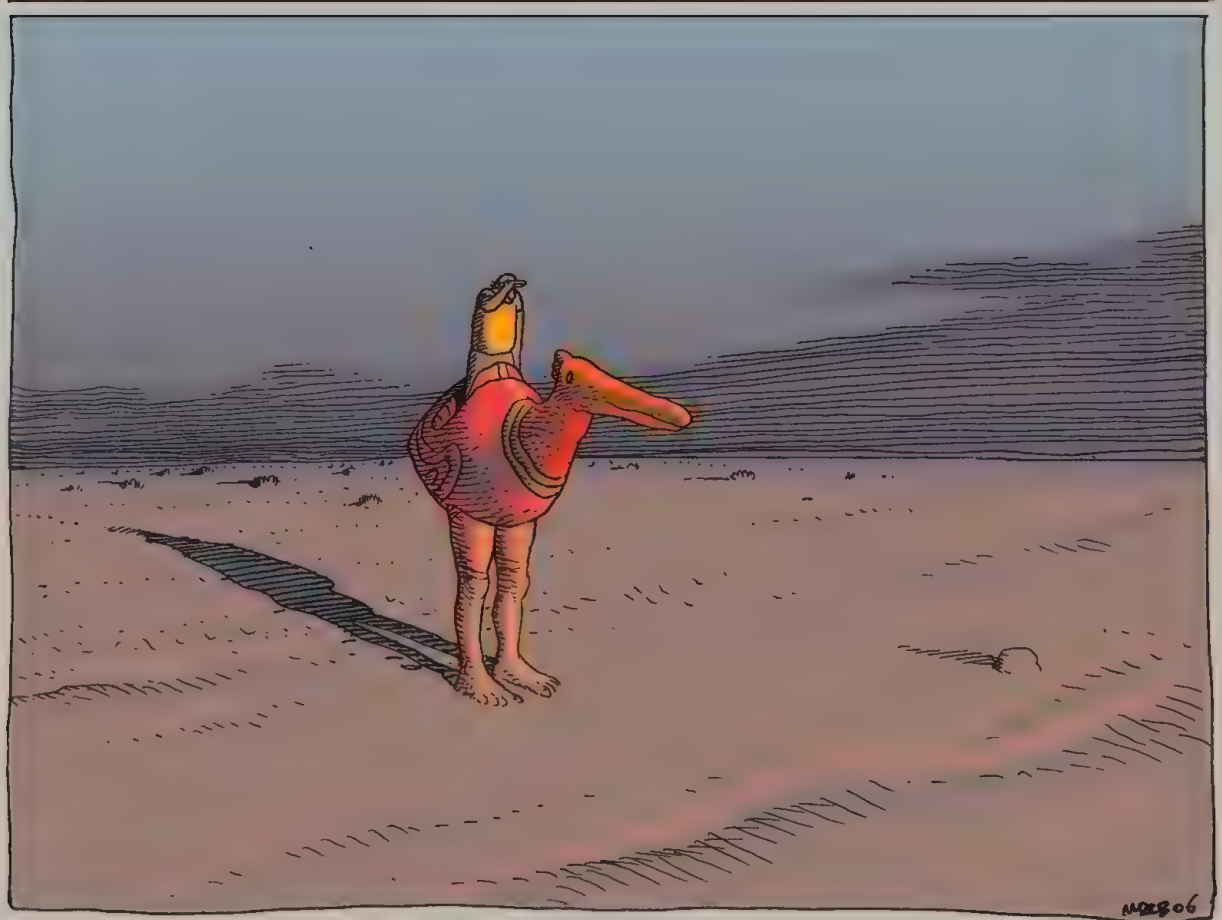

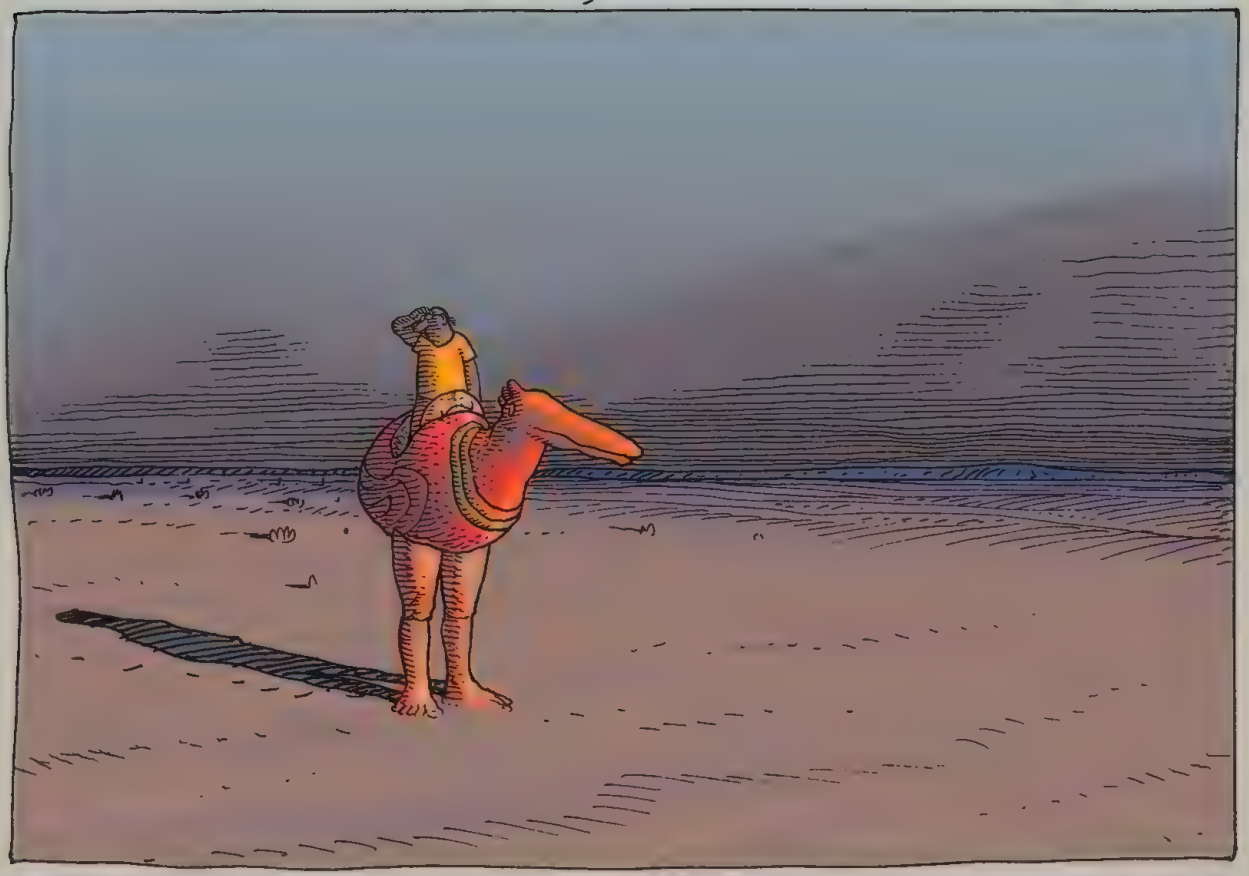

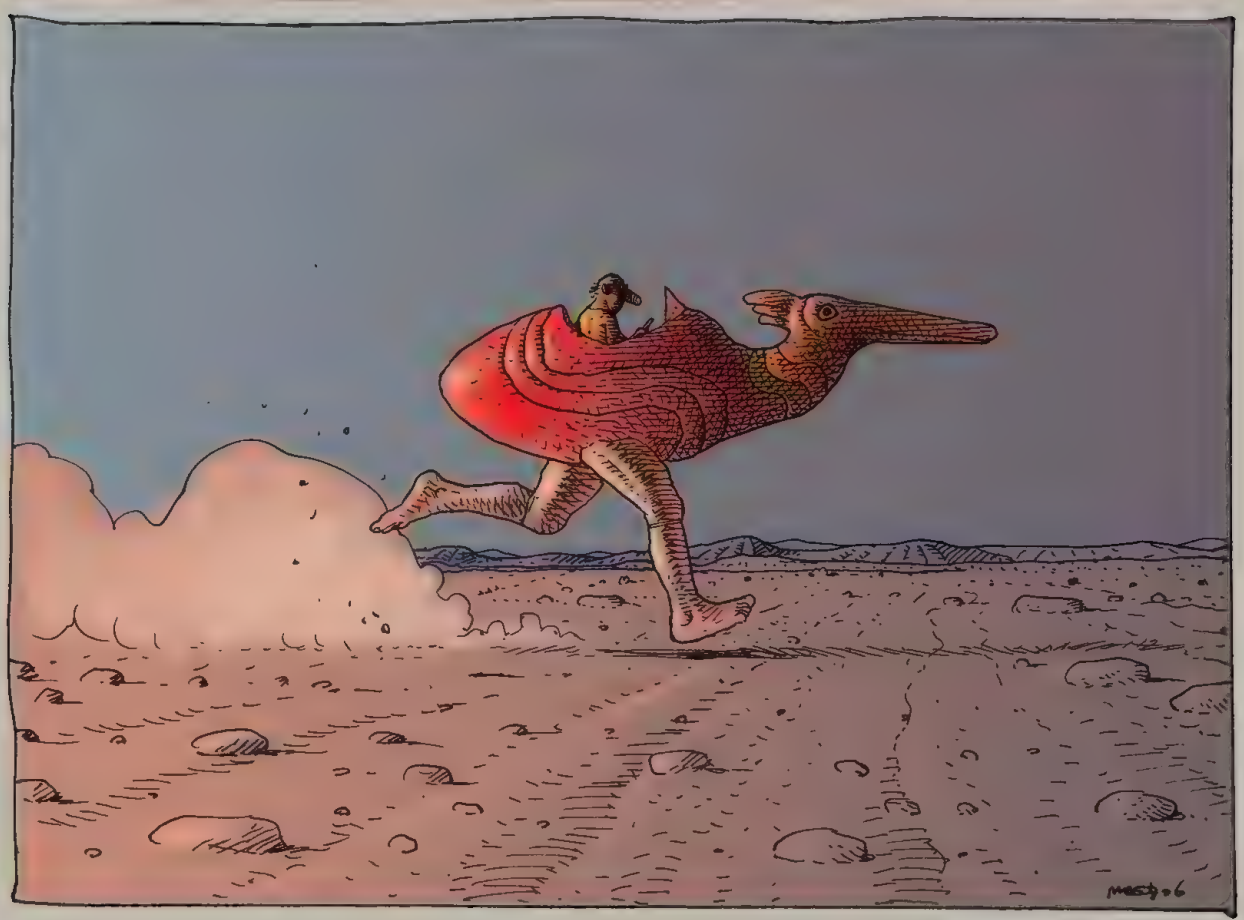

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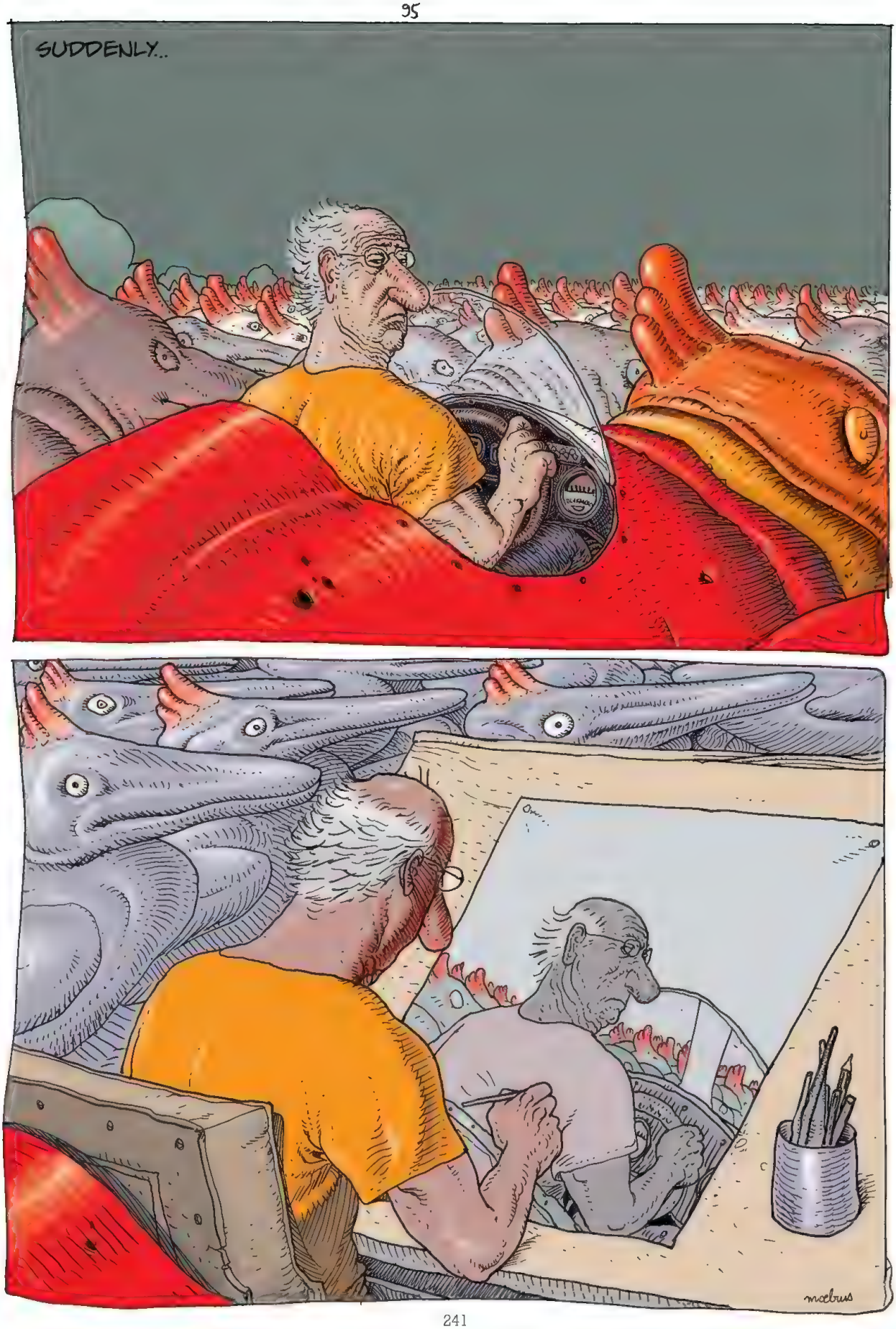
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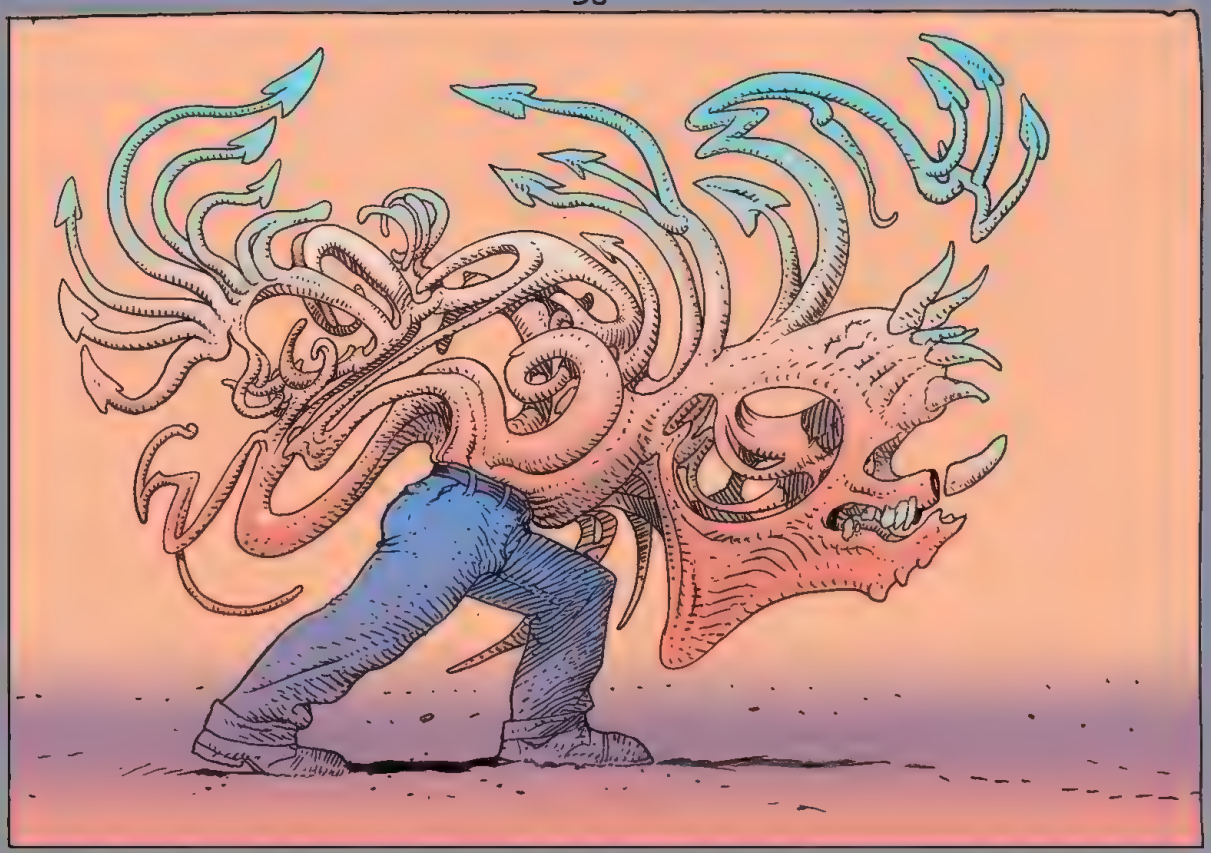
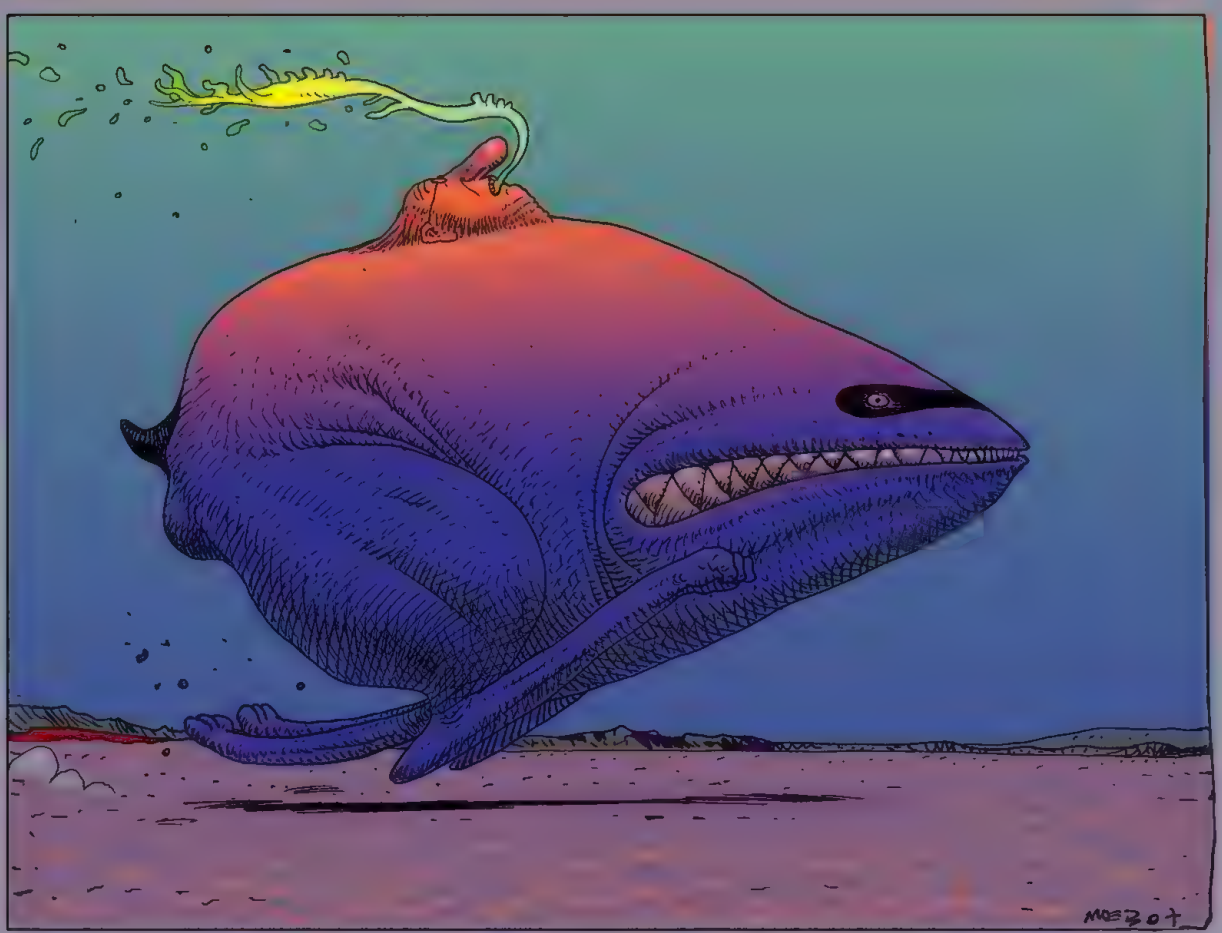
moebius

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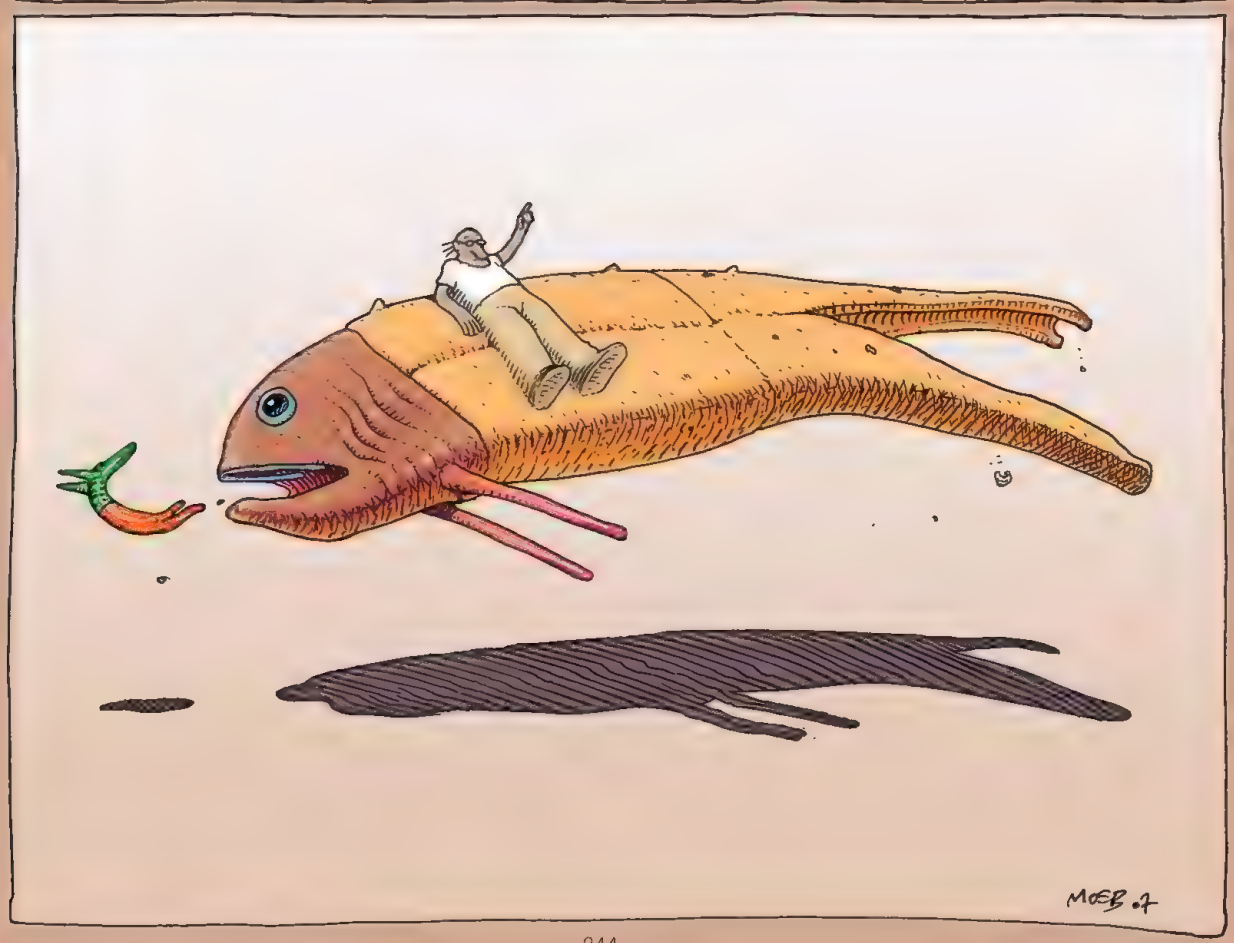
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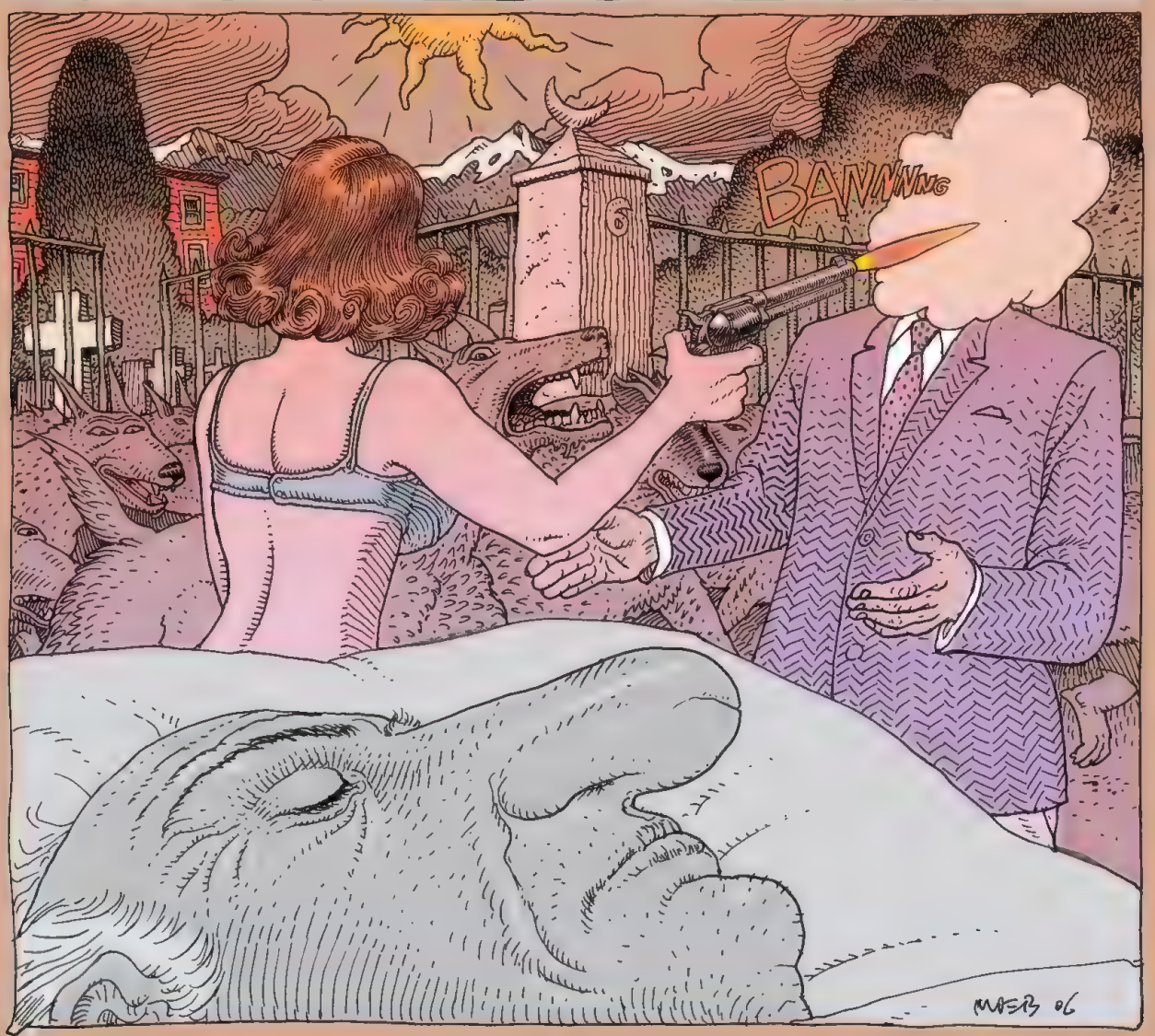
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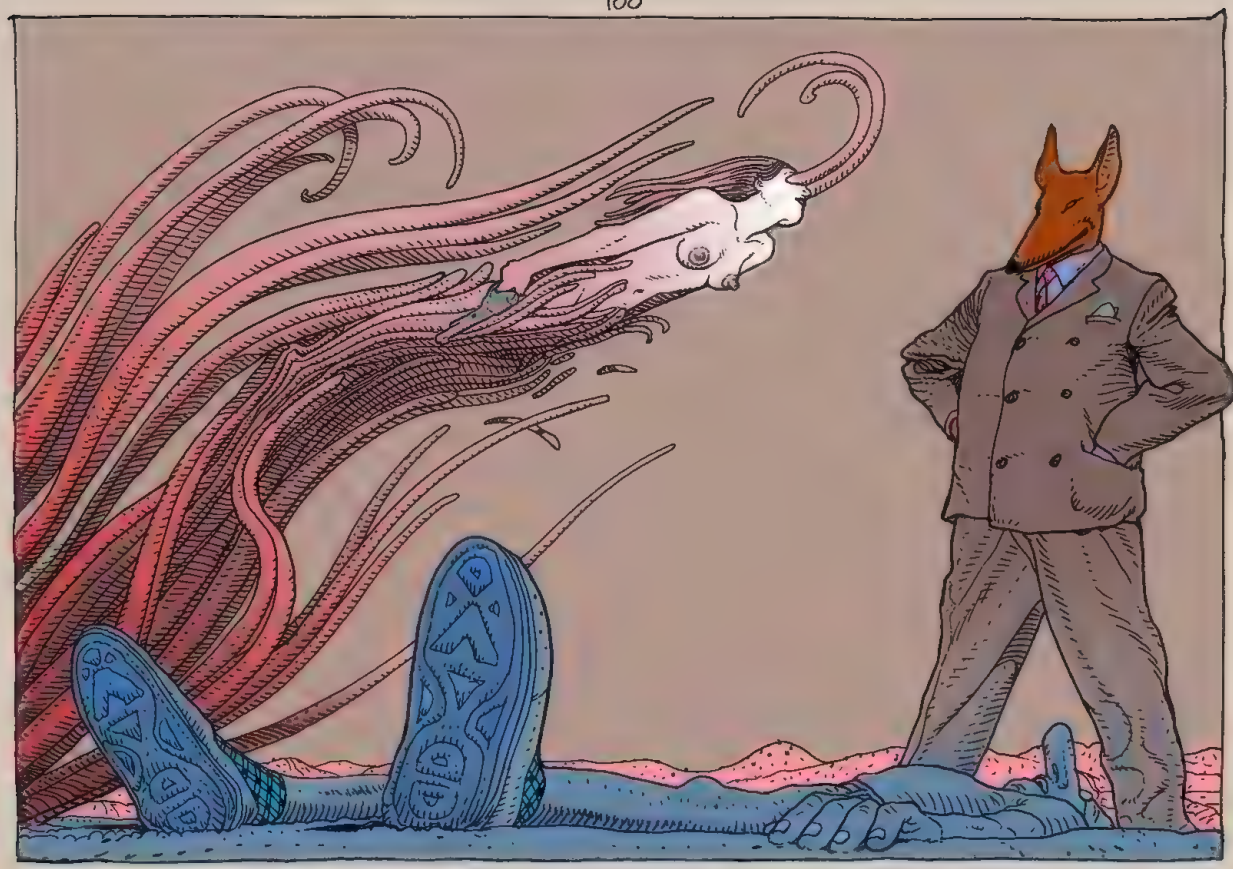
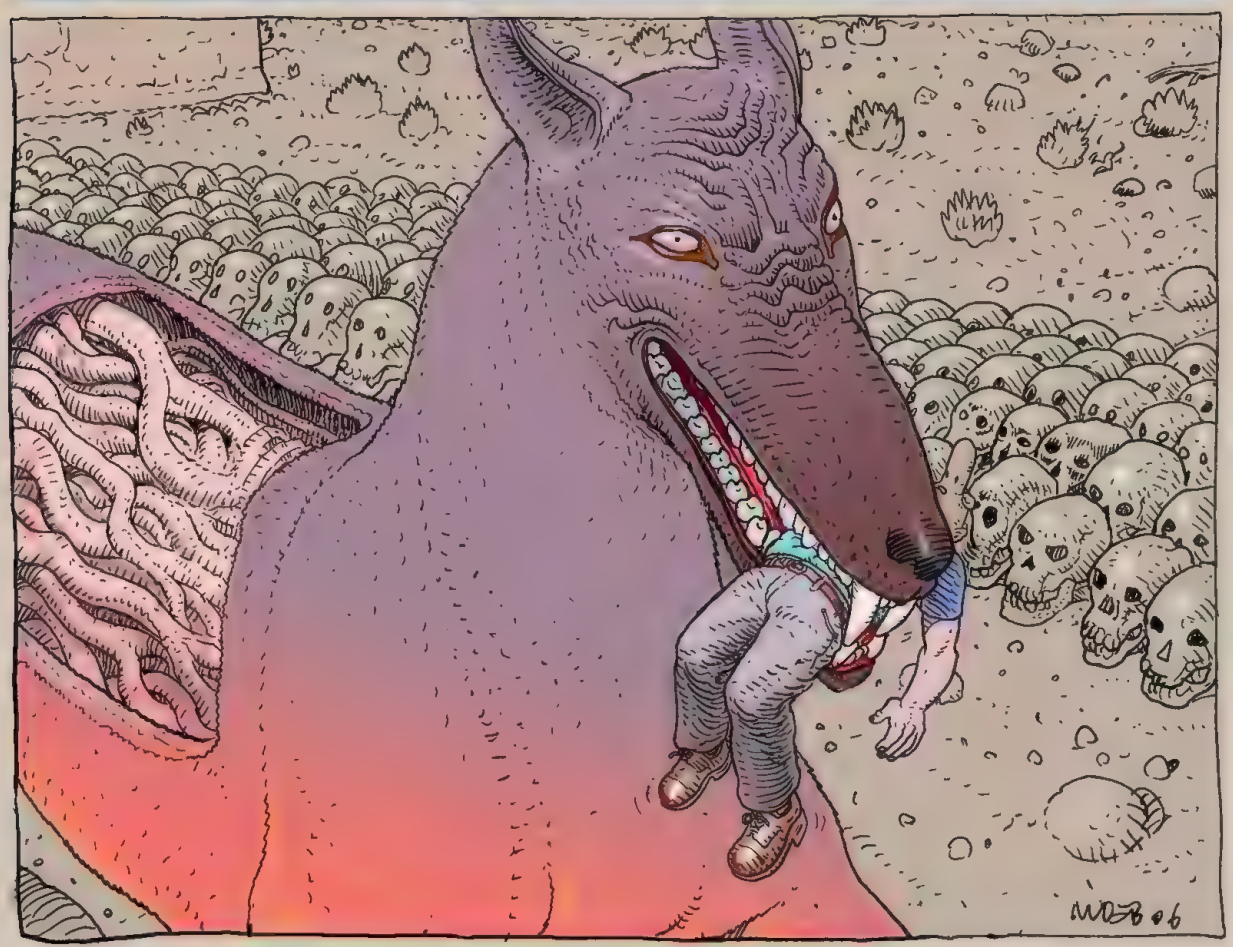




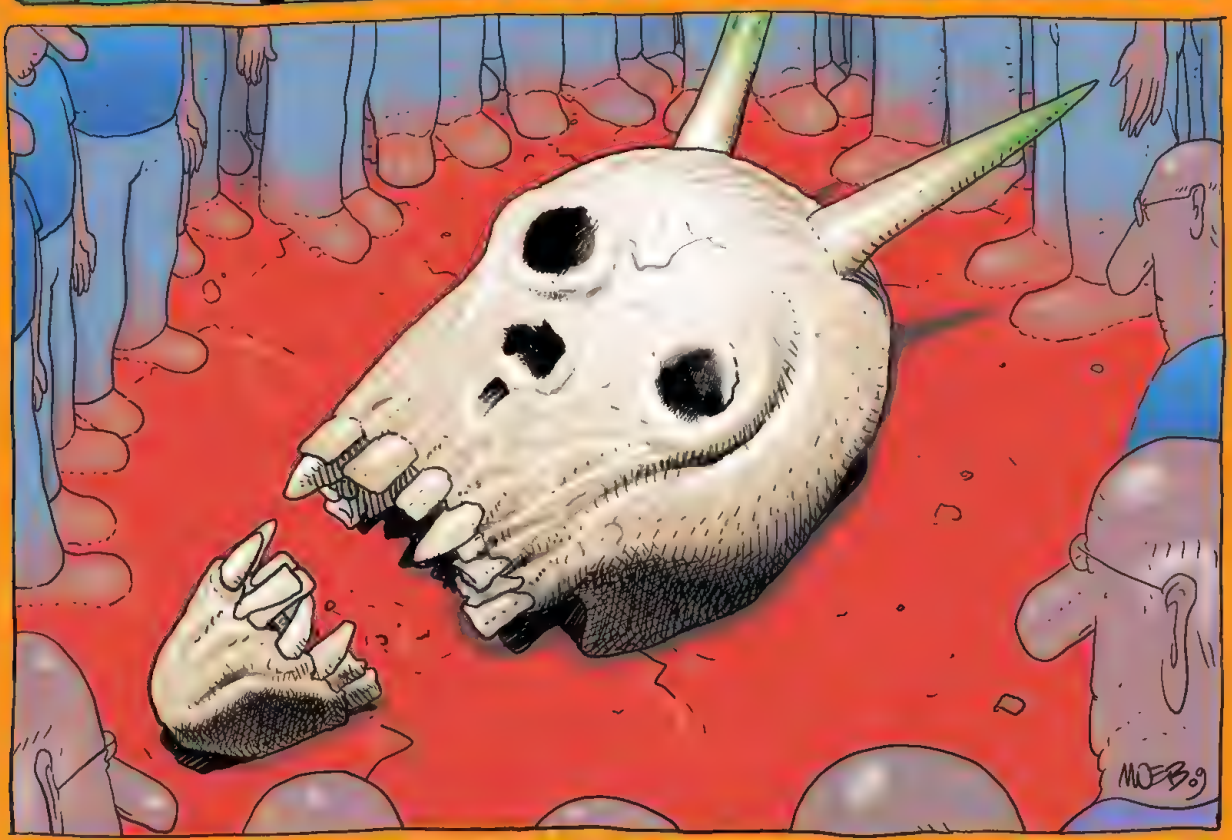
MOEBIUS

EL COYOTE
TEQUILA
MOEBIUS 06

MOEB 06

LAURENCE & MOEB

LAURENCE & MOEB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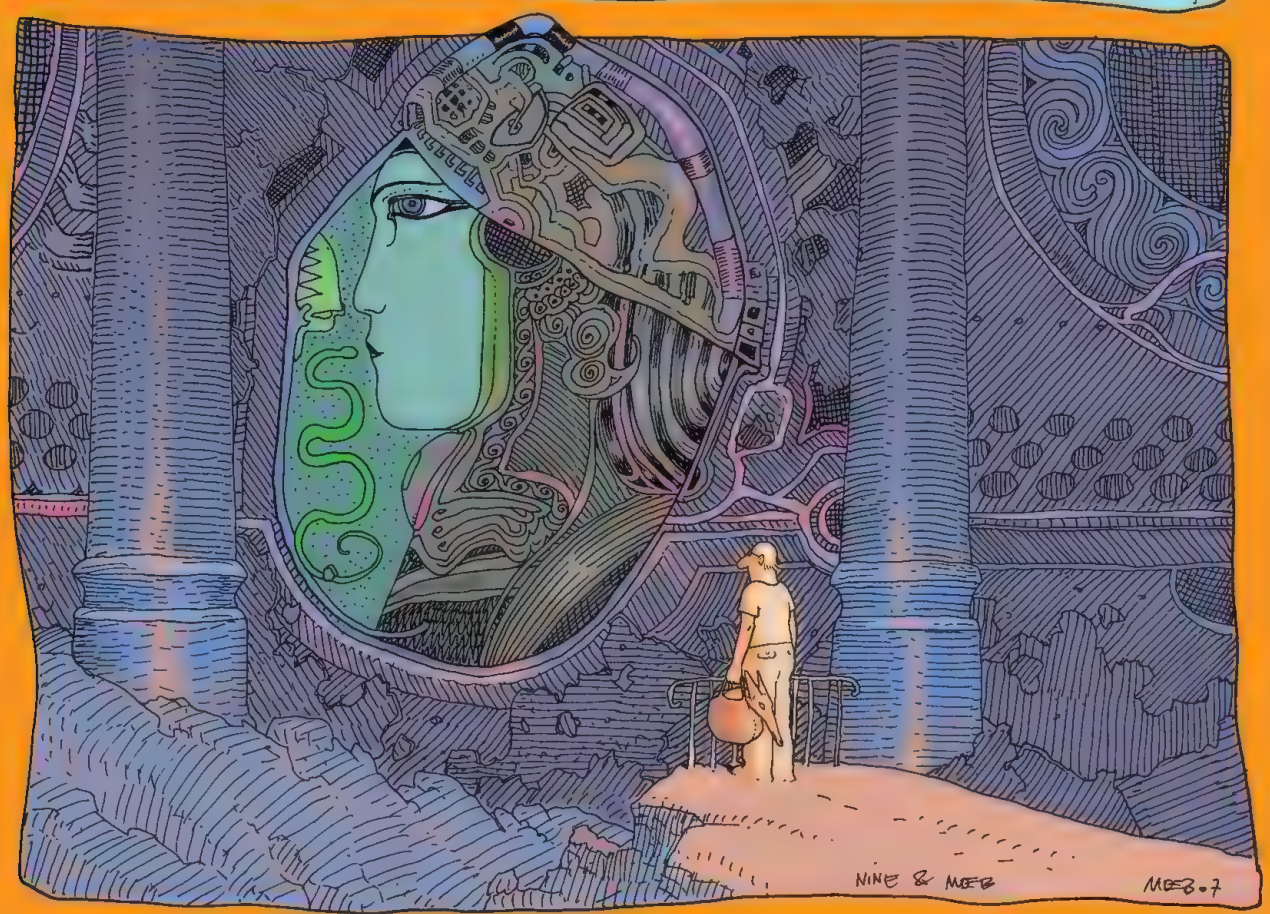
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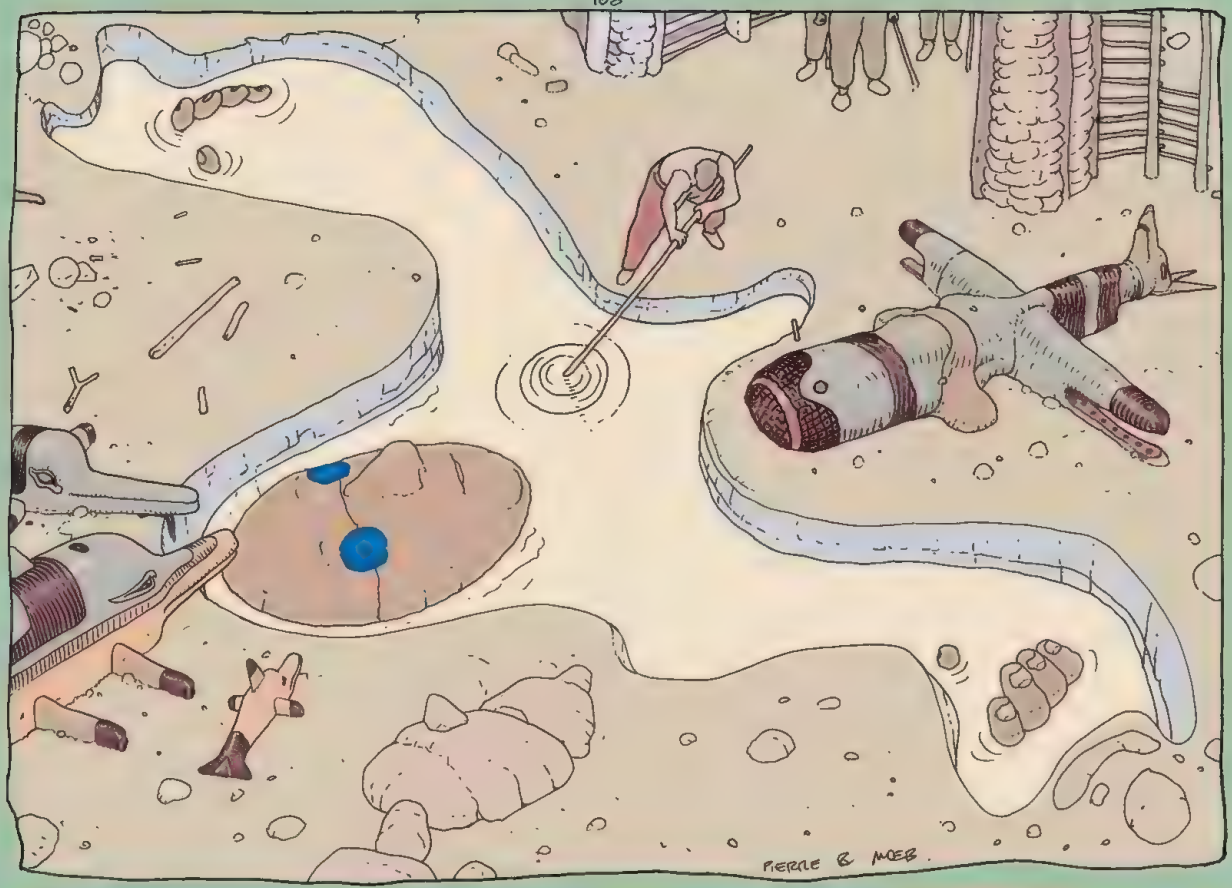
MOEB.7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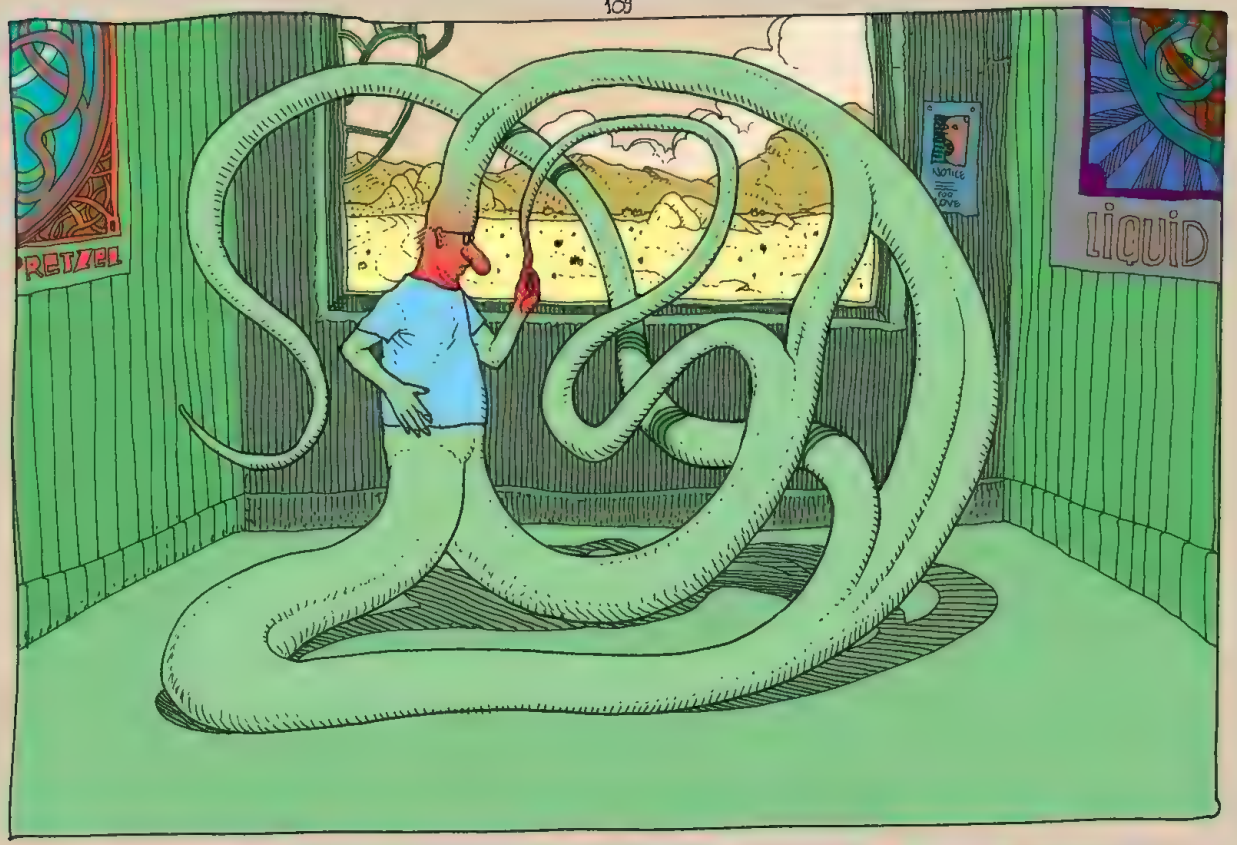
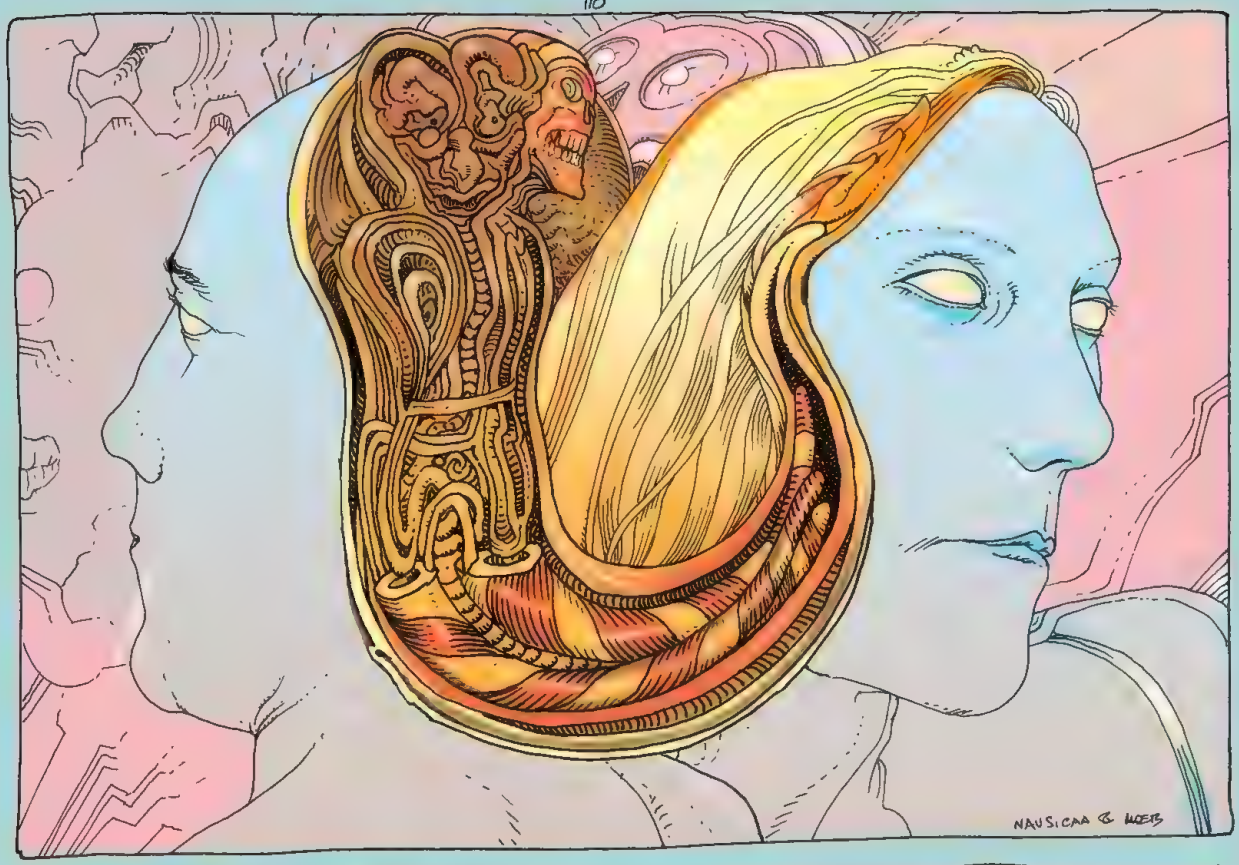
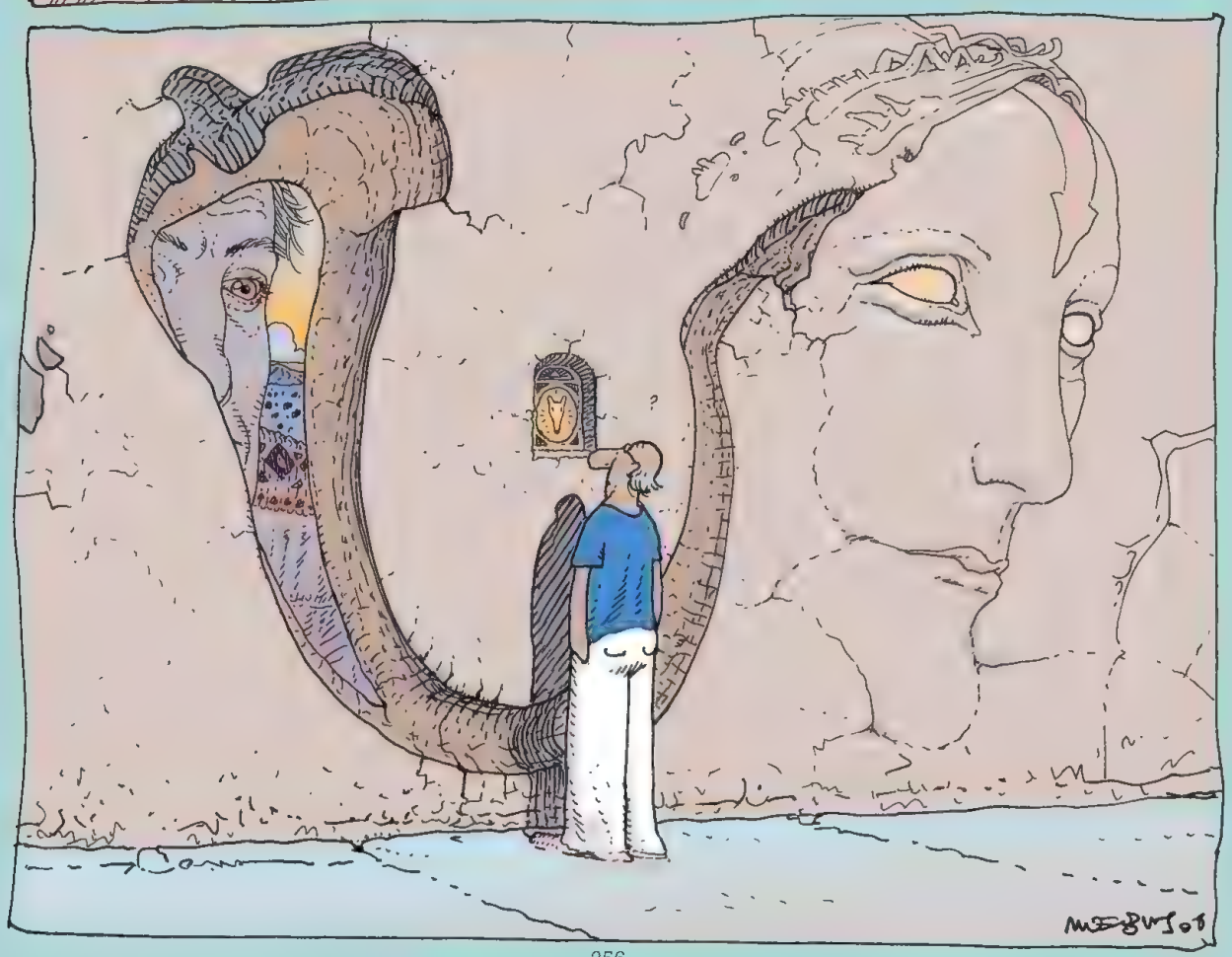
YVES MOEBIUS

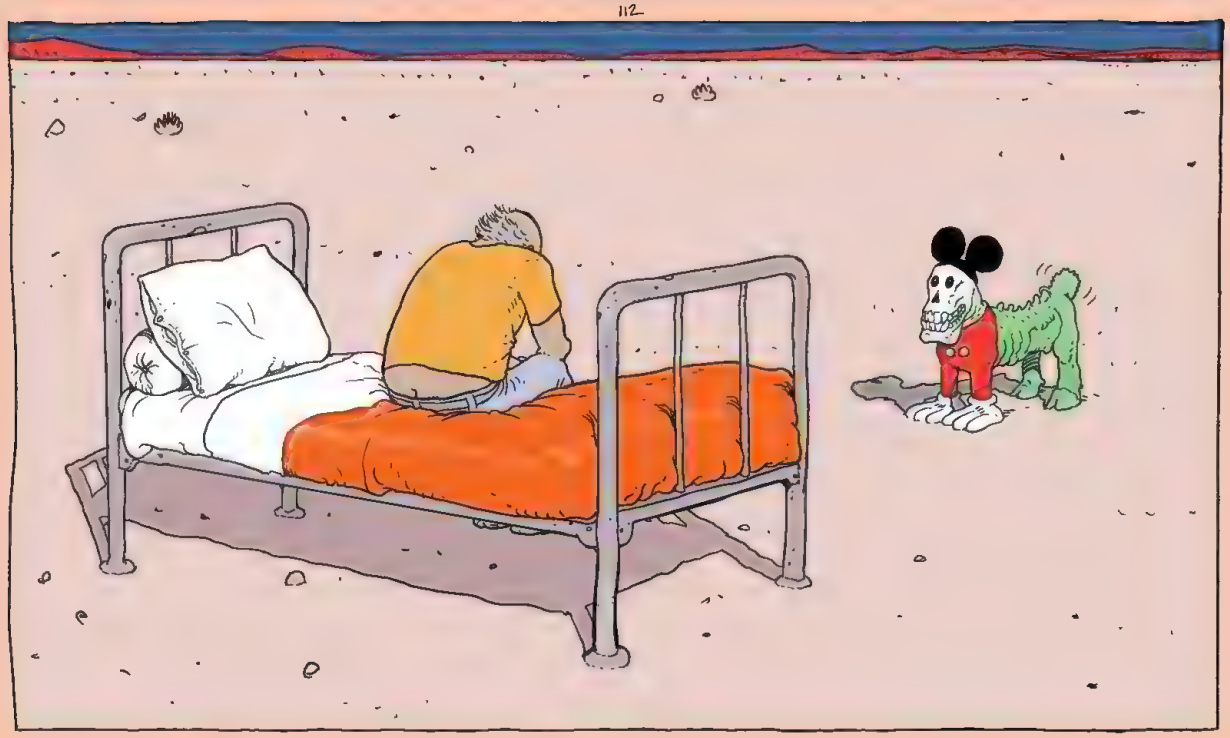

PRETZEL
NOTICE
LIQUID

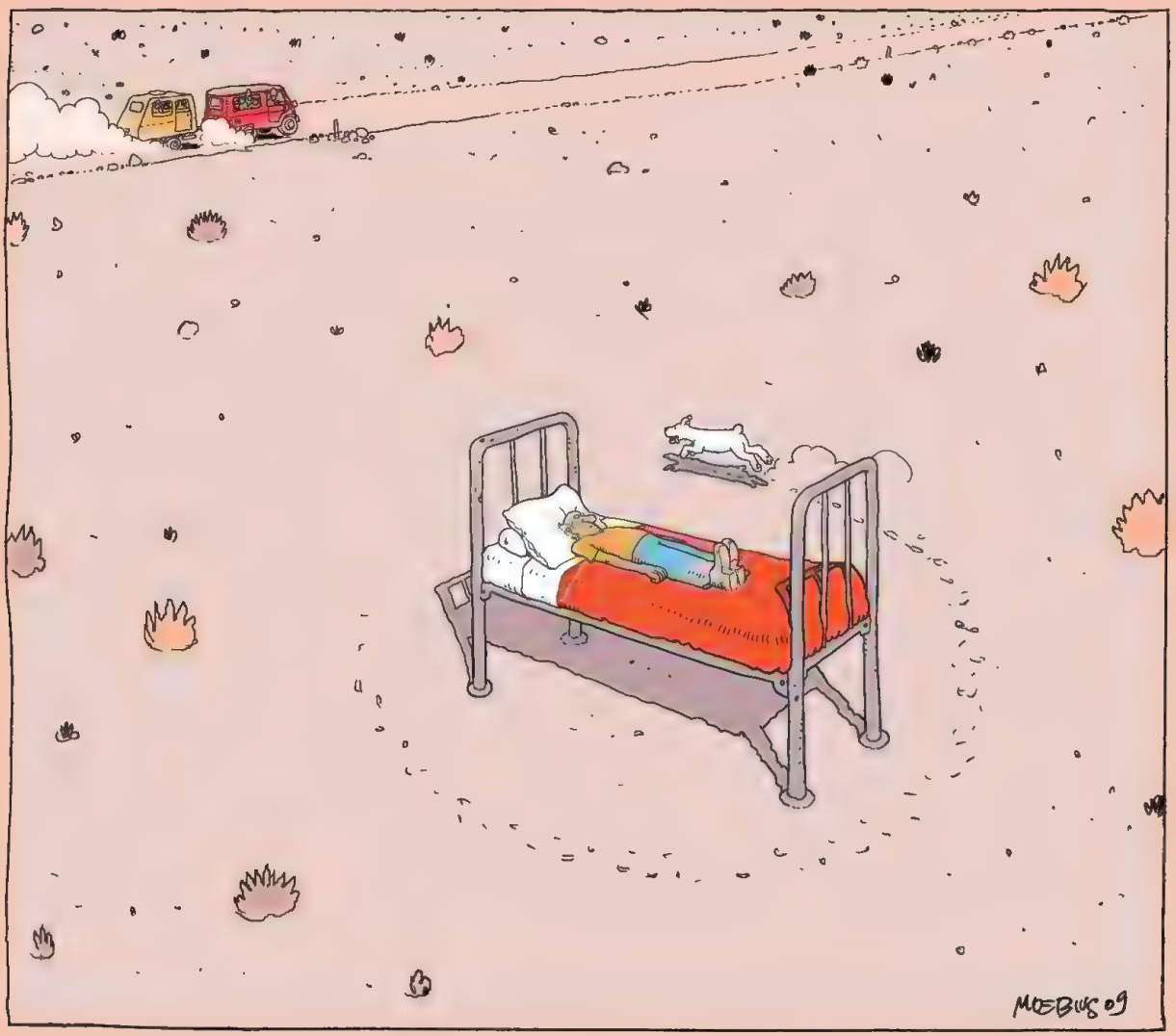
MOEBIUS 09


NAUSICAA © MOEB


MOEBIUS

MOEB 07

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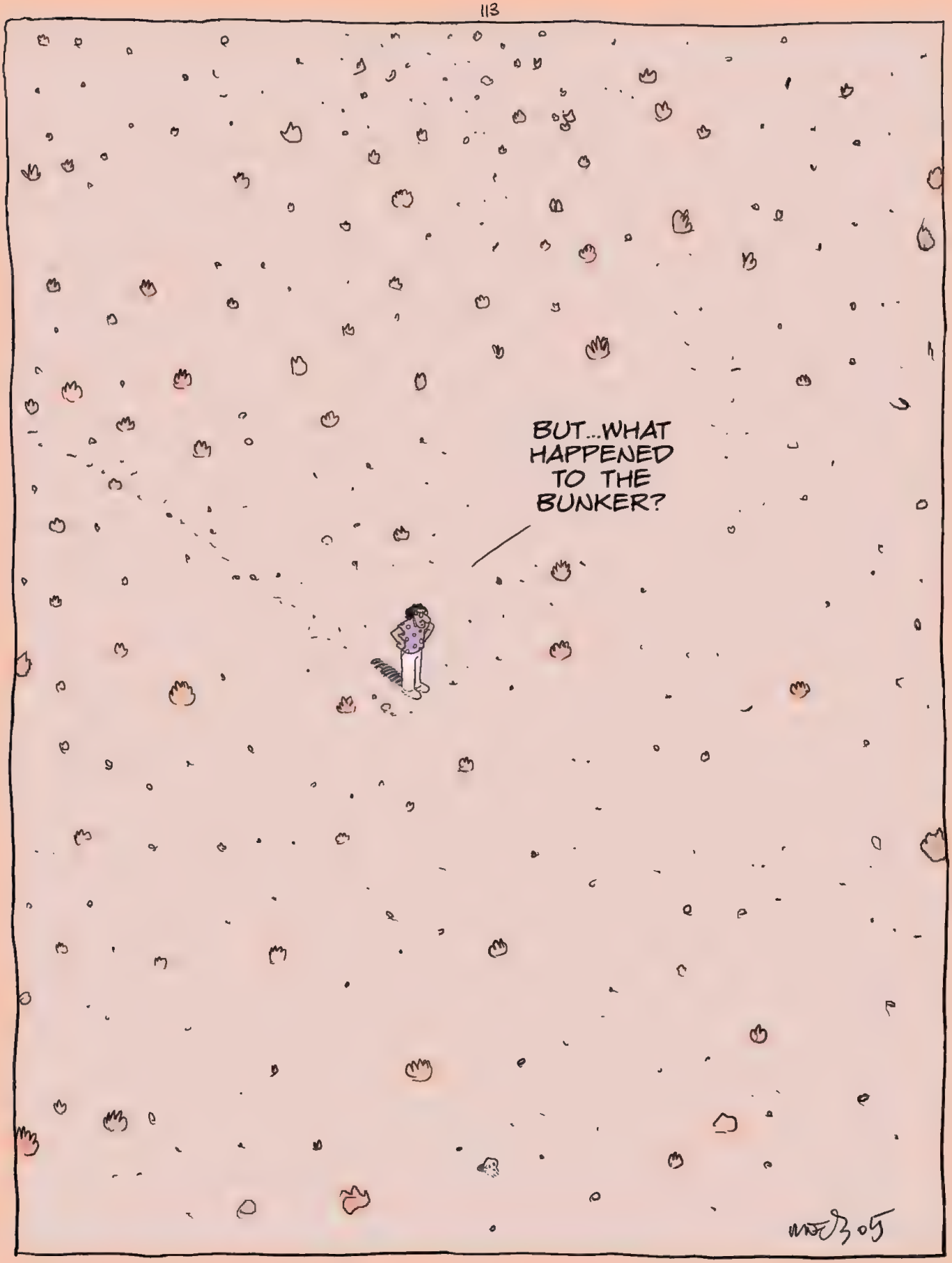
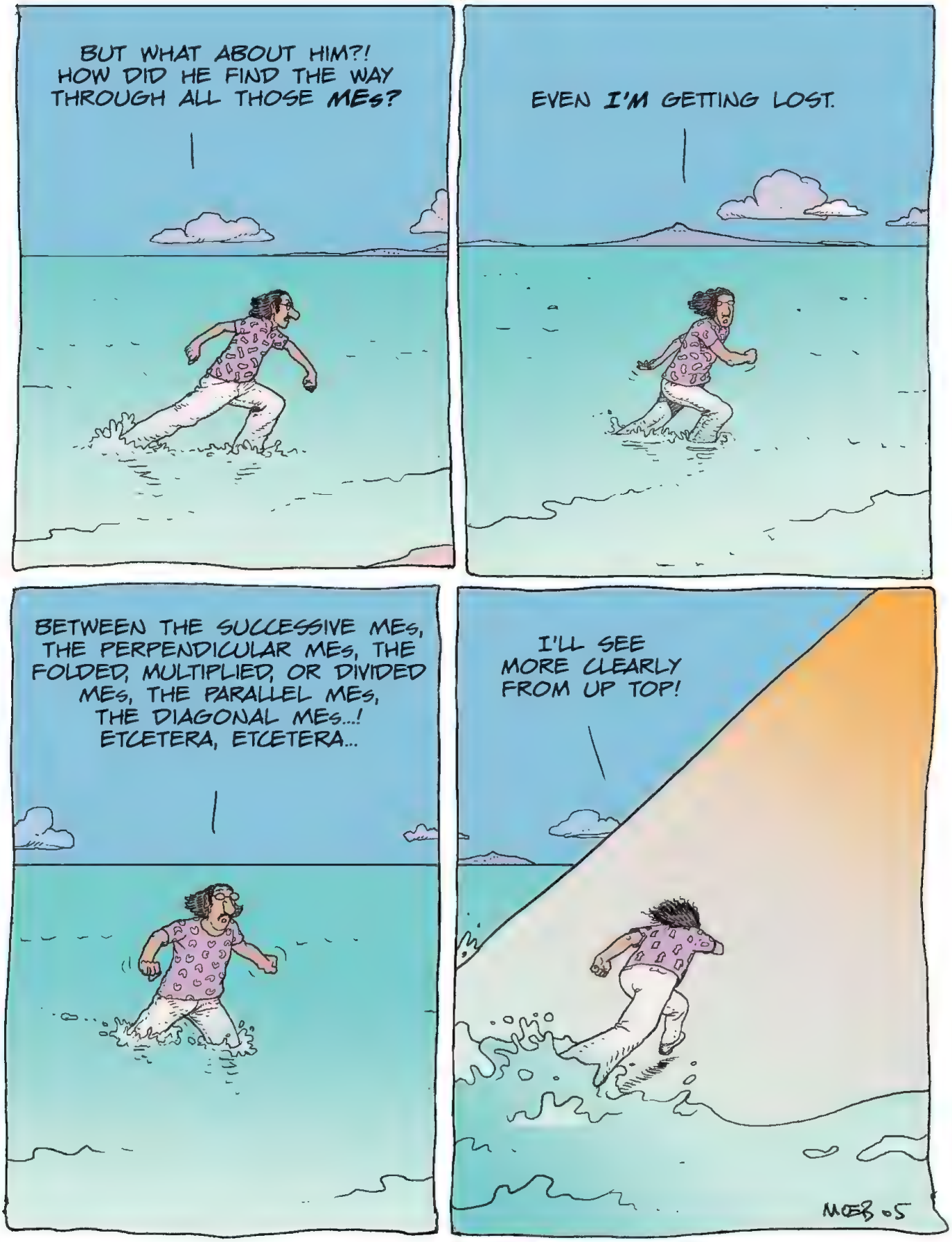
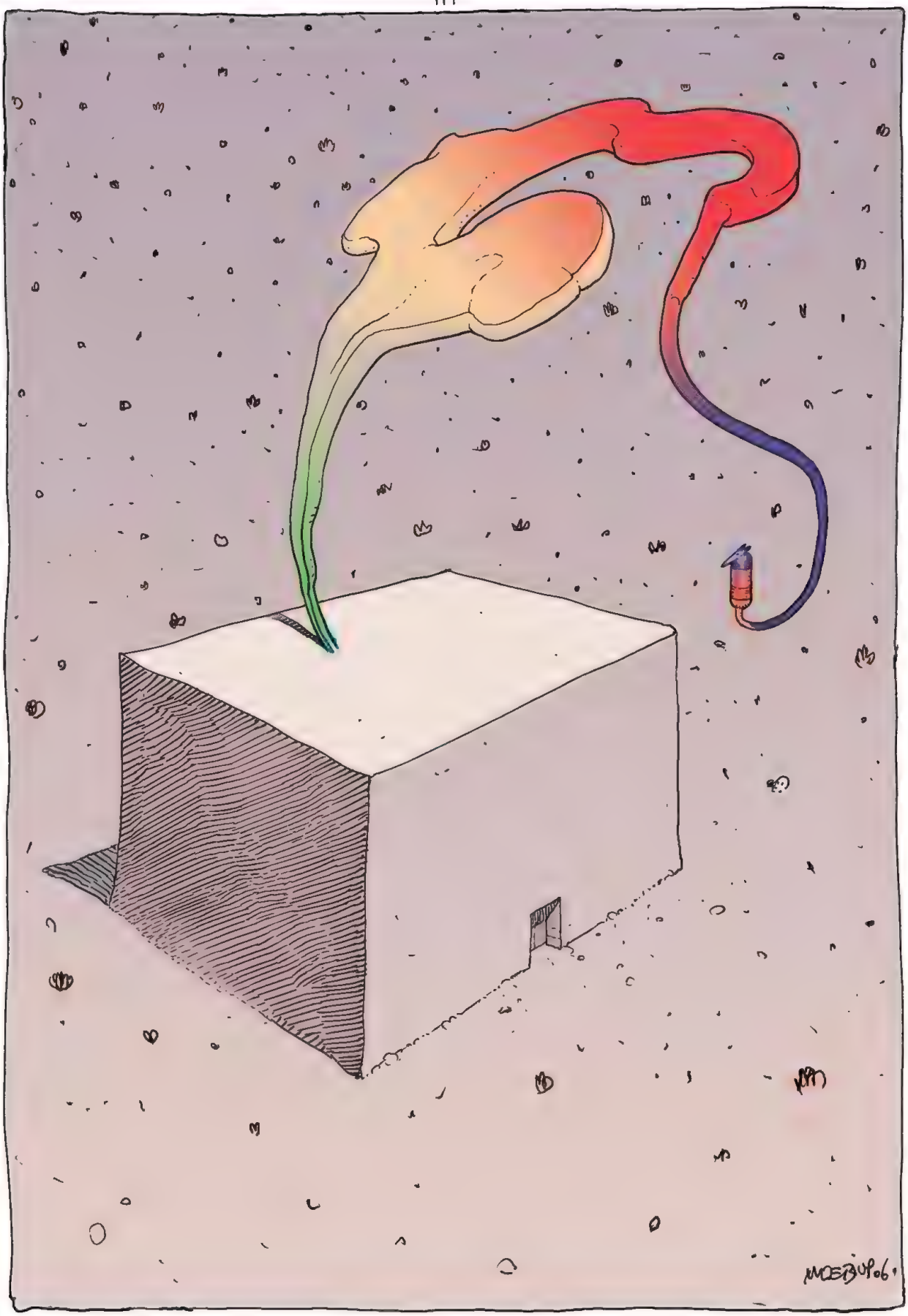
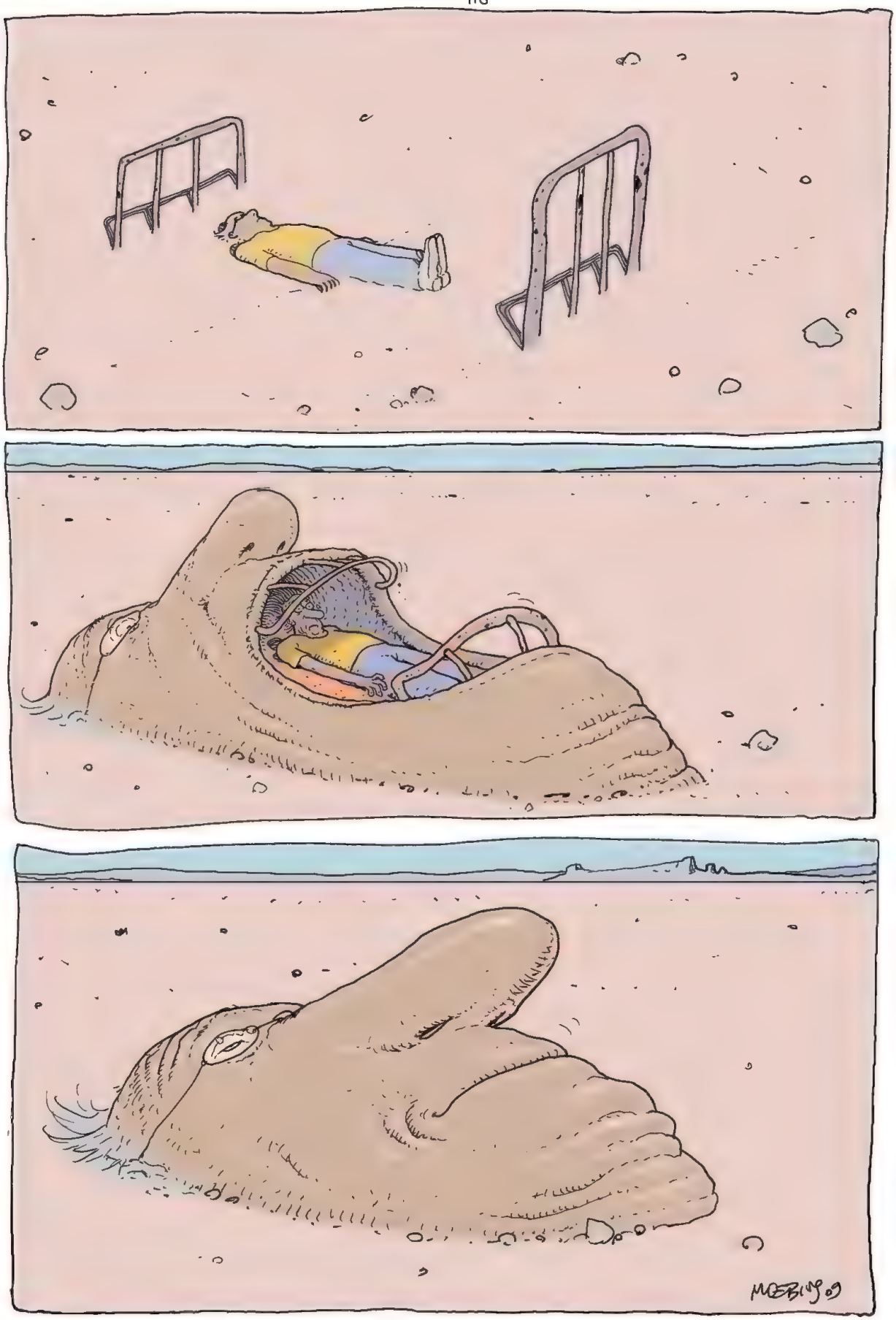

BUT...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BUNKER?

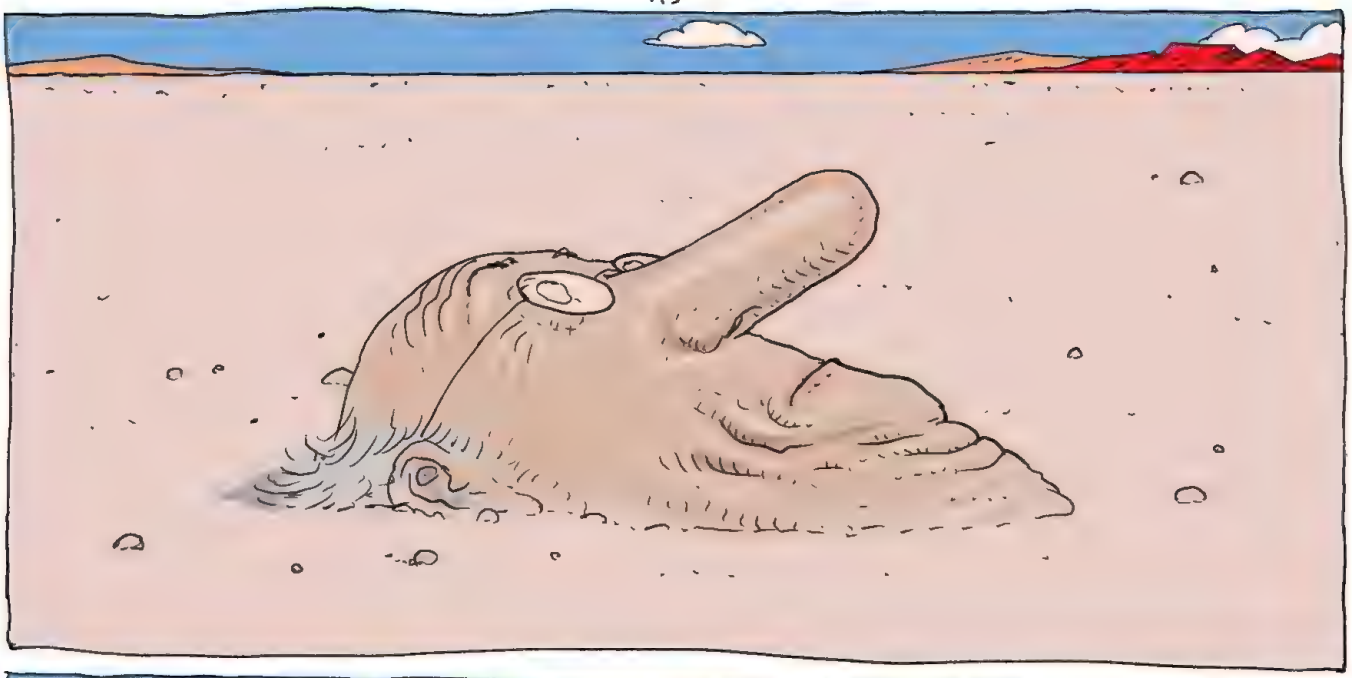
IT'S NOT NORMAL TO GO ASTRAY ALL OF A SUDDEN... SHIT...MAYBE I WAS A BIT TOO HARSH WITH THE OLD DUDE.
HE REALLY ISN'T THE AUTHOR IN THE STRICTEST SENSE OF THE WORD, BUT ON PAPER, HE IS THE CLOSEST INCARNATION...GOOD GRIEF!
IF THAT LUNATIC WANTS TO LOSE ME...
...I'M ALREADY LOST!

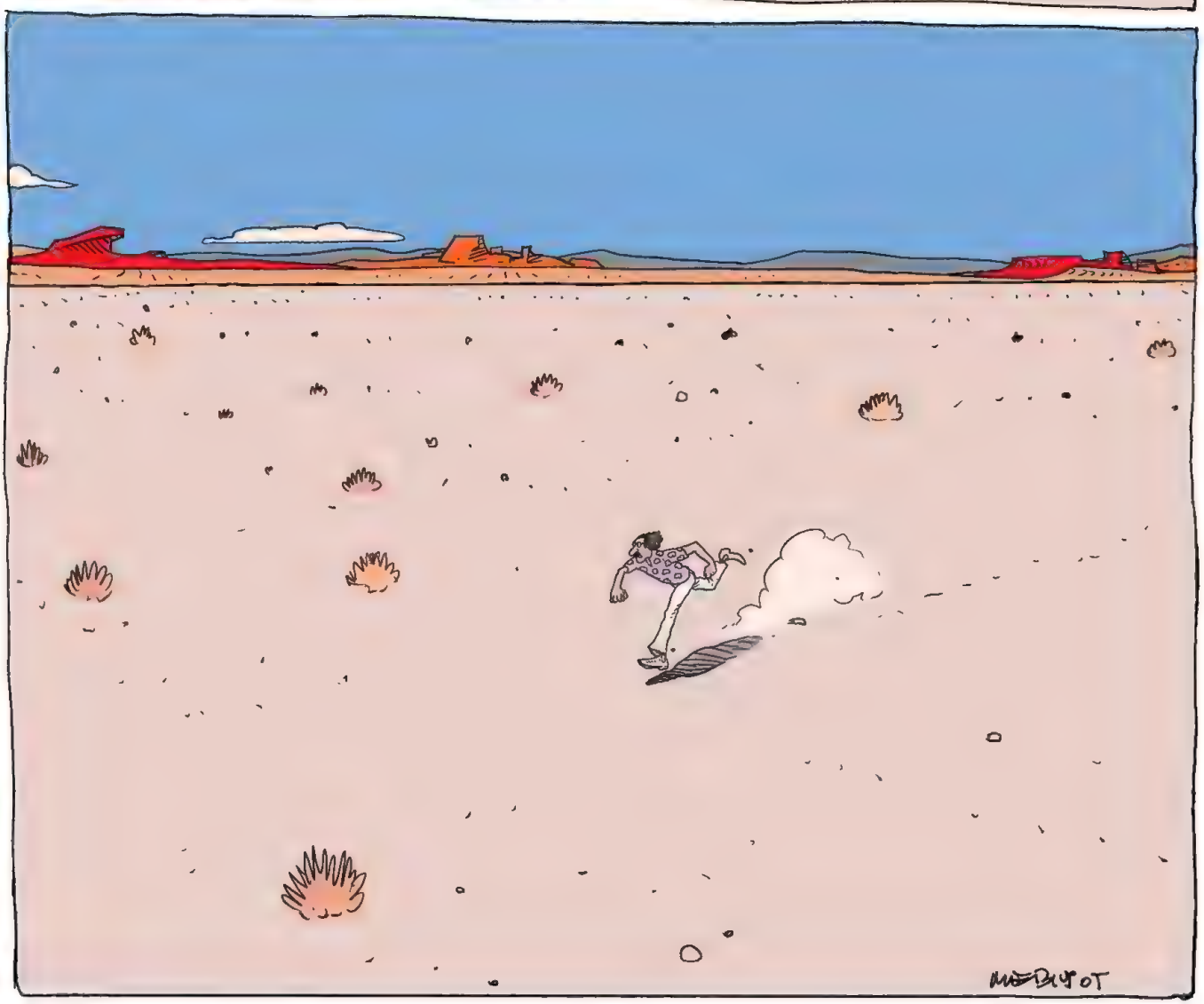

BUT WHAT ABOUT HIM?! HOW DID HE FIND THE WAY THROUGH ALL THOSE MEs?
EVEN I'M GETTING LOST.
BETWEEN THE SUCCESSIVE MEs, THE PERPENDICULAR MEs, THE FOLDED, MULTIPLIED, OR DIVIDED MEs, THE PARALLEL MEs, THE DIAGONAL MEs...! ETCETERA, ETCETERA...
I'LL SEE MORE CLEARLY FROM UP TOP!
MOEB 05

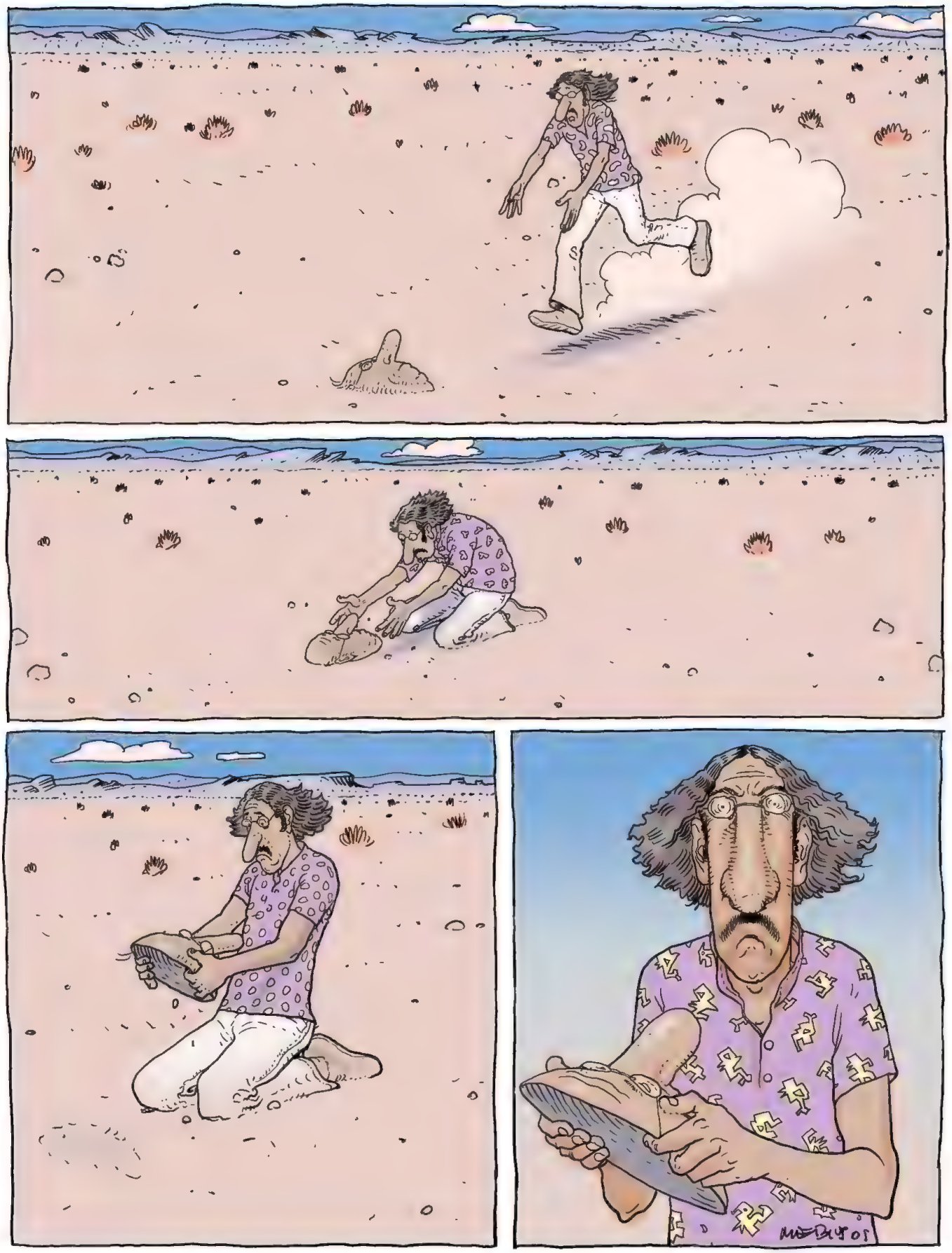
HEYYY-
OHHH!
MAEBOG

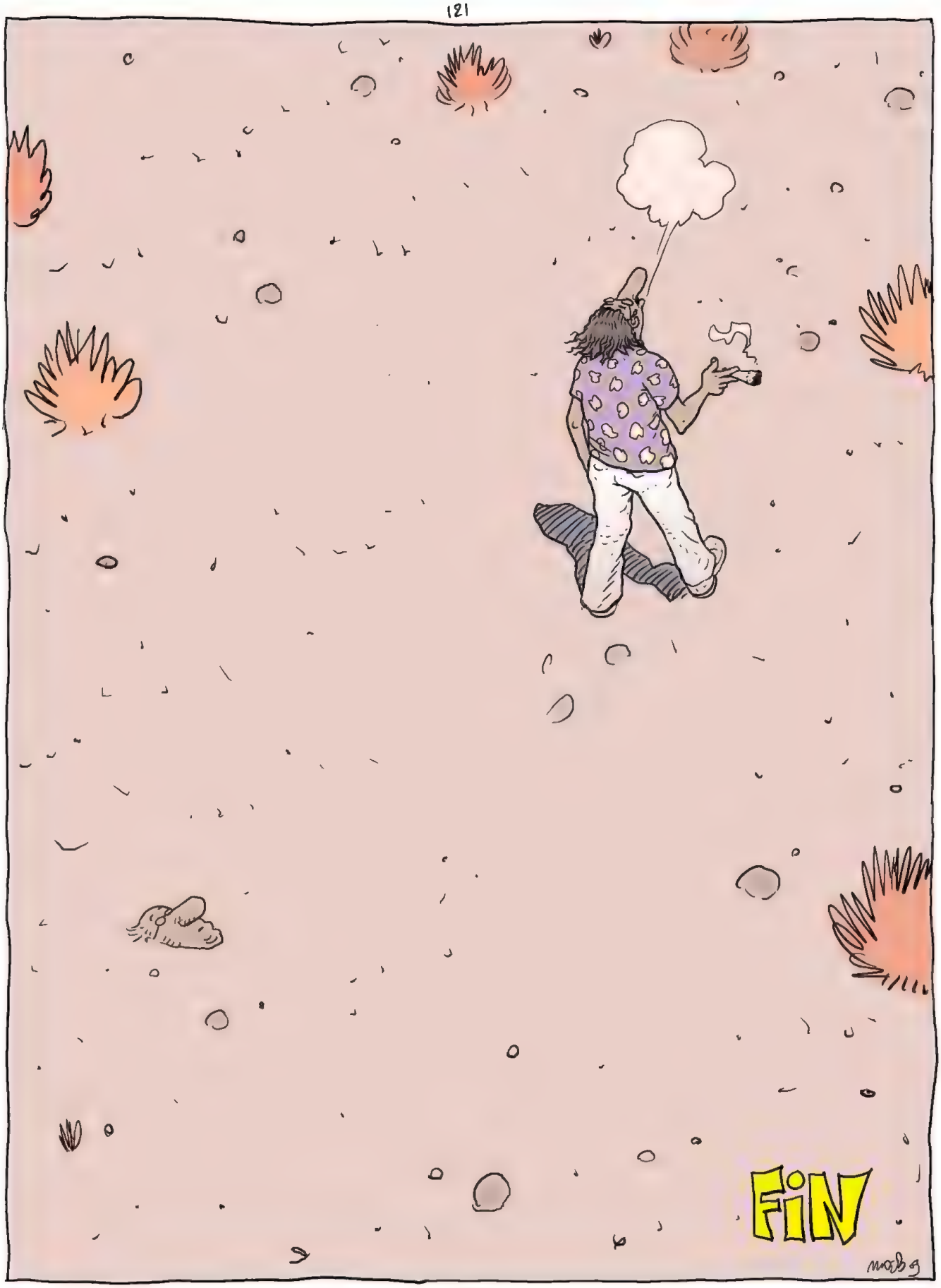



MOEBIUS 09








FIN

MOEB 07

"Matter is no more
than one of the masks worn
by the Great Visage."

The Morning of the Magicians
by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier

INSIDE MOEBIUS PART 3 TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

The end of this three-part series now marks an entire year that I've spent inside Moebius, so to speak, and my admiration of the author's work really knows no bounds. What a gifted artist . . . *and* thinker! He was the consummate cartoonist, complete with a ready twinkle in his eye at all times. Having read Moebius throughout much of my adult life, most often in English translation, I never realized just how *funny* his work can be—in part, I assume, because humor is so difficult to translate, given that much of it is either verbally or culturally based. I hope my own translation, bolstered by these notes, has helped get across some of the sheer joy of the original.

Being "inside" the head (and heart) of this incomparable artist for a full year has been a great challenge, an incredible learning experience, and—despite the very hard work—an inspiring and profoundly exhilarating pursuit. My thanks to Dark Horse editor Philip R. Simon and to Moebius Production for this fantastic opportunity.

—Diana Schutz, 2018

Page 6—FOREWORD

The name of Moebius's inner creative landscape, Desert B, has its source in the artist's typically ingenious wordplay: to stop smoking weed is, indeed, to *weed oneself out*. The French term for *to weed* (as in *weeding a garden*) is *désherber*, and the pronunciation of *désherber* is identical, in French, to that of *Désert B*. Additionally, when inverted, the two initial capitals of *Désert B* become *BD*, short for *bande dessinée*, the French term for *comics*.

Page 9—"Possible Vanishing Point"

The French title of this section of the foreword is another bit of wordplay, because it can mean three different things: Possible Point of Escape; No Escape Possible; and Possible Vanishing Point. The latter itself can refer, in graphical perspective, to that point in the image plane where receding parallel lines appear to converge, a point beyond which they essentially vanish. But the term can also refer, more generally, to that point at which *anything* disappears or ceases to exist. Despite the appeal of the idea of escape, or—maybe better—its impossibility, *Inside Moebius* is indeed "a study of point of view and of the effects of perspective," and the author's struggles with his own mortality form a clear theme of the book. Consequently, "Possible Vanishing Point" became my choice here.

Page 16

Armjourth is the most powerful city-state of *The Airtight Garage*'s Second Level.

Page 31

In this scene, the elder Moebius tells his younger self, literally, to wait for the *drop*. In French, the word for *drop* is *chute*, which can also refer to the *ending scene*, of the story itself or an act of the story—the point at which the curtain drops, so to speak. And so, the puns begin.

Page 32

René Goscinny was a French comics editor and writer, best known for his work on *Astérix*, which he created with artist Albert Uderzo. Marcel Gottlieb was the French cartoonist known as *Gotlib*. He co-founded and published both *L'Écho des Savanes* and *Fluide Glacial*, French comics magazines targeted at an adult readership, the latter of which is still in publication today. Nikita Mandryka, also a co-founder of *L'Écho des Savanes*, is a cartoonist and creator of *Le Concombre masqué* (*The Masked Cucumber*), a surreal comic that takes place in the "Desert of Madness."

Regarding *Prouchniac* . . . The meaning of this made-up adjective—*Prouchniaque* in Moebius's original script—remains a mystery to me, as well as to the Spanish translators of *Inside Moebius*, who converted the term into the Spanish-sounding but equally made-up *Prouchniaco*. Fellow French translators could shed no light on the term's possible meaning, nor could Moebius's family or even one of his close friends, all of whom I queried. So your guess is as good as ours!

Page 33

Philippe Geluck is a Belgian humorist and creator of the popular comic strip *Le Chat* (*The Cat*), published in the Belgian *Le Soir* newspaper from 1983 until 2013.

Page 34

Joann Sfar is a prolific French cartoonist, and now filmmaker, perhaps best known to American readers for his many YA publications, including the *Little Vampire* and *Sardine in Outer Space* series, as well as his collaboration with Lewis Trondheim on the *Dungeon* series of graphic novels.

Page 35

Narrative Figuration is an artistic movement that emerged in the mid-1960s and counts comics art among its many influences. Within the context of the figurative art revival in both Europe and America, Narrative Figuration was a reaction against the then-prevailing style of Abstract Expressionism. Moebius, however, seems to use the term here with some irony, perhaps referring to the definitional debate among French comics scholars around two competing terms: *narrative figuration* and *figurative narration*. See Thierry Groensteen's 1986 article "The Elusive Specificity," in *The French Comics Theory Reader* (2014). Moebius was certainly aware of the academic study of the *bande dessinée*, originating in France in the late 1960s.

Page 53

In the Tarot, the number 13 card (XIII) is Death.

Page 64

The Sonora Desert (or *Sonor-"A"* per Moebius) = Desert A!

Page 70

The *Marcel* referred to on this page is again Marcel Gottlieb (a.k.a. Gotlib), who, as previously noted, was co-founder of *L'Écho des Savanes*, and thus one of the first people to publish work credited to "Moebius." Gottlieb/Gotlib was still alive and active at the time these pages were drawn and would, in fact, outlive his friend Jean Giraud by four years.

Page 79

The "mutt" in question, of course, is Tintin's dog *Milou*—translated as *Snowy* in the English-language edition of Hergé's hugely popular *Tintin* comics.

Moebius's line, literally, is: *I still wonder what this mutt's doing in the B.D. of my D."B"?* In other words, the *B(ande) D(essinée)*—or comic—of my *D(esert) "B"*: a play on initials, which simply won't fly in English, so I chose not to try to force a joke here.

Page 81

Per Wikipedia, Slobodan "Braco" Dimitrijević is an artist whose work deals primarily with history and the place of the individual in it. Though Bosnian and Yugoslavian, Braco is based in Paris.

Page 83

Clifford Donald Simak was an award-winning American writer of science fiction. *Galaxy Bis* is the name of a science fiction bookstore in Strasbourg, France. Here, Moebius uses it as the name of a science fiction pulp magazine, like the original *Galaxy Science Fiction* pulp.

Page 86

Mike *Hammer* is, of course, the hardboiled detective character created by American writer Mickey Spillane. Nick Charles is one half of the Nick-and-Nora detective duo, whose first appearance was in *The Thin Man* by Dashiell Hammett. Nick and Nora were reputedly modeled on Hammett and his real-life partner, writer Lillian Hellman.

Page 88

In panel 1, where Moebius uses the French word for *blueberry—myrtille*—I've substituted the word *fruit*. The younger Moebius character also cracks a joke in that same panel, based on a French idiom using the word *strawberry*. As there's no direct English equivalent, I've replaced the French idiom with an English one that uses the word *raspberry*.

Page 99

In the original French edition, the word at the top of this page, *désherbé*, means *weeded out* or *weed-free*, but as already noted in *Inside Moebius* Parts 1 and 2, *désherbé* is pronounced exactly the same (in French) as *Désert B*: it's an ingenious bit of wordplay on Moebius's part and informs this entire work. There's just no way to get across the same double meaning in English, so I've opted instead for *wasteland*, which is somewhat synonymous with *desert* . . . happily, it also connotes a plant- and therefore weed-free area,

while hinting at the stoner terminology (*wasted*) intended by Moebius.

With the obvious visual (and literary) nod here to Winsor McCay's *Dreams of the Rarebit Fiend*, I was tempted to change *cheese fondue* to *cheese rarebit*, but this is a direct reference back to the mention of *cheese fondue* and *peyote* on page 64 .

Page 100

Édouard Karali is a cartoonist known for his distinctive, absurd style; born in Egypt in 1940, he began working in France in 1978 under the pen name of Édika.

A French comics artist working in a surrealist style, François Boucq is perhaps best known in the US for his collaborations with writer Jerome Charyn on the graphic novels *The Magician's Wife* and *Billy Budd, KGB*.

Another master of the surreal, Daniel Goossens is one of the key contributors to the humor magazine *Fluide Glacial*. Interestingly, Goossens is also a Université Paris 8 lecturer, whose research is in the field of Artificial Intelligence.

A French satirical and political cartoonist, René Pétillon is the creator of the *Jack Palmer* series of graphic novels featuring the antic adventures of a low-rent private eye.

As already indicated in the dialogue on this page, adding an S to René Pétillon's surname results in the French exhortation *pétillons*, which means *let's sparkle*. The equivalent meaning, *let's be brilliant*, might add to the joke here, since Moebius is in the throes of determining who is the best, or most brilliant, of humorous French cartoonists. Perhaps more to the point, however, is that, as the imperative form of the verb *pétiller* (*to sparkle*), this term is used in two French expressions that are directly relevant to Moebius's question: *pétiller d'esprit* or *to sparkle with wit*; and *faire pétiller les yeux* or *to put a twinkle in [someone's] eye*. This wordplay with Pétillon's surname clearly puts him over the top, in Moebius's view, when it comes to "funniest French artist."

Page 118

Frank Margerin is another cartoonist in the French comics scene, particularly known for his humorous work.

Page 139

Just a reminder to readers: *Inside Moebius* was originally published as six volumes in France, beginning in 2004.

Page 152

In the French edition, Moebius speaks of taking a little flight around the *pâté de maisons* (misspelled in the original), which basically refers to flying around the block: the kind of block, lined with houses, that exists in most residential neighborhoods. Since there is no residential block of houses at all in Desert B, but only Moeb's Bunker, I thought that a *tour of the neighborhood* would best get across the sense of irony conveyed in the French—since there's no real "neighborhood" either—rather than a *tour around the block*, which English readers would be likely to take instead as a *tour around the bunker*, thereby losing the irony of the remark.

In regard to the misspelling in the original edition, while Moebius definitely lost one of the accents on *pâté*, it wouldn't surprise me at all if he *intentionally* left the last S off *maison*, rendering the (usually plural) *block of houses* expression as the *block of house*, given that there is only the singular bunker.

Pages 161 to 164:

For those readers who are too young to remember, "Da Doo Ron Ron" was a hit single in 1963 for the American girl group The Crystals, but it's been extensively covered ever since. The song was originally written by Jeff Barry, Ellie Greenwich, and Phil Spector, the latter of whom also produced the single.

Page 180

Moeb by Moeb would be designated mathematically as M^2: exactly what appears on his mailbox here.

Pages 186 and 187

The late Jean-Michael Charlier co-created and wrote the long-running *Blueberry* series, illustrated by Jean Giraud (under the pen name Gir). Jean Van Hamme is the co-creator and writer of *XIII*, the seventeenth volume of which, *The Irish Version*, was also drawn by Jean Giraud.

Lewis Trondheim is a French writer/artist and one

of the founders of the independent comics publishing company L'Association. North American readers were first introduced to what may be his most popular character, Lapinot, in *The Spiffy Adventures of McConey*, but he is probably best known stateside as writer of the *Dungeon* series of graphic novels drawn by Joann Sfar. *Poppies of Iraq*, illustrated by Trondheim and written by his wife Brigitte Findakly, is his most recent work published for English-language readers.

Christophe Arleston is the pen name of Christophe Pelinq, a recent novelist and writer of science fiction and fantasy comics, whose work is published in France.

Jodo is Alejandro Jodorowsky, the Chilean-French writer, director, and spiritual guru who is renown for his avant-garde films, such as *El Topo* and *Santa Sangre*, among others. He is also a prolific comics writer whose work with Moebius includes *The Eyes of the Cat*, *The Incal*, and *Madwoman of the Sacred Heart*.

Page 187

And quite suddenly, Tintin's dog *Milou* appears in the story itself—as a character, rather than simply a drawing on a wall.

Page 193

French surrealist René Magritte's painting *The Treachery of Images* (1928-29) depicts a smoker's pipe underneath which the artist wrote: *Ceci n'est pas une pipe* or *This is not a pipe*. In the original French edition, Moebius uses the line in a parenthetical remark here, referencing the painting and thereby challenging the idea that images directly represent (or re-present) objects—a theme, incidentally, which is also explored by Scott McCloud in the groundbreaking *Understanding Comics*. In this case, Moebius incorporates the famous caption within the French interjection *nom d'une pipe*, which has no English counterpart—certainly none containing the word *pipe*—so I chose a different idiom instead, one that's more common in English, in which to embed the Magritte reference.

Page 198

In comics, *breakdown* refers to a preliminary stage of the scripting and/or penciling processes, wherein the events of the story are divided up over a specific number of pages and then subdivided over a specific number of panels per page. In other words, the story is first *broken down* into pages, and then each page is further *broken down* into a number of panels.

Page 203

In the original French, Moebius plays with the expression *faire gaffe*, which can mean both *committing a blunder*—or *blowing it*, as per my translation—and *being alert to possible danger*. He precedes the comment with an interjection involving printers, which I translated as *Stop the presses!* to capture the sense of imminent danger while also alluding to the multiplicity of Moebius copies here.

Page 205

When our weary travelers finally arrive at Mœtel "B," they comment that the motel is in a *dirty Western* style, which I couldn't resist translating as *Worst Western*, in contrast to the well-known US chain.

Page 210

The background signage on this page, inside the El Coyote Cantina, is all in Spanish, even in the original French edition. Primarily brand names, some of those signs are indicative of the story's approaching end. *Amparo*, for instance, means *shelter*, *refuge*, or *protection*. And *terminador* is a noun derived from the verb *terminar—to end* or *to finish*. An important symbol in Native American culture, the coyote also figures prominently in the writings of Carlos Castaneda. Here, he is equated with the "terminator," the figure who will wrap things up, so to speak.

Pages 226 and 227

The Spanish song running on these two pages was written by Jorge Alberto Negrete Moreno, a Mexican singer and actor who died in 1955. The lyrics printed on these pages are missing the third line. A rough translation, including that line, would be: "*And they say out there / that God made woman / as a gift for man / but ay yi yi / it's really the other way around.*"

Page 269

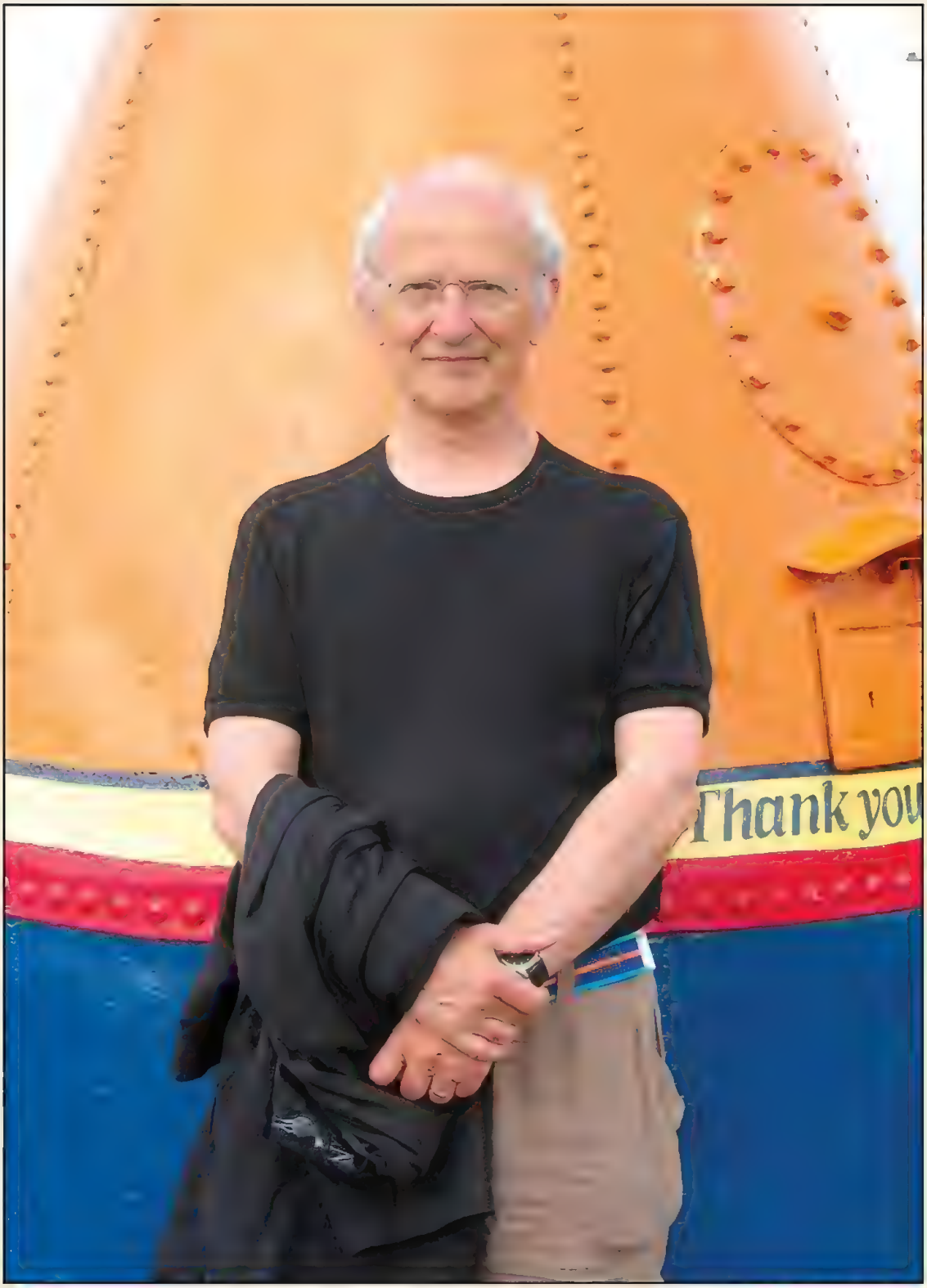
Moebius is quoting here from *Le Matin des Magiciens* by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, an overview of the occult, originally published in France in 1960 and released in the United States four years later.

BIOGRAPHY

Jean Giraud was born in 1938 in Nogent-sur-Marne, France. He started his career at age sixteen, working for a children's magazine, and then he began illustrating for other French comics magazines—such as *Far West*, *Bonux-Boy*, and *Coeurs vaillants*—around 1957. After a remarkable trip to Mexico, where he encountered the desert landscapes that would inspire him throughout his life, he collaborated with Joseph Gillain (a.k.a. Jijé) in 1961 on the *Jerry Spring* western series. This experience would help him grow into the style he used in the *Pilote* journal in France, where he drew under the pen name Gir and co-created the successful, long-running *Blueberry* series with writer Jean-Michel Charlier. Giraud created the name for the title, and the complete *Blueberry* series ran for approximately thirty collected volumes.

Simultaneously, Giraud began publishing under another pen name—Moebius. In the strips drawn with this name, he embraced new inspirations and turned toward humor, fantasy, and science-fiction stories. After cofounding the Humanoïdes Associés publishing house, which launched *Heavy Metal* magazine (*Métal hurlant* in France) in 1975, Jean Giraud continued to develop a unique and innovative style under the name Moebius. In *Arzach* (1975) and *The Airtight Garage* (1976), he revolutionized the creative aspect of comics. With Alejandro Jodorowsky, he told the story of John Difool in *The Incal* (1980), a series that would place the team among the most innovative science-fiction storytellers of their time. Read worldwide, Moebius's work was noticed by great film directors, with whom he worked on several movies, including *Alien* by Ridley Scott, *Time Masters* by René Laloux, *Tron* by Steven Lisberger, *The Abyss* by James Cameron, and *The Fifth Element* by Luc Besson. In the US, Giraud started his own publishing house, Starwatcher, and he also completed several mainstream projects, such as *Silver Surfer: Parable* with Marvel Comics' Stan Lee (1988). In 1999, he helped to create the unique Airtight Garage game arcade in San Francisco.

In France in 1997, Jean Giraud started the Moebius Production/Stardom publishing house with his wife, Isabelle, consolidating all of his activities and publishing his work internationally in art books, silk-screen prints, portfolios, limited editions, products, and several collections, such as *40 jours dans le désert B* (1999), *Le chasseur déprime* (2008), and the *Inside Moebius* series (2004-2010), which is a profound and sardonic meditation on his relationship with the multidimensional universe he created and the characters found in it. During this time, he had major art exhibitions in Europe and Asia, but it was not until 2010 in Paris that he was the subject of a retrospective exhibition, held by the Fondation Cartier and titled *Moebius-Transe-Forme*. He died in his home in Montrouge, France, on March 10, 2012, at the age of seventy-three.



Jean "Moebius" Giraud, Los Angeles, 2010. © Isabelle Giraud.

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(Dark Horse, 2018)

Moebius Library: Inside Moebius Parts 1, 2, and ***3***
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Tout Inside Moebius

Arzak, L'Arpenteur

Arzak, Tassili, tome 1 et sa version collector

Le chasseur déprime

Inside Moebius tomes 1 à ***6***

40 jours dans le désert B

2001 après Jésus Christ

Folles perspectives

X libris

La jeunesse de Blueberry

Portfolios:
Mourir et Voir Naples, ***Mystère Montrouge***, et ***Les Jardins d'Eros 1***

B

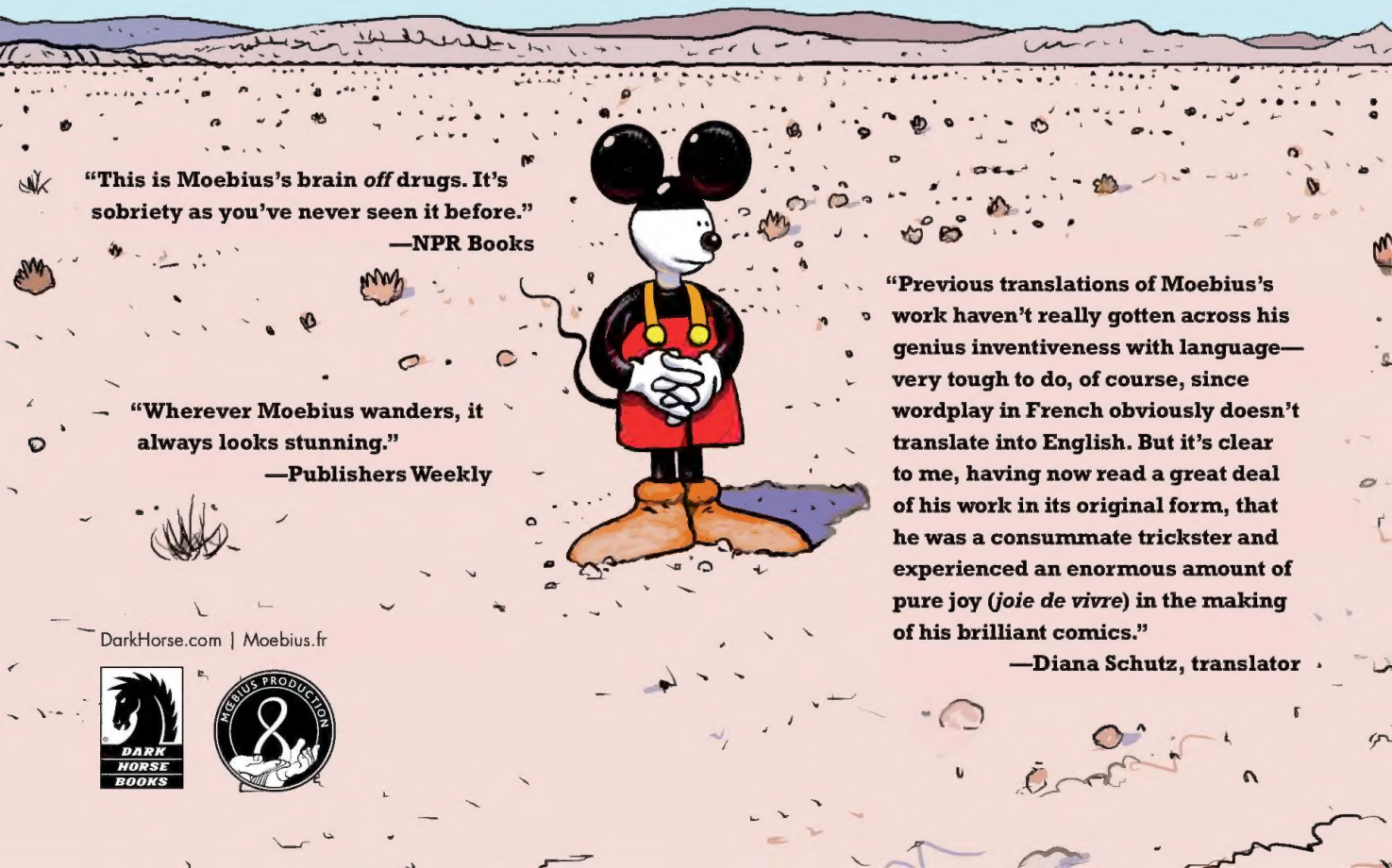
"My goal . . . is to bring a sort of smile to the reader's face . . . "

—Jean "Moebius" Giraud

"The series is both an entirely winning exercise in drollery and something far greater: a seven-hundred-page comedic tour de force that effortlessly meditates on art and reality. In its original French edition, the half-dozen hardcovers of *Inside Moebius* are among the wittiest, most handsomely produced, and most delectably colored books of this or any other artist's career. The last half of the final volume unleashes an onslaught of surreal wordless imagery that brings the series to a kind of mind-blowing crescendo."

—The Paris Review

Working closely with Moebius Production in France, Dark Horse presents the final part of Moebius's *Inside Moebius* series. In this third and most surreal section, Jean "Moebius" Giraud flies, falls, debates, and plays with his imagination in an expansive, magical desert located within his subconscious. He not only meets and talks with several of his own creations—like Blueberry, Major Grubert, Arzak, Stel, and Atan—but he encounters versions of himself from multiple decades and argues with them about art and creativity. This final hardcover also features the last interview segment about this strange comic series between the artist and Isabelle Giraud. All three parts in this fascinating series have been translated by *World of Edena* translator Diana Schutz.



"This is Moebius's brain *off* drugs. It's sobriety as you've never seen it before."

—NPR Books

"Wherever Moebius wanders, it always looks stunning."

—Publishers Weekly

"Previous translations of Moebius's work haven't really gotten across his genius inventiveness with language—very tough to do, of course, since wordplay in French obviously doesn't translate into English. But it's clear to me, having now read a great deal of his work in its original form, that he was a consummate trickster and experienced an enormous amount of pure joy (*joie de vivre*) in the making of his brilliant comics."

—Diana Schutz, translator

DarkHorse.com | Moebius.fr

DARK HORSE BOOKS

MOEBIUS PRODUCTION